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ABSTRACT

The Advancement School staff tried to discover why urban secondary school students are underachievers and how their enthusiasm for learning can be rekindled. As a result they have developed these suggested curriculum materials and techniques to encourage acceptance of self and to help students discover their style, aptitudes, and good potentialities. The purpose is to give students a variety of experiences, both in school and in their communities through the following sequence of units: 1) Animal Lab: examines the unique human characteristics through comparison with other animals; 2) Other Cultures: compares adolescence in three other cultures--Eskimo, African, and American Indian; 3) People: examines people in film and literature in an attempt to discover what they value, what their choices are, and why they act as they do; 4) Group Interaction: experiences designed to give students insight into how they function in different types of groups, and the behavior of groups; and, 5) Learning in the City: projects in the community to provide insight into responses to new and challenging situations. Each unit includes an introduction for the teacher, suggested activities and materials, and a bibliography of other resources. A section on Process Techniques describes some of the lab classroom assumptions. (SBE)

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THE HUMAN DEVELOPMENT LAB

Pennsylvania Advancement School
5th and Luzerne Streets
Philadelphia, Pa. 19140

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THE HUMAN DEVELOPMENT LAB

An Experimental Social Sciences Program

Developed at the Pennsylvania Advancement School by:

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Established in Philadelphia in September, 1967, the Pennsylvania Advancement School is a non-profit corporation under contract to the School District of Philadelphia. Its funding is from Title I and Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act and from operating funds of the School District. In addition, funds from the Education Professions Development Act and from private foundations have been used to support smaller projects initiated by the school.

The Advancement School is an experimental, curriculum development and staff development institution which has as its student body seventh- and eighth-grade underachieving boys from Philadelphia public and parochial schools. During the first two years almost all the students attended the Advancement School for a single, fourteen-week term, although there are now provisions for some boys to remain for an entire year. In addition to an intensive summer program which the school conducts for Philadelphia teachers, counselors, administrators and community people, large numbers of Advancement School staff continue working in the public schools during the school year.

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INTRODUCTION

BACKGROUND

In October, 1967, almost 150 underachieving boys crowded the unrenovated second floor of the Advancement School's old factory building at Fifth and Luzerne streets. At times, in the weary confusion of that first term, the staff was shaken by its scant knowledge of curricula which might be relevant and exciting for its students. But the staff had certain strengths; among them, three years experience with underachievers in North Carolina and the addition of several Philadelphia teachers who were familiar with urban children. And, most important, it had the chance to learn through daily interaction with those boys what curricula for urban students might contain.

At the end of that first term, one staff member summarized what he felt was the salient characteristic of the Advancement School's students. "It seems clear," he said, "that while our population here is very mixed--60% black, 40% white, largely poor, and ranging in age from eleven to fifteen--every boy shares a common psychological concern. They are all at a stage where they are being pushed out of childhood and face the problem of where to go next. Although some boys have been dealing with adult problems for several years, they are all wrestling with the anxiety and uncertainty of establishing a genuine adult identity."

Support for this idea comes from the research and writings of many people, among them Erik Erikson, a leading psychologist. Erikson argues that adolescence, the period of a child's life immediately following puberty, is the age of "the final establishment of a dominant positive ego identity. It is then that the future within reach becomes a part of the conscious life plan."[1] Youth, in this stage of the life cycle, are primarily concerned with "what they appear to be in the eyes of others as compared with what they feel they are."[2] In Erikson's view, this search for identity is part of a normal developmental process--one which must be successfully negotiated if the individual is to progress to psychological adulthood. The task of adolescence, then, is to find "an inner coherence and a durable set of values."

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[1] Erik Erikson, Childhood And Society, New York, W.W. Norton Co., 1963, p. 306 (Second Edition)

[2] ibid, p. 261

Several staff who shared these views began, in the Spring of 1968, to design a curriculum that might meet the psychological concerns of young teen-agers. That curriculum is the Human Development Lab. It is one of several projects at the Advancement School whose goals ultimately focus on education for self-knowledge.

PURPOSE OF THE HD LAB

The purpose of the Human Development Lab is to give students a variety of experiences, both in school and in their communities, which will ultimately make them more self-aware and more able to control their relationships with others. The rationale for this general goal is based on three beliefs:

*That adolescence is a period of identity confusion and that a prime psychological concern of adolescents is the establishment of a genuine adult identity.

*That the American adolescent is overpowered by pressure to relate well to others and to function well in groups. Edgar Friedenberg makes a good case for this view in The Vanishing Adolescent, as does James Coleman in The Adolescent and the Schools.

*That the development of self-knowledge, values, and skill in relating to others requires significantly different curricula. As Hilda Taba has observed: "If the analysis of learning of values through the socializing process in culture has anything to teach us, it is that values are not learned in the same manner one learns chemical formulas and historical data. They are learned not by 'learning about,' but by going through experiences which touch the feelings and thereby affect the very core of the personality."[3]

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[3] Hilda Taba, Curriculum Development Theory And Practice, New York, Harcourt, Brace and World, 1962, p. 70

UNITS IN THE HD LAB

The materials and activities in the HD Lab, like its goals, are somewhat different from those of traditional social studies curricula. And because the Lab emerged from the needs of the Advancement School's students, it is undoubtedly most effective with boys. Some adaptation or revision would be valuable for a mixed class. The actual units may be taught separately or arranged in any sequence which meets the teacher's objectives. The Other Cultures unit, for example, is often used to enrich the world geography curriculum in the seventh grade. Similarly, portions of the Group unit can be inserted into any curriculum in order to help the class function more effectively as a group.

We have used the following sequence of units to move students gradually towards those activities and experiences in which they most directly confront themselves:

*Animal Lab: A unit which examines the unique human characteristics through comparison with other animals. The unit includes stories, films, work with laboratory mice, a trip to the zoo, and a human-captivity experiment.

*Other Cultures: A unit which examines adolescence in three other cultures--Eskimo, African, and American Indian--and, by comparison, asks students to examine how they grow into adulthood in their own culture. Much of the material is presented in a Learning Lab classroom style.

*People: An examination of people in film and literature in an attempt to discover who they are, what they value, what their choices are, and why they act as they do. The unit includes Claude Brown's Manchild In The Promised Land, Dick Gregory's Nigger, Gordon Park's autobiography and film, and such films as "On The Waterfront" and "Nothing But A Man."

*Group Interaction: Experiences designed to give students some insight into how they function in different types of groups, and into the factors which influence the behavior of groups. The unit includes both activities which engage the students directly in the study of groups, as well as films such as "King Rat" and "Treasure of Sierra Madre" and short stories which enable students to study groups other than their own.

*Learning In The City: Projects in the community designed to provide students with insight into how they respond to new and challenging situations. These include: tours through boys' neighborhoods, teaching younger children, interviewing or filming projects, and job apprenticeships.

In addition, a pamphlet on "Process Techniques" describes some of the classroom assumptions and techniques which are held in common in each of the Lab's units. It should be read before examining the units themselves.

Each unit includes an introduction for the teacher, suggested activities and materials, and a bibliography of other resources. Several units suggest renting feature films, which can often be obtained at low cost from rental companies such as Brandon, or at no cost from the School District of Philadelphia or the Free Library. We strongly urge schools to stop pouring funds into the purchase of standard texts so other sources of material -- such as films or paperback books -- can be obtained. The films we mention, by the way are NOT sacred; if unobtainable, others can be substituted.

Finally, the Advancement School is not solely a curriculum development institution. Rather, it employs curriculum development, and many other strategies, as techniques for helping teachers improve their schools. The school's aim is to help all teachers develop their own innovative programs, from curriculum to community projects. Thus, the units in the Human Development Lab are designed to act as catalysts in this process. Accordingly, the Lab has not been written as a finished curriculum. Instead, it is a curriculum of suggestions, a collection of ideas and materials which can be organized, revised, and taught according to each teachers' objectives. To use the material effectively, each teacher should first determine his own objectives and possible materials. He should then examine the ideas offered in the appropriate HD unit, and revise or organize them to meet those objectives. By so doing, perhaps, skilled teachers may become sensitive developers as well as interpreters of curricula.

THEORY UNDERLYING THE HD LAB

At the moment, there is little curriculum theory written into the Human Development Lab's materials. This fact, as a colleague has observed, "reflects the School's strategy for program development. This strategy has always been to choose talented people (not all of them educators), provide certain working conditions and administrative support to permit experimentation, and then to rely on that combination to produce effective programs. It is a strategy which depends on the results of 'accidental interaction' with children--accidental because initially the staff may rely on little else besides their intuition and the responses of their students."

Theory is emerging, however. And as the HD Lab grows, its curriculum ideas will take on a more finished form. Already the staff has identified several components of learning which seem inherent in the Lab.[4]

Relevance: In its own, pragmatic fashion, the HD staff has judged as relevant those experiences or materials to which students have responded enthusiastically or profoundly. The staff now suspects that "relevance" is defined by adolescents in terms of experiences which they perceive--either consciously or sub-consciously--as relevant to their own process of identity formation and self-understanding. Thus David, an articulate eighth grader, reported on his experience in the cage:

THE CAGE by David C.

> In our Human Development class we had an Animal unit. We studied about certain animals and their reactions to situations and possible thoughts. We carried this experiment farther by subjecting people, me being one of them, to one of the experiences of these animals, their life in a cage.
>
> We first studied mice and how they have been used in experiments to test their reactions and how these findings are used to determine certain reactions in humans. We took a trip to the Philadelphia Zoo and observed the animals there. The one which amazed me the most was the gorilla. He sat in his cage, apparently not caring or noticing the people outside or what was happening around him. One thing he did was to pick his nose.

[4] This definition of theory has been undertaken by several staff at the school, including members of the HD Lab, Wanda Gray, Charles Thompson, Linda Backiel, and Joseph Prusan. It will appear as part of a chapter in a forthcoming book, Perspectives On Teaching Social Studies In Inner City Schools, edited by Vincent Rogers and published by Addison Wesley.

> Some of the teachers built a cage. Several of us spent time in the cage. Some of the boys developed headaches, some developed stomach aches. They spent about an hour and a half in the cage.
>
> My experience in the cage was interesting. The cage was about three or four feet in length. It was in a secluded room. The cage was observed on closed circuit TV. I went in about 9:45 and came out about 2:15. Lunch was brought to me. I ate the food in the cage.
>
> My thoughts were, should I break out or stay in? I knew I could get out but I decided to stay in. I thought about all the good things and the bad things I had done that week. I thought I would like to have some chocolate. I keptthinking about what I had for lunch. I didn't get any water or go to the bathroom during this time. I did not feel the need to go. I just sat there or laid down. I felt like I would imagine people who take LSD would feel. I felt vaguely away from everything. I don't remember now who came to take me out, but I think I said something like "I thought you would never come for me."

David wrote his report several days after his experience. Immediately upon being freed from the cage, he had been interviewed by the class. One boy asked him what he missed the most. He thought for a moment, then replied, "I think what I missed the most was talking to people. I think that is what's different about people and animals, because people get lonely when they can't talk to other people."

Relevance is elusive. In attacking the problem of relevance in the curriculum, the real question is,"Relevant to what?" The staff suspects that the cage experience is an example of one type of relevance, namely an activity which is relevant to students' concerns. In this case, the specific conern is the student's desire for self-knowledge and understanding. Another approach in the Lab is to present students with people in films and literature who serve as relevant models against whom students can measure their own lives. The emphasis is on helping the student develop an accurate and, hopefully, constructive image of himself. We hope he recognizes that people with whom he can identify have contributed to his society or have faced problems and situations similar to these which confront him. It may be that adolescents are especially quick to find "heroes" and to pattern themselves after others whom they view as significant. Horney has labeled this phenomenon "The Search for Glory." Horney notes that:

> Eventually the individual may come to identify himself with his idealized image. Then it does not remain a visionary image which he secretly cherished; imperceptively he becomes this image; the idealized image becomes an idealized self.[5]

In the Lab, there have been examples of a student's adopting an idealized image for his idealized self. One boy, Hubert, was a dedicated runner and star on his local track team. He learned that Dick Gregory had also been a schoolboy track star in St. Louis. He read Gregory's autobiography, Nigger, and then announced that he was going to train hard in preparation for the 1972 Olympics. There was no question in his mind that he could make it. "It's like Gregory," he said. "He got things just by working at them."

There are other types of relevance, other answers to the question, "Relevant to what?" A second is those activities which are relevant to students' interests. In this area, the Lab has tried to capitalize on student interest in such topics as gangs, animals, the city, games, and their own reactions to challenging situations. A third type might be those activities which are relevant to a child's future or future needs. Here, aside from brief job apprenticeships, the Lab has done very little.

Competence: The development of competence, of the ability to actually do something successfully, is apparently characteristic of the learning process in young children. The school's staff believes that underachieving adolescents share similar needs for the development of competence and its related feelings of success, adequacy, and self-worth. The Lab's emphasis on physical learning styles, which involve students directly in the experience, is a reflection of this belief. But competence has many levels, and hard analysis of the phenomenon is therefore difficult. One level is physical: the development of motor skills and other physical abilities. (Here the Advancement School has experimented with a physical education program that stresses body building and physical development, and with a variation of the Outward Bound camping program in which students must confront and master challenging situations such as the "commando crawl" on a rope fifteen feet over a river and a "solo" in which the boy spends a night alone in the woods with very little equipment).

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[5] Horney, "The Search For Glory" in The Self, Moustakas and Clark, New York, Harper & Row, 1956, p. 225 ff

Other levels of competence are concerned with behaviors. The perceptual and "Third Force" psychologists have identified behaviors characteristic of the healthy child, behaviors which include the ability to perceive reality clearly, the ability to be open to experience, to be spontaneous, objective, and empathetic. To some degree, the HD Lab may be training students in such behaviors.

The most notable areas seem to lie in the Lab's materials on group interaction and out-of-school experiences. The Lab's "Project Teacher" places students in elementary schools as aides and, occasionally, full-time teachers:

> When I walked in I was nervous. My first day was a lot of fun but my last day was better. When I told them I was leaving, they wouldn't keep quiet until I told them I was staying. I felt proud. I love teaching and the whole George Washington Elementary School.
>
> Bernard, 14

> I was scared the first day but I wasn't so scared the second time because I knew the kids I was going to teach. The first day I didn't know what to do with the children but after that I knew.
>
> One of my students wasn't so good at reading and I helped him two days. I think the third day I gave him a reading test. He passed it and the teacher told me he improved.
>
> I felt proud.
>
> Ed

> I have two or three Spanish speaking children and I needed extra time to help these children develop more confidence. Joe gave this group, particularly one boy, a special interest.

> He shared their language and understood their early problems. His own confidence seemed to develop because the Spanish boy really needed him and Joe seemed to sense the friendliness with which he was greeted, and that his presence here was essential.
>
> a teacher at one of the schools

Motivation: Given its population of underachievers, and its task of involving them in their own education, the Lab has concentrated on the problem of motivation. In some activities, motivation is generated because the activity itself is perceived as relevant. Thus, for many students in the Lab, a discussion about gangs is meaningful and interesting because of their own involvement in, or fear of, gangs. In other activities, the staff has sought to develop an initial fascination with the material, to "turn students on" to pursue the problem toward deeper examination and understanding. Here the exact form of motivation becomes terribly difficult to identify. What is the intrinsic interest in a film such as "On The Waterfront"? Why does a boy listen to a narrative of Dick Gregory's or Claude Brown's youth? The problem is complicated because the staff also relies on a variety of gimmicks in beginning a class, techniques which, perhaps, trap students in an initial involvement with the hope that the material itself will later sustain them.

Perception: As one staff member has observed, "the Lab encourages students to see--sensually as well as intellectually---whatever is familiar to them, and then to explore it and discover what it could possibly become. The Lab offers social situations for exploration, and encourages students to extend beyond the familiar to the semi-familiar and the unfamiliar. Bernard, in his role as an elementary school teacher was in a semi-familiar situation, namely a school. David, spending a day in the cage, was in a totally unfamiliar situation." Each perceived new realizations about himself, through both success and failure, and thus a greater understanding of himself.

The Lab's activities include an important element in the process of perception, namely time for adequate reflection about what has been perceived. The staff recognizes that it is not enough to bombard students with experiences; insight requires internalization and absorption of the experience if it is to be useful and instructive. One staff member in the Lab has tried Yoga with students as a technique for reflection, another capitalizes on her strong, calm, and secure style in discussion. While these techniques may work, they are probably more dependent on the style of that teacher than on the material itself. This, of course, poses problems for the writing of such activities into the Lab's curriculum.

THE LAST WORD

Underachievement is not the problem. Rather, it is a child's response to other problems; perhaps learning difficulties, perhaps poverty, perhaps discrimination, perhaps tiresome or irrelevant classes. By working directly with students, the HD Lab's staff has tried to understand the response, to discover why students are underachievers and how their enthusiasm for learning can be rekindled. It has tried to work with them using materials and in a manner which, in the words of Abraham Maslow, "...accepts the person and helps him learn what kind of person he is already. What is his style, what are his aptitudes, what is he good for, what can we build upon, what are his good raw materials, his good potentialities?"[6] In the Lab's materials, the staff believes it has the beginnings of a curriculum which can change the response, can enthuse and involve underachieving students in learning about themselves.

At the same time, the staff is attempting to eliminate the problems which caused the response. Teachers in several junior high schools are trying the materials in their own classrooms, with the help of the school's dissemination staff. The real task, however, is not to disseminate the Human Development Lab itself but rather the process which produced it. That process consists of energetic teachers taking their cues from the observed needs of their students, developing materials which seem to motivate and involve those students, testing the materials, and then revising them in light of their students' reactions. Thus a major objective in the dissemination program is to help teachers develop and teach their own materials. To facilitate this strategy, the units in the HD Lab have been written as a curriculum of suggestions for teachers.

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[6] Abraham Maslow, "Some Educational Implications of the Humanistic Psychologies," Harvard Educational Review, vol. 38 #4, Fall, 1968, p. 693

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First, each of us has contributed to the project in unique and valued ways. Major contributions are acknowledged on the title page of each unit. Second, we have taken ideas from many colleagues and friends, as well as from other projects. Among them: Joe Prusan, Wanda Gray, Charles Thompson, Phin Anderson, Eliot Levinson, Slug Rosenbaum, Dick Barnes, Leon Parks and Tom Wurl (all from the Advancement School), Norman Newberg and George French from the School District of Philadelphia, Ralph Mosher of Harvard University, and the Educational Development Corporation in Cambridge, Mass.

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Human Development Lab

"Process" Techniques

INTRODUCTION

The Human Development Lab has two foci. The first is content, or the subject matter which children are learning. The second is process, or the factors which influence how that subject matter is taught or learned.

Our main concern is to disseminate information about both process and content. That is, we have tried to write the Lab's content and curriculum suggestions in such a way that teachers will also explore different teaching styles and classroom environments. In addition, we have tried, in this pamphlet, to explain some of our ideas about process itself. By "process," we mean techniques and information which can influence how material is taught or learned. Our definition is a still limited one; we hope, in time, to develop further ideas about the learning process itself.

WHAT DOES "PROCESS" INCLUDE?

After much trial and error, we are beginning to identify some factors and techniques which seem to have a positive influence on teaching and learning. These include:

1. The natural learning styles of children.
2. Different lab styles which can facilitate learning.
3. Value-clarifying.
4. The importance of detailed planning for each class or activity.

WHAT DOES "NATURAL LEARNING STYLES" MEAN?

The natural learning process for very young children is characterized by physical involvement, repetition, and fun. We feel these factors are still important for junior high students. Learning can undoubtedly occur if the activity is not fun and physically involving, but it will probably be more enjoyable and effective if these factors are present.

By "physical involvement" we simply mean that the child is able to do, to actively participate in a situation and thus to learn from his own experience. One learns to drive a car through actual practice, not solely by reading about it. Similarly, perhaps a child can learn geography through application of a geographer's skills as he hunts his way around in the city. Perhaps he can learn about the pressures on a world leader in an international crisis through a simulation which enables him to feel and experience those pressures. Whenever possible, involvement through physical activity, role playing, or other forms of personal experience will probably make learning enjoyable and effective.

If, in fact, children do have some form of "natural" learning style, then that style should be an important influence on the types of lessons and activities which a teacher plans. In his planning, a teacher might try to insure that his lessons utilize what he knows about how children learn, rather than forcing children to learn in an unnatural way. Thus, factors such as enjoyment, manipulation and physical activity, and learning from personal experience should become criteria for one's planning.

WHAT "LAB" MEANS

By "labs" we simply mean the way in which students, teachers, materials, and space are put together. In other words, any and every type of class or activity can be viewed as a lab of one type or another. Several curriculum projects and schools have begun to think of organizing children, teachers, materials, and space as labs; among these are the Educational Development Corporation, the Leicestershire schools in England (as reported by Joseph Featherstone in The New Republic) and Mrs. Lore Rasmussen's Learning Centers in Philadelphia. Our own ideas, as expressed here, have also been greatly influenced by Mike Schiro and the Perceptual Development Lab at the Advancement School. A paper written by Mike in 1968 provides the basis for much of what follows.

We feel the individual lessons and activities in the HD lab should be planned by the teacher as a particular type of lab. The advantages of the use of labs are that the teacher can deliberately vary the style of his classes, as well as move his students from "traditional" forms of classes to ones which are more student-directed, physical, and flexible. Furthermore, students in a lab can set their own pace--fast or slow--without feeling judged by the performance of others in the group. Labs, in short, are an attempt to capitalize on, and enlist, the natural learning styles of children.

There are many types of labs. For example, a classroom in which all children are being taught geography by a teacher is one type; a community project in which small groups of children are interviewing local residents and then constructing a social map is another. But in every type of lab there are four variables, and it is the way in which these variables are combined that determines the style of that particular lab. These variables are:

1. The number of activities going on in the classroom at any one time.
2. The degree of freedom the student has to choose the activity in which he wishes to participate.
3. The degree of freedom the student has to devise a procedure for carrying out the activity.
4. The degree of freedom the student has to evaluate his own accomplishments.

We feel that most children must be phased from one style of lab to another, beginning with one that resembles most normal classrooms. Briefly, these phases can procede as follows:

PHASE I: The Investigation Lab

The investigation laboratory is similar to the traditional concept of a class. There is only one activity taking place in the classroom at a time, all of the students are engaged in it, the students are expected to use the materials associated with it in a manner pre-determined by the teacher, and the criteria of success is set by the teacher and not by the student.

The activity might vary within fairly wide ranges: the students might work individually on similar materials, the class might be divided up into small groups of three to work on a project, or the class might work as a whole on the same activity. Corresponding to each type of activity there is a different teaching style. In this lab style the teacher interacts with the class not by standing in front of it and directing it as a whole but by visiting each student at his seat individually and offering him encouragement, helping him with problems, answering questions which might bother him, or perhaps suggesting problems that bother him. The class works as a whole only in the sense that each individual is engaged in the same type of activity. The teacher interacts with the class as a whole only in that he visits and talks with each individual in the class.

PHASE II: The Experimentation Lab

The experimentation laboratory is similar to the traditional concept of what a research scientist's laboratory might look like. There are many activities taking place in the classroom at any one time, each student is engaged in the activity of his choice, and, when finished, moves on to another. The activities are still highly structured, students use the materials associated with each in a pre-determined manner, and the evaluation of success is made by the teacher and not by the student. What is different from the investigation laboratory is that there are many different activities occurring simultaneously, the student can choose the one in which he will participate, and both the nature and style of the teacher's role is different.

An experimentation lab could consist of several lab stations set up in the room, each different from the others and with instructions for how to complete the task. (A description of such a lab is in the Other Cultures Unit). Students can choose where to begin, work at their own speed, and then move on to another station. The teacher functions as a resource person, not giving answers to students who have difficulty completing a task but rather asking questions which might help the student find his own solution. In this lab, the teacher still controls what activities are available, how they shall be undertaken, and how they shall be evaluated.

PHASE III: The Exploration Lab

If students have been phased through the investigation and experimentation lab styles, they are then ready for the exploration lab. This lab is similar to the goals many teachers attempt to fulfill with children, goals such as "independent learning," "student-directed activities" and so forth. Yet often these goals are not attained. The reason, we feel, is that students may not have been sufficiently prepared. The process is quite long and we have found it helpful to try to build into our units and materials the step-by-step phasing of students from an investigation lab to an experimentation lab and, finally, to an exploration lab.

In an exploration lab there are many different activities taking place at the same time, each student is engaged in the activity of his choice, he uses the materials in almost any constructive manner that he desires, and he evaluates his own performance. What is different from the experimentation laboratory is that the students decide what they are going to do, how they are going to do it, and if they have been successful or not in their endeavors.

There are infinite possible exploration labs. The activities could occur entirely within the school, with students defining what they wish to study, how they will procede, and how they will evaluate their work. Or they can occur entirely in the community, or in some combination of the two. In either case the major objective for teacher and student is not formal instruction but rather--

> "...the completion of a significant task, the solution of problems which the learner wants to attack, regardless of educational by-products that dealing with the problem might bring. The physical location of the laboratory context might be a factory, art studio, school, hospital, library, science or industrial laboratory, political party headquarters, or government agency. The activity of participants would be governed, not by a skill or a product that is programmed for students to learn, but only by the developing nature of the problem-task itself...Laboratories are contexts for learning in the midst of action; learning inevitable by-product of genuine participation in problem-and task-oriented activities."
>
> Oliver & Newman, Education and Community p.96,
> Harvard R & D Center On Educational Differences,
> Reprint #1, School of Education, Cambridge, Mass.

The teacher's role in the exploration lab is concerned with helping students grow and learn in whichever way is good for them as individuals, as well as transmitting a certain body of academic facts or a particular academic skill. The teacher's "process" goal is to transform the students from reluctant learners dependent on the teacher to independent inquirers able to explore for themselves.

VALUE-CLARIFYING

The "process of valuing" has become an important part of the Human Development Lab. Our ideas for including this process in the curriculum came from the book Values And Teaching by Louis E. Raths, Merril Harmin, and Sidney B. Simon (a Charles Merril paperback book). We urge anyone wishing to incorporate this process into his classroom read the book first or at least have a copy on hand for reference.

The authors do not suggest a set of values. Their goal is the teaching of the process by which values are identified and clarified by an individual. The teacher must be careful not to dictate, judge, or moralize. The process must, in all cases, be a personal one. It is difficult, especially for children, to identify or develop one's own values when faced with the pressures to act in ways which other people have determined. In value-clarifying, then, the end product or specific values are not important; the process by which they were formed, and the fact that they were formed, is important.

As defined by the authors, the valuing process involves three factors; choosing, prizing, and acting. These, in turn, are comprised of the following:

Choosing
1. The choice of a value must be made freely.
2. The choice must be made from alternatives.
3. Any choice is invalid if not made after consideration of the consequences.

Prizing
4. A chosen value must be cherished; one must be happy with his choice.
5. One must be willing to affirm publically his value. If we are ashamed or afraid, it is not a value but something else.

Acting
6. "For a value to be present, life itself must be affected. Nothing can be a value that does not, in fact, give direction to actual living."
7. If all of the above conditions are met, the value situation is likely to reappear; therefore the process must be repeated. Something that occurs only once is not a value. (pp. 28-30)

In the HD lab, one of the teacher's most important functions is to help students clarify their values. This means that the teacher, for this curriculum, must assume a difficult role. The teacher is both longer adding to the child's ideas and is stimulating him to clarify the ideas he already has. This is "Value clarification" instead of value formation. "The idea is, without moralizing, to raise a few questions, leave them hanging in the air, and then move on." (p. 55)

Techniques for helping students clarify their values

The specific teachniques mentioned here can be modified to fit any situation or material. They are best used as part of a lesson; we have found that if you try to teach an entire "lesson" on values the techniques lost much of their force. The techniques accomplish two things. First, students are asked to declare what their own values are. Second, value-conflicts or situations in the material can be tied to the students own experience.

1. Voting: This is not a vote to settle anything, but rather a technique to provide kids with the chance to declare where they stand on an issue. The questions are responded to either by raising your hand if the statement is true, or leaving it down if it is not. Usually we ask questions which are related to the material or activity which will follow in the lesson; a class about crime in the city, for example, could begin with some questions like:

    - How many of you have ever been beaten up?
    - How many have been picked up by a cop?
    - How many have ever seen a crime committed?
    - Of those who did, how many reported it?

    We usually try not to discuss each question; the goal is simply for students to declare simultaneously by vote whether the statement is true for them, and to see how their peers stand.

2. Proud Whip: In a proud whip, each participant, in turn, completes the statement "I am proud that....." It is a vehicle for getting directly to students' concerns, and we find it provides a structure that often enables students to share a personal thought which he might otherwise decline to share. The technique works well when chairs are in a circle, and is often used at the end of a day or an activity to give students the chance to declare what pleased them about the experience. As with all value clarifying techniques, it is important that no student or teacher make judgemental comments about what is said. The proud whip is best used after students are comfortable with the other valuing techniques.

3. Public Interview: This is an often dramatic way to get at thoughts and experiences. The idea is for a student volunteer to take the teacher's chair and vise versa. The student, now the focal point of the class, is to be interviewed. He can either choose his own topic or let the teacher (later, another student can be the interviewer) choose one. If the teacher asks a question he would rather not answer, he says, "I pass." If he wants the interview to end, he says, "thank you for your questions." He tries to answer all questions fully and honestly. At the end of the interview, he has the right to ask his interviewer any questions asked of him. This is a form of protection, enabling the student to retaliate if he feels a question was unfair by asking it of his interviewer.

Some valuing techniques can help clarify material. This entails stopping periodically during a story, film, tape, or other classroom activity to highlight the important action and reinforce interest by using such techniques as:

4. Rankings are a variation of voting; three choices are ranked according to desirability. As an example: during a tape of a selection from the XEROX unit "The Way It Is" from Dick Gregorys' Nigger, where Gregory is describing how he became famous as a talker in his school, we stopped to ask the class, "Rank which you would most, next, and least like to do well: talk, run, or fight." Then, "Someone answer for Dick Gregory." The second question was attractive to the boys, and later, when Gregory had in fact became a runner, they asked for the ranking again. As another example, after students had served as assistant teachers in an elementary school we asked them to rank the following: "If you could go to the elementary school again, would you rather teach, observe, not do the activity at all?"

   The purpose of the ranking technique is to pose alternatives which the student must rank in order of preference ("Rank which you would like to be most, next most, and least--Rich, Famous, Happy). By ranking them, the student is hopefully clarifying exactly what he values most.

5. Continuums: This is a method for posing an entire spectrum of alternatives. The task is to establish the two most extreme stands possible, with a line between them, and ask the class to place themselves on the line at a point which represents their belief. For example, after teaching in elementary schools we asked:

   A. If you were teaching right now, where would you be on this scale:

   Very strict Sam ———————— Completely free Fred

   After a series of activities in a unit on manhood, the class was asked,

   A. Place these characters on the following "Manhood continuum"

      1. Dick Gregory (Nigger)
      2. Duff ("Nothing But A Man")
      3. Terry ("On The Waterfront")
      4. Claude Brown (Manchild)
      5. Yourself

   a complete man ———————— not a man at all

B. On the following continuums, mark where you think you would like to be:

A. Duff |____|____|____|____| Duff's father-in-law

B. Terry |____|____|____|____| the D&D workers on the docks

C. Dick Gregory as a kid ________________ Claude Brown as a kid

Finally, the value-clarifying techniques can also be used to encourage reading and writing. In the HD lab's material on Claude Brown's "Manchild In The Promised Land" we used the different techniques described above as we read the book. Students had also been writing their autobiographies; one assignment was:

> Write a true story about an event in your life where you have had a close call with something dangerous. Claude Brown had a close call with Limpy, and it made him think back over the way he acted and the kind of life he led. What did you think about after your narrow escape? Did it cause you to change your life in any way, so you could avoid that danger in the future? Put in all the details you can.

PLANNING

Detailed planning for a lesson or activity is difficult, in part because we haven't much knowledge of exactly how children learn. But if a teacher can clearly and precisely identify what he wants to occur in a given class--what objectives he holds for the students, what activities he has chosen to reach those goals, why he has chosen them, and so forth--then the odds of that learning occurring are more in his favor.

We think the process of planning a lesson should include the following steps:

A) Identifying Goals

1) What are the behavioral goals?

This simply means what types of behaviors do you want kids to be able to perform during or after the class. Behavioral goals could include such goals as: (a) to be able to listen (b) to be able to write a poem, (c) to enjoy the activity, (d) to know how to work well in a group, (e) to be proud and self-confident.

2) What are the conceptual goals?

Conceptual goals are not concerned with being able to do something. Rather, they are concerned with knowing something, or with understanding and employing complex intellectual processes such as critical thinking. Conceptual goals could include such goals as: (a) knowing that it is important to listen to others, (b) understanding of factors which caused the American Revolution, (c) realization of the fact that every group has a task or purpose.

B) Selecting a procedure to attain goals

1) What activities are chosen to reach each goal?

Here, the teacher should understand why those activities are likely to fulfill the objectives of the lesson, and presumably should have chosen an activity after evaluation of several alternatives.

2) What materials are needed for the activities?

3) What is the physical arrangement of the classroom?

The arrangement of the class often influences the type of interaction which will occur. If one behavioral objective is to have a class discussion, then for that activity chairs could be placed in a circle or some other form which might best facilitate talking to other people.

4) What are the teacher and students doing during the class?

5) What changes of pace are in the activity?

Again, the natural learning styles of children seem to tell us that their enthusiasm and involvement will increase if there are several different types of activity in a given class. For examples of this, see the lesson plans which follow in the HD units.

6) What different types of interaction will occur between students and teachers?

C) Evaluating what happened

1) What techniques are there for helping students evaluate what they accomplished or learned?

2) How will the teacher evaluate what happened?

3) How will that evaluation indicate whether the teacher's goals were fulfilled?

Careful thought about each of these questions for every class one teaches is nearly impossible. The task is made easier, however, when the teacher is consciously using a lab as the vehicle for teaching the class. The structure of the different lab styles help clarify many behavioral goals; a phase II lab, for example, must have as behavioral goals such objectives as (1) To have students work at their own pace, (2) To have students able to chose which activity or material they will undertake at any time, (3) and so forth...

A PARTING SHOT

None of these process techniques is sacred. There are undoubtedly many more which we have yet to find, and variations of these which other teachers have used successfully for years. We believe that there are important relationships between some of the techniques described here--the lab technique is an attempt to respond to the natural learning styles of children, careful planning should occur for whatever style of class one is going to teach, etc. And we think it is very important for teachers to be thinking as specifically as possible about process as well as content. The ideas explained here are simply our own attempt to do so.

Pennsylvania Advancement School
Human Development Lab

Animal Unit

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INTRODUCTION:

"IN THE LAB WE EXPERIMENTED WITH MICE IN A MAZE. WE WANTED TO SEE HOW THE MICE WOULD REACT, SEE IF THEY WOULD BE SCARED OR IF THEY WOULD KNOW HOW TO GET OUT OF THE MAZE. WE EXPERIMENTED WITH TWO MICE. WE WANTED TO SEE IF ONE WOULD FOLLOW THE OTHER OR IF THEY WOULD SPLIT UP. ONE FOUND HIS WAY OUT OF THE MAZE BUT THE OTHER ONE JUST SAT IN THE CORNER. THEN WE EXPERIMENTED WITH THREE MICE. WE TOOK A PENCIL AND TRACED THE PATHS THEY TOOK IN THE MAZE.

"THEN WE WENT OUT INTO THE CITY. DAN AND GARY LEFT US AT DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE CITY TO SEE IF WE COULD FIND OUR WAY BACK. THE REASON WE DID THIS IS TO SEE IF WE COULD FIND OUR WAY FROM A STARTING POINT LIKE THE MICE IN THE MAZE. SOME KIDS WERE SCARED LIKE THE MICE. SOME KIDS THOUGHT IT WAS FUN. IF WE GET LOST SOMEPLACE THAT WE'VE NEVER BEEN BEFORE WE CAN FIND OUR WAY OUT."

THIS WAS ONE STUDENT'S REACTION TO AN URBAN STUDIES UNIT WHICH BEGAN WITH OBSERVATIONS OF MICE IN THE CLASSROOM LABORATORY AND CULMINATED IN STUDENTS' HAVING TO FIND THEIR OWN WAYS THROUGH THE "MAZE" OF THE CITY'S TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM.

SINCE MOST CHILDREN ARE FASCINATED BY ANIMALS, WORKING WITH AND STUDYING ANIMALS PROVIDES AN ENJOYABLE LEARNING MEDIUM.[1] THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES WERE DEVELOPED PRIMARILY AS "GRABBERS." THAT IS, THE MAIN OBJECTIVE IS TO INTEREST AND INVOLVE STUDENTS, TO HELP THEM HAVE FUN WHILE LEARNING. AT THE SAME TIME THE ACTIVITIES INTRODUCE STUDENTS TO A VARIETY OF CLASSROOM STYLES WHILE BUILDING SKILLS OF OBSERVATION AND ANALYSIS. BOTH THE CLASSROOM STYLES AND THE SKILLS MAY BE USED LATER IN THE STUDY OF PEOPLE AND OF THE SELF (SEE, FOR EXAMPLE, THE "GROUP INTERACTION" AND PEOPLE" UNITS OF THE HUMAN DEVELOPMENT LAB).

THESE SUGGESTIONS MAY BE HELPFUL IN TWO WAYS: FIRST, THEY PROVIDE SOME SPECIFIC IDEAS AND MATERIAL FOR A LEARNING UNIT BASED UPON THE STUDY OF ANIMALS, INCLUDING MAN. SECOND, THEY CONTAIN INFORMATION ABOUT THE LEARNING PROCESS AND CLASSROOM ENVIRONMENTS. THUS, THE SUGGESTIONS CAN BE VIEWED AS REFLECTING AN ATTITUDE TOWARD TEACHING AND LEARNING AND OFFERING TECHNIQUES WHICH CAN EXPAND A TEACHER'S REPERTOIRE OF TEACHING METHODS. IN A SENSE, THEN, THERE ARE (A) SOME IDEAS ABOUT CURRICULUM CONTENT (IN THIS CASE, ANIMALS) AND (B) SOME IDEAS ABOUT THE TEACHING AND LEARNING PROCESSES. THESE LATTER IDEAS ARE EXPLAINED MORE FULLY IN THE PAMPHLET, "PROCESS TECHNIQUES," WHICH WE URGE YOU TO READ BEFORE CONTINUING WITH THESE SUGGESTIONS FOR A UNIT ON ANIMALS.

---

[1] WE HAVE LEARNED FROM THE WORK OF OTHER PROJECTS WHICH USE ANIMALS AS A WAY OF STUDYING MAN. AMONG THESE ARE THE EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AND NORMAN A. NEWBERG, AFFECTIVE CURRICULUM SPECIALIST, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MAJOR PURPOSE OF THIS PRESENTATION IS TO HELP EACH TEACHER DEVELOP AND TEACH HIS OWN UNIT. ACCORDINGLY WHAT FOLLOWS IS NOT A FINISHED CURRICULUM BUT A "CURRICULUM OF SUGGESTIONS," A COLLECTION OF MATERIAL AND IDEAS TO BE ORGANIZED AND TAUGHT ACCORDING TO EACH TEACHER'S OWN OBJECTIVES. TO USE THE MATERIAL EFFECTIVELY, A TEACHER SHOULD DETERMINE HIS OWN OBJECTIVES FOR THE UNIT AS A WHOLE AND FOR EACH LESSON HE PLANS TO TEACH, THEN EXAMINE THE IDEAS OFFERED HERE AND REVISE OR ORGANIZE THEM TO MEET THOSE OBJECTIVES

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ANIMALS--

THE PURPOSE OF THIS PART OF THE UNIT IS MERELY TO INTRODUCE STUDENTS TO WHAT MAY BE AN UNUSUAL SUBJECT MATTER, ANIMALS, AND TO INITIATE THEIR CONSIDERATION OF HOW THE STUDY OF ANIMALS CAN BE RELEVANT. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE STUDENTS UNDERSTAND EARLY IN THE UNIT THAT THEY ARE STUDYING ANIMALS:

--TO DISCOVER WHAT IN MAN IS UNIQUELY HUMAN AND WHAT IS PART OF HIS ANIMAL NATURE.

--TO BUILD SKILLS OF OBSERVATION AND ANALYSIS WHICH WILL BE USED LATER IN THE STUDY OF PEOPLE AND THE SELF.

--TO EXPAND THEIR REPERTORY OF TERMS, ESPECIALLY THOSE RELATING TO BEHAVIORS.

--OTHER JUSTIFICATIONS WHICH THE STUDENTS CAN BE ENCOURAGED TO DISCOVER THROUGH THEIR DISCUSSIONS.

THIS INTRODUCTION IS MADE WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF A FAIRLY TRADITIONAL, TEACHER-ORIENTED CLASSROOM, ASSISTED BY THE MEDIA OF SOUND EFFECTS AND SLIDE PROJECTIONS. THUS, THE STUDENTS ARE EASED INTO THE CONSIDERATION OF A NEW KIND OF SUBJECT-MATTER CONTENT WHILE STILL BEING ABLE TO DEPEND UPON A CLASSROOM STYLE THEY ARE USED TO.

1) THE STUDENTS ENTER THE SEMI-DARKENED CLASSROOM WHERE PICTURES OF A VARIETY OF ANIMALS (INCLUDING MAN) ARE BEING RANDOMLY FLASHED ON THE SCREEN AND A RECORD OF ANIMAL NOISES IS BEING PLAYED IN THE BACKGROUND. ACTUALLY THE SLIDES, WHICH HAVE BEEN RANDOMLY MIXED, HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED TO INCLUDE PAIRS OF VARIOUS ACTIVITIES: ONE SLIDE SHOWING AN ANIMAL SCENE, ANOTHER SHOWING HUMANS ENGAGED IN THE SAME ACTIVITY. THE SCENES COVER A WIDE RANGE OF ACTIVITIES AND CONTEXTS: FIGHTING, EATING, SLEEPING, HUNTING, PLAYING; ALONE, IN A FAMILY, IN A CROWD OR HERD.

2) ONCE THE CLASS IS SEATED, EACH STUDENT IS GIVEN A WORKSHEET (SEE WORKSHEET #1 IN APPENDIX) AND ASKED TO IDENTIFY EACH ANIMAL AND ITS ACTIVITY AS THE SLIDES ARE GONE THROUGH AGAIN, SLOWLY. THEN THE STUDENTS ARE ASKED TO GROUP THE SLIDES IN PAIRS, MATCHING THE ACTIVITIES SO THAT EACH PAIR OF SLIDES DEPICTS THE SAME ACTIVITY. THE STUDENTS ARE ASKED TO DISCUSS ANY PATTERN THEY SEE. WHILE MOST SHOULD SEE THAT EACH PAIR IS COMPRISED OF ONE SLIDE OF AN ANIMAL AND ONE OF A MAN DOING THE SAME THING, SOME MAY NOTICE OTHER PATTERNS AS WELL.

3) The slide comparisons lead naturally into discussions of such questions as

What is man?

What is an animal?

What is a mammal?

How are men and animals similar?

How are they different?

It may be helpful during some of this discussion to examine some of the slide scenes in more detail. Another helpful technique to stimulating such questions is to divide the class into two teams, having each team come up with as many animal slogans as possible (e.g., "wise as an owl," "crafty as a fox"). The students can discuss the appropriateness or inappropriateness of such slogans; they can be challenged to mimic a "wise" owl, a "crafty" fox, etc.

4) This introductory lesson can last from one to several periods. Discussion of questions such as those mentioned above can lead students to conducting their own research in the library or in the classroom if it has been stocked with appropriate materials (see bibliography for suggestions). Children enjoy being turned out on their own to find the answers to such questions, especially when each feels he is building his own right answer from research _he_ is doing. A good technique for facilitating this process is for the teacher to keep on the blackboard a list of questions which come up in class and which are not immediately answerable. The students know in advance that they can choose a question to research and find the answer for either individually or in small teams. The teacher might also prepare a general worksheet to guide students through the research and answering of a question and have the worksheet available for students when they are ready to choose a question to answer.

Mouse Laboratory--

If possible, it is a good idea to involve students in work with real animals soon after the above introduction. Mice, because they are inexpensive, easy to care for, and readily available, make excellent laboratory animals. Thirty mice along with the appropriate cages, litter, food, etc. should be available from a local pet shop for under $50. Of course the mice can be used by several classes meeting at different times, and the fecundity of mice should not be underestimated!

In addition to the goals already outlined, the purpose of this section of the Animal Unit is to create an environment in which students, working independently of the teacher and each other, provide their own answers to questions rather than search for the teacher's or the textbook's answers. There is an attempt to get students to define their own problems; hence the maze and tightrope experiments which encourage students to do just that. Given these classroom-environment objectives, the teacher's role becomes that of facilitator and helper rather than director. He provides direction to get students launched on the task and, occasionally pulls the whole class together to check on each other's progress, to share information and discoveries, etc. But for the most part the teacher is helping students solve their own problems at their own paces. See the discussion of "LABS" in our HD pamphlet on "Process Techniques."

The following are detailed descriptions of some activities along with suggested directions for those who might wish to expand the lesson:

1) It is best that the first day with the mice be devoted solely to the students' getting used to the animals and to learning how to handle them. After some initial handling instructions (see below), students respond best to being allowed to just play with the mice for the period. Such activity also gives the teacher a chance to help those students who may be afraid of the mice as well as those who may find cruelty amusing. Ideally, for this as well as the other mouse lab activities, the room should be divided in order to allow separate work areas and several large conference or lunch tables for group discussion. If this is not possible, then a circle of desks will allow the teacher the greatest freedom of vision and movement and will leave some open space for group activity.

The students should be told that they will be working with mice and will have to tame their animals in order to work with them. Each student will have to calm his mouse and get to know him. The teacher should explain and demonstrate the proper way to handle mice (see below). He should tell them that they will be expected to work like real scientists--they will be keeping careful notes of what their mice look like and how they act. They will be recording what they do to or with the mice so that they can check on their own work. Each student must know enough about his mouse to find him in the cage the next day. (Actually this is not very important and for some similar mice is difficult, but it challenges the student to more careful kinds of play.)

> Handling Instructions: Mice should be picked up by the middle of the tail and placed in the palm of the other hand. Since it is easy to do internal damage to the mouse, it should not be grasped by the body. Mice do not bite unless frightened or mishandled. If anyone is bitten, isolate the mouse and see a doctor for a tetanus shot. If a mouse becomes overly excited, take it in one hand and close out the light with the other hand while holding it close to the body (the warmth and darkness will calm the mouse). When overly excited, mice have been known to urinate. However, mouse urine like the human variety is sterile and easily washes off.

The mice should be distributed to each student or each pair of students. Some students may wish to work in pairs, and some teachers find that having students paired for their first experiences with the mice adds to the success of the class. This is especially true for those children who are reluctant: working with a partner helps to overcome any initial fear. After the mice have been distributed, the teacher can circulate to be available for questions or to intervene if mice or students are dealt with unfairly.

2) Once the students are accustomed to handling the mice (perhaps after a day) they should be ready to make some careful observations, gather data, and record information on a worksheet. Worksheet #2 (see Appendix) calls for the student to take a closer look at his mouse and to record what he finds out. Each student is supplied with a copy of the worksheet and his mouse. An adequate supply of rulers and magnifying glasses should be made available to the class although they need not be distributed to each student.

Again, the activity is sufficiently involving that the teacher is free to circulate in order to locate and help those students who are encountering difficulty. A good tactic here is to encourage students to help one another when they run into trouble. A remark like, "Why don't you check with Bill; I think he's got that one." not only frees the teacher to help another student, it also bolsters Bill's ego a bit.

If time allows, the students can be encouraged to compare their findings and, if there is sufficient interest, to calculate and come up with an "average" mouse by use of a chart on the blackboard which incorporates various aspects of the student worksheet. Consideration of questions like whether color makes any difference among mice and the related human racial issue are latent in the material but should not be forced. Such issues are likely to arise naturally at some point in the lesson.

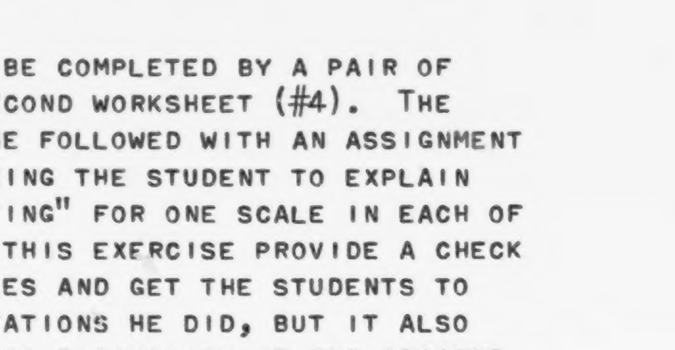
3) Having practiced the gathering and recording of simple data, the students move on to recording more complex observations (Worksheet #3 in Appendix) and to making simple interpretations based upon those observations (Worksheet #4 in Appendix). The classroom style for this activity is basically the same as for the preceding class with the exception that the students work in pairs. Such cooperation at this stage not only allows them to help each other perform the experiments but also to act as a check on one another's observations.

The first worksheet (#3) should be completed by a pair of students before they are given the second worksheet (#4). The completion of the worksheets should be followed with an assignment (either in class or for homework) asking the student to explain why he gave a particular "feeling rating" for one scale in each of the four experiments. Not only does this exercise provide a check against random completion of the scales and get the students to think about why he gave the interpretations he did, but it also provides an excellent basis for a class discussion of the process of observation and interpretation. The illustration of mouse postures on the next page (Illustration #1) can be used as an additional stimulus to such a discussion. Shown an overhead projection of the illustrations, the students are asked to tell how the mouse feels in each case and to justify their interpretations by pointing to characteristics of the poses or by relating the mouse postures to their own postures and feelings in similar situations. Teachers can make projection transparencies or spirit masters merely by tracing the illustration in pencil and passing it with the appropriate blank plastic sheet through a Thermofax machine.

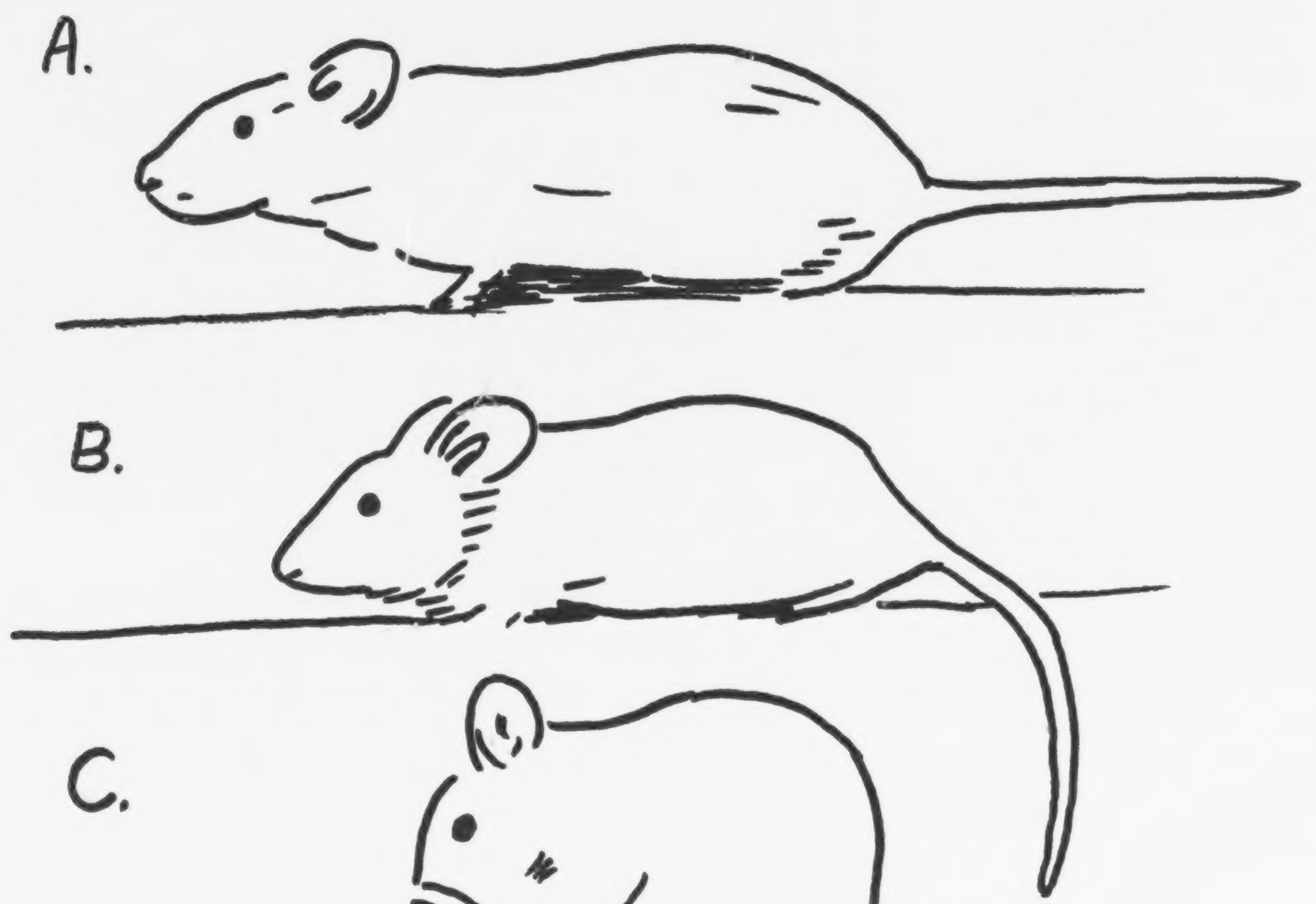
4) There are many additional experiments that may be carried out with mice. Students can teach their mice to walk a clothesline "tightrope" strung between two uprights (see Illustration #2).

The tightrope may be strung between legs of a desk or chair if uprights are not available.

Illustration #2
Tightrope Experiment

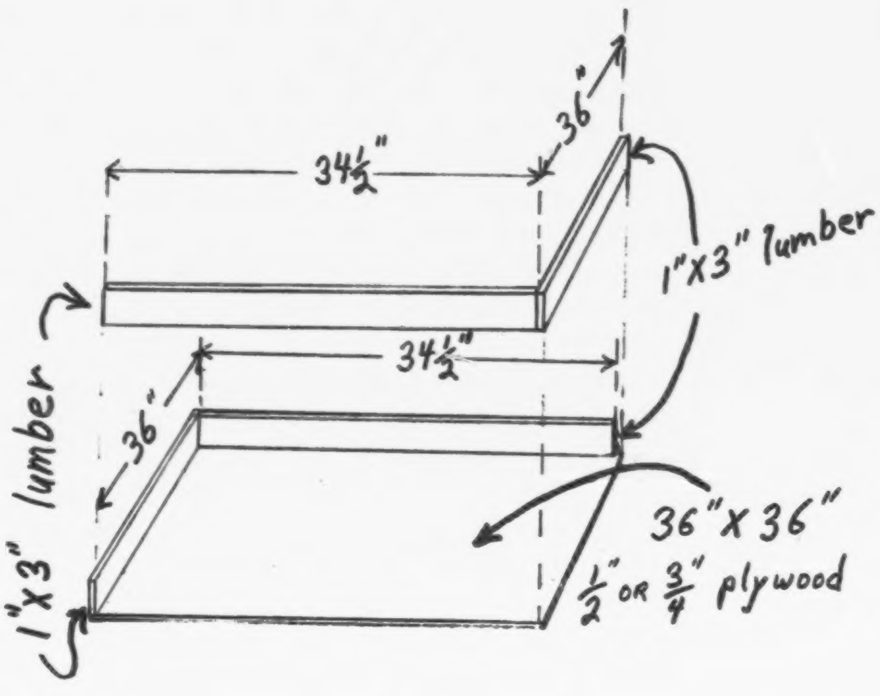


TRANSPARENCY OF MOUSE POSTURES (ILLUSTRATION #1)



They can be asked to record the various "teaching methods" they try and to note their success or failure. At the conclusion of the experiments the students can be called together for a "teachers' conference" to discuss the effectiveness of the various teaching styles tried. The discussion can readily be bridged into an examination of the teaching and learning styles which are most effective for them as students.

Any number of maze experiments are possible with mice. Simple maze boxes can be constructed with three foot square plywood bottoms and sides made of one-by-threes (see Illustration #3). The movable maze walls are made of pieces of one-by-three cut in variable lengths. Some students may wish to make these for the class.



Maze Box Illustration #3

With a dozen or so mice and a small carton the now-famous over-crowding experiment can be performed. This is the experiment which purports to show the effects of unchecked population growth and the resultant over-crowding. Analogies between the behavior of mice packed into a small container and the actions of people forced into an over-crowded urban area have been made. Students can also set up the conditions for and record and interpret a mouse's reaction to food, light, and various other kinds of deprivation.

Students should be encouraged to come up with their own experiments and to create worksheets so that the rest of the class can participate. Variations of the mouse lab are virtually limitless. If possible, it is a good idea to spend at least the last few days of the mouse lab allowing students to follow several different interest directions: some preparing new experiments, some preparing materials for others' experiments (e.g., building a maze box), some doing research in the library, some even visiting a research laboratory that uses mice, etc. The last day in the lesson series can be spent in students reporting to each other what they have done or discovered.

A trip to the Zoo--

The Philadelphia Zoo (America's first) is located at 34th Street and Girard Avenue, readily accessible by public transportation. It is open from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily. Groups of fifteen or more are admitted for 15¢ (children under 12) and 40¢ (12 years old and up) per person. No advance notice of the group's visit is necessary, but one person must purchase the tickets for the whole group. A morning or afternoon trip to the zoo can be used to continue the development of the skills of observation, recording, and interpreting begun earlier. The zoo becomes part of a "classroom without walls" (an idea pursued further in the pamphlet "Learning in the City") or a learning laboratory providing high-interest resource material unavailable in the classroom. Again, the role of the teacher is primarily that of facilitator and helper, providing the initial direction to get students launched on a task and pulling the class together to share and build on discoveries.

Worksheet #5 asks students to make detailed observations of an animal and to base opinions about the animal upon those observations. Since the worksheet items are somewhat complicated, they should be discussed with the students before they begin observing. It is also a good idea to divide the class into groups according to the "house" (Monkey House, Carnivore House, Reptile House, etc.) the animal each student selects is in, and to assign a leader to each major group. Ideally three or four adults should accompany the class on this trip (enough to have one adult in each of the more popular houses). It is best to have make-shift clip-boards to be handed out with the worksheets. After the worksheets have been passed out and understood, the students should be left pretty much on their own to complete the sheets. They are required to complete and hand in the worksheets before going on to other areas of the zoo.

2) The data collected at the zoo provide a wealth of material for future classes. The students can role-play the animals they observed, having the other students guess the animal and how it feels. Discussions can be organized around the relationships between the animal, his natural and zoo environments. Some students might be encouraged to return to the zoo to interview the keepers, a veterinarian, etc. on the effect of different environments on animals as well as on other topics. Some students might wish to conduct such interviews during the original visit.

A discussion of the effects of freedom and captivity on animals is a natural follow-up to the zoo trip and the suggested homework assignment. The movie *Born Free* and its television sequel, *The Lions Are Free*, are excellent additional stimuli to such a discussion. The discussion should at some point involve not only how animals in captivity feel and react but also what human captivity might be like. *Born Free* is available for rental from Columbia Cinemateque, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022 (telephone: 212-971-6681). *The Lions Are Free* is available from Dartnale Productions, 40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y. (for additional information contact the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10020 (telephone: 212-C17-8300)).

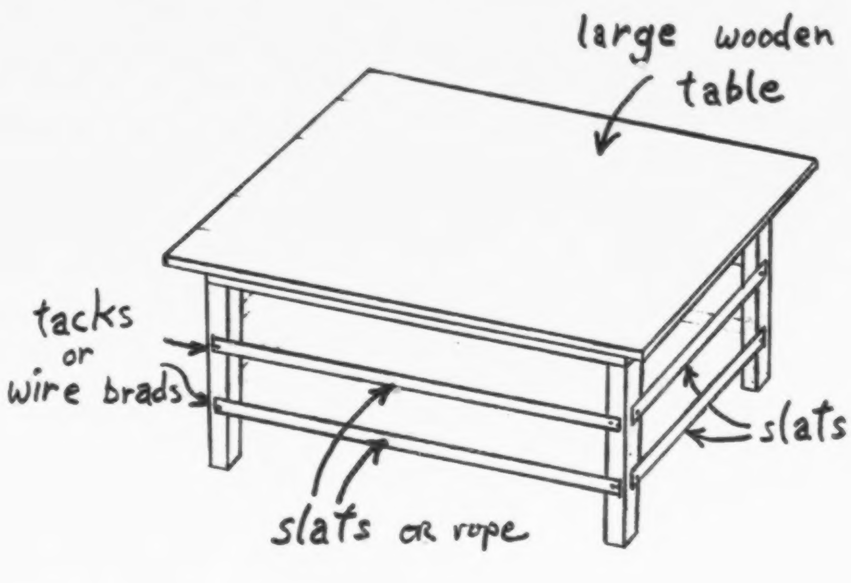
In order to stimulate the comparison of animal and human actions and feelings students can be assigned to read a story such as "The Pacing Mustang," "Old Lobo," "The Springfield Fox," "Lobo," or "The Black Stallion and the Red Mare" (see bibliography for details). Question sheets can be prepared for each story asking the students to tell how people might act in similar situations or how "human" the reactions of the animals in the stories are (see Appendix A for story summaries and possible questions).

THE CAGE--

TO GET THE GREATEST MILEAGE FROM THE ZOO TRIP AND THE COMPARISON OF HUMAN AND ANIMAL FEELING AND ACTION, THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITY IS SUGGESTED:

1) CHOOSE A STALWART VOLUNTEER, PREFERABLY A SELF-CONFIDENT STUDENT WHO IS VERBAL AND WILL BE ABLE TO TALK ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCE, AND PLACE HIM IN A SMALL CAGE FOR THE BETTER PART OF THE DAY. THE CAGE CAN EASILY BE CONSTRUCTED BY NAILING THIN SLATS OR LATHING TO THE LEGS OF A TABLE SO THAT THE TABLETOP ACTS AS THE ROOF OF THE CAGE, THE LEGS AS THE CORNERS, AND THE SLATS AS THE HORIZONTAL BARS (SEE ILLUSTRATION #4). THE VOLUNTEER IS NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE ANYTHING INTO THE CAGE WITH HIM OTHER THAN THE CLOTHES HE HAS ON. WHILE HE IS IN THE CAGE, OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS PERIODICALLY (SAY EVERY FIFTEEN OR THIRTY MINUTES) MAKE CAREFUL, DETAILED OBSERVATIONS OF WHAT HE IS DOING, HOW HE SEEMS TO FEEL, ETC. IF POSSIBLE, BOTH A WRITTEN AND A TAPED RECORD OF THESE OBSERVATIONS SHOULD BE KEPT. IF IT IS AVAILABLE, CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION ALLOWS THE CAGED SUBJECT TO BE OBSERVED WHILE REMAINING TOTALLY ISOLATED AND AT THE SAME TIME SUPPLIES A VIDEO-TAPED RECORD OF HIS ACTIONS. IF TELEVISION IS NOT AVAILABLE, A ONE-WAY MIRROR OR A PEEP-HOLE IN A DOOR CAN BE USED FOR THE OBSERVATIONS.

The Cage Illustration #4



2) When the volunteer is finally released, he should be interviewed and, if possible, have his comments tape recorded for later reference. The other students in the class can have prepared interview questions during the day or for homework. A question such as, "What one thing would you have liked to have had with you in the cage?" can help get at the kinds of primary needs a person has and can realize through deprivation. One caged student, when given his lunch, ate it until he got to his orange. Rather than eat the orange, he studied it for awhile and then began to roll it around the cage as if it were a ball. What does such an incident say about the relative priority of hunger and other needs?

3) A good follow-up activity to the day in the cage is to check out with the subject the observers' interpretations of what he was going through at the various stages of the experiment. Of course the subject may not often be honest about what he was feeling and confronting him with the video-taped evidence of his actions can lead to some very interesting discussion of the relationship between "inner" feeling and "outer" action. For instance, most students will note that they were lonely and that they felt the need to communicate with someone. How were such feelings manifest in action? What could be observed to indicate that the caged student felt a particular way?

4) Another line of inquiry that might be pursued is that of the cage experience as an analogue of other experiences people have. A lesson could be constructed around such questions as the following: Does everyone have a "cage" of one sort or another? What kinds of "cages" do we make for ourselves; which "cages" are we forced into? Are there ways of escaping from any of these "cages"? Are cages, as some defenders of zoos would have us believe, sometimes protective as well as enslaving?

The film, "The Silent World," by Jacques Cousteau (Audio Film Center, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. and Brandon Films, New York City) can be used to show that man often builds "cages"-- in this case, scuba diving gear-- to protect himself. Indeed, each of us has defense mechanisms which are protective cages. Physical handicaps constitute a "cage" also. To illustrate, children can be blindfolded or have their hands tied behind their back, and asked to perform simple tasks.

SHORT STORIES--

THERE ARE SEVERAL SHORT STORIES WHICH ARE WELL SUITED TO THE TRANSITION FROM OBSERVING AND DISCUSSING ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS TO DISCUSSING HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS AND FEELINGS. BOTH "THE SHE WOLF" AND "THE GRAVEYARD RATS" DEAL WITH MEN BEING PURSUED BY ANIMALS; IN "THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME" A MAN IS HUNTED BY ANOTHER MAN (SEE BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR STORIES). THESE STORIES ARE EXCELLENT FOR FOLLOWING-UP THE ZOO TRIP WRITING ASSIGNMENT IN WHICH THE STUDENTS IMAGINED AN ANIMAL BEING CAPTURED BY MEN. EACH OF THESE STORIES IS SUSPENSEFUL, AND ITS EFFECT CAN BE HEIGHTENED IF IT IS READ IN A DARKENED ROOM WITH THE STUDENTS HUDDLED TOGETHER, A TAPE OR RECORD OF EERIE NOISES OR ELECTRONIC MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE TEACHER READING BY CANDLE-, LANTERN-, OR FLASHLIGHT. EACH STORY CAN LEAD INTO A DISCUSSION ABOUT HOW THE HUNTED CHARACTERS FELT AND INTO A SHORT STORY WRITING ASSIGNMENT.

ONE EFFECTIVE WAY TO GET THE STUDENTS WRITING IS TO STOP THE READING OF THE STORY AT SOME CRITICAL POINT AND HAVE THEM WRITE THEIR OWN ENDINGS BEFORE CONTINUING WITH THE READING. CLASS DISCUSSIONS MIGHT CENTER AROUND SUCH QUESTIONS AS, "WHAT ANIMAL WOULD YOU LEAST LIKE TO BE HUNTED BY?" WHAT ARE SOME OF THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ANIMAL-HUNTERS AND HUMAN-HUNTERS?" "WHAT ARE SOME REAL-LIFE INSTANCES OF MAN HUNTING MAN (POLICE, GANGS, WARS, ETC.)?" AN EFFECTIVE WAY OF GETTING INTO THESE THEMES IS TO HAVE STUDENTS ROLE-PLAY VARIOUS CHARACTERS FROM THE STORIES. A VERY EFFECTIVE ROLE-PLAYING TECHNIQUE IS TO ASSIGN STUDENTS TO PREPARE SOLILOQUIES WHICH REVEAL THE TRUE CHARACTERS OR BACKGROUNDS OF THE PEOPLE IN THE STORIES. ANOTHER TECHNIQUE IS TO ARRANGE A CONTEST IN WHICH THE STUDENTS, GIVEN RAINSFORD'S RESOURCES IN "THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME," TRY TO COME UP WITH AS MANY NEW TRAPS AS POSSIBLE. SUCH A CONTEST COULD LEAD TO A COMPARISON OF MEN AND ANIMALS IN TERMS OF INGENUITY, PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES (MAN'S OPPOSING THUMB, FOR EXAMPLE) AND DISADVANTAGES, ETC.

MOVIES--

"MISS JANE GOODALL AND THE WILD CHIMPANZEES" IS AVAILABLE AT THE REGIONAL FILM CENTER OF THE FREE LIBRARY OF PHILADELPHIA. THIS FILM, WHICH THE KIDS HAVE DUBBED "MARY JANE AND THE MONKEYS," FOLLOWS MISS GOODALL IN HER FIVE-YEAR STUDY OF CHIMP LIFE IN AFRICA. THERE ARE TWO VERSIONS AVAILABLE--THE ORIGINAL, TWO-REEL FILM AND AN ABRIDGED VERSION. IF TIME PERMITS, THE LENGTHIER VERSION IS MORE WORTHWHILE. A WORKSHEET MIGHT BE PREPARED DIRECTING THE STUDENTS' ATTENTION TO SUCH TOPICS AS:

--HOW CHIMPS ARE LIKE AND UNLIKE PEOPLE.
--HOW JANE GOODALL BECAME A MEMBER OF THE CHIMPS' "TRIBE."
--HOW SHE MADE DISCOVERIES AND ARRIVED AT CONCLUSIONS ABOUT CHIMPS
--HOW HER RESEARCH COMPARES WITH THAT OF THE CLASS (MOUSE LAB, CAGE EXPERIMENT, ETC.).

THE MANY SIMILARITIES BETWEEN BABOONS AND MEN MAKE BABOONS AN EXCELLENT LEAD-IN TO THE STUDY OF MAN. THE BEST MATERIAL FOR THIS PURPOSE IS PUBLISHED BY AND AVAILABLE FROM THE EDUCATION DEVELOPMENT CENTER, 44 BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS. THIS MATERIAL IS A PART OF A UNIT ON MAN AND INCLUDED TEXTS, FILMS, SUGGESTED USES AND ACTIVITIES.

THE FILM "THE ANIMALS" IS AVAILABLE FROM THE AUDIO FILM CENTER, INC., 34 MACQUESTEN PARKWAY SOUTH, MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK (RENTAL: $25.00). THIS FILM IS THE RESULT OF A MORE THAN TEN-YEAR-LONG COLLECTION OF FOOTAGE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD. IT EXPOSES A WIDE VARIETY OF CREATURES IN THEIR NATURAL HABITATS AT PLAY, IN COMBAT, AND AT THEIR WORK OF DAILY SURVIVAL THROUGH CLOSE-UP AND SLOW-MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY. IT IS PACKED WITH MATERIAL FOR STUDYING NUMEROUS DIFFERENT TYPES OF ANIMAL (AND HUMAN) BEHAVIORS AND CHARACTERISTICS--AFFECTION, AGGRESSION, TERRITORIALITY, CONFLICT, PORTECTION, SOCIALIZATION, SYMBIOSIS, ETC. ONE WAY OF GETTING AT SUCH FACTORS IS BY HAVING STUDENTS FILL OUT WORKSHEETS SUCH AS #6 AND #7 IN THE APPENDIX EITHER DURING OR IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEY SEE EACH REEL OF THE FILM. THESE WORKSHEETS CAN THEN FORM THE BASIS OF CLASS OR SMALL-GROUP DISCUSSIONS GENERATED BY A VERY DIRECT SERIES OF QUESTIONS: "WHY DO ANIMALS KILL EACH OTHER?" "FOOD, PROTECTION, AID THE BALANCE OF NATURE, ETC." (ANSWERS BASED ON SCENES OBSERVED IN THE MOVIE) "WHY DO PEOPLE KILL?" ETC...."WHY DO ANIMALS FIGHT?" "PROTECT TERRITORY, WIN A MATE, ETC." "WHY DO MEN FIGHT?" ETC. SOME OF THE VALUE-CLARIFYING QUESTIONS SUGGESTED BELOW MAY AID THE TEACHER IN INTRODUCING A MOVIE SUCH AS "THE ANIMALS" AND IN MOVING THE CLASS TOWARD VALUE-LADEN DISCUSSIONS SUCH AS THOSE SUGGESTED ABOVE.

HAVING STUDENTS PANTOMIME VARIOUS ANIMALS THEY HAVE SEEN IN THE MOVIE CAN BE AN EFFECTIVE WAY OF VARYING THE PACE OF THE CLASS WHILE HAVING THEM "FEEL" THE CONNECTION BETWEEN AN ANIMAL AND A HUMAN ACTION. THE TEACHER MIGHT ALSO WANT TO READ AN ARTICLE WHICH EXPLAINS SOME ASPECT OF ANIMAL BEHAVIOR AS A BALANCE TO THE FILM AND DISCUSSION. AN ARTICLE SUCH AS "A TOOTH AND A CLAW: WHAT MAKES ANIMALS FIGHT?" (SEE BIBLIOGRAPHY) IS EXCELLENT FOR THIS PURPOSE.

VALUE CLARIFIERS--

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF VARIOUS QUESTIONS WHICH CAN BE USED AT MANY POINTS THROUGHOUT THE UNIT AT THE TEACHER'S DISCRETION. THERE IS NO ATTEMPT TO DICTATE WHERE EACH QUESTION WOULD BE MOST APPROPRIATE. SOME MIGHT BE USED IN THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW MATERIAL, NEW IDEAS, OR A NEW EXPERIENCE; SOME TO "WRAP UP" A LESSON SERIES; ETC. THE THREE CATEGORIES OF QUESTIONS--VOTING, RANKING, CONTINUA--ARE TAKEN FROM THE VALUE-CLARIFYING TECHNIQUES SUGGESTED BY THE RATHS-HARMIN-SIMON BOOK VALUES AND TEACHING AND OUTLINED IN THE "VALUE CLARIFYING" SECTION OF THE HUMAN DEVELOPMENT LAB'S PAMPHLET ON "PROCESS TECHNIQUES."

A) VOTING:

1. DO YOU LIKE TO EAT (SLEEP, RUN, FIGHT, DANCE, HUNT)?
2. WOULD YOU KILL SOMEONE TO SAVE A MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY?
3. HAVE YOU EVER KILLED AN ANIMAL?...IF YOU ANSWERED "YES," DID YOU EAT THE ANIMAL YOU KILLED?
4. ARE YOU EVER AFRAID OF OTHER PEOPLE HURTING YOU?
5. HAVE YOU EVER OWNED A HORSE (OR WANTED TO OWN ONE)?
6. DO YOU HAVE A DOG?
7. DO YOU FEEL LONELY OFTEN? ...SOMETIMES? ...SELDOM?
8. DO YOU LIKE TO GO OUT INTO THE WOODS CAMPING?
9. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A CHIMPANZEE FOR A PET?
10. DO YOU WATCH TELEVISION MORE THAN FOUR HOURS A DAY?
11. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANIMALS FIGHTING?
12. DO YOU THINK ANIMALS HAVE FEELINGS?
13. DO YOU LIKE MOVIES?
14. DO YOU THINK THAT ANIMALS COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER?
15. DO YOU HAVE A BROTHER OR A SISTER?
16. HAVE YOU EVER WANTED TO BE AN ANIMAL (A CHIMP, A LION, A MOUSE, ETC.)?
17. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A LIVE CHIMP?
18. DO YOU HAVE PARENTS?
19. DO YOU LIKE BANANAS?

B) RANKING:

1. WHAT WOULD YOU MOST, NEXT, AND LEAST LIKELY DO IF ANOTHER BOY TRIED TO TAKE YOUR GIRLFRIEND? (1) LET HIM (THERE ARE A LOT MORE GIRLS). (2) FIGHT HIM. (3) TRY TO SHOW HER I'M BETTER THAN HE IS.

2. IF YOU SAW A FRIEND BEING BEATEN UP BY FIVE BOYS, WOULD YOU BE MOST, NEXT, LEAST LIKELY TO: (1) JOIN IN AND PROBABLY GET BEATEN TOO. (2) STAY SAFELY OUT OF IT. (3) GO FOR HELP.

3. IF YOU WERE REALLY HUNGRY, WOULD YOU BE MOST, NEXT, LEAST LIKELY TO: (1) TRY HUNTING (2) STEAL FROM SOMEONE WHO HAD PLENTY (3) TRY TO GET SOMEONE TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING.

4. WHICH WOULD YOU SAY HAS THE HARDEST, NEXT, EASIEST LIFE? (1) A FALCON (2) A FOX (3) A MAN.

5. IF YOU WERE A HIPPOPOTAMUS, WHICH WOULD YOU MOST, NEXT, LEAST LIKELY CHOOSE FOR A FRIEND? (1) A BIRD (2) A TIGER (3) A MONKEY.

6. If you were an eagle, which animal would you most, next, least likely have for an enemy? (1) a smaller bird (2) a fox (3) a rattlesnake.

7. On a trip to the zoo, which would you be most, next, least likely to visit first? (1) the lions (2) the chimp (3) the vampire bats.

8. Which of the following would you most, next, least want as a pet in your house? (1) a parrot (2) an ocelot (3) a baby chimp.

9. If you were an animal, which would you most, next, least want to be? (1) an elephant (2) an orangutan (3) a boa constrictor.

10. Which would you most, next, least prefer to be raised by? (1) my parents (2) other relatives (3) total strangers. Why?

11. Which do you do when you meet a group of strangers? (1) go away from them (2) introduce myself (3) wait for them to ask me to join them.

c) Continua: Place yourself where you "belong" between these extremes

1. A hunter /______________________________/ An orangutan
2. A cobra /______________________________/ A mongoose
3. A mountain goat /______________________________/ A mountain lion
4. A fish /______________________________/ An eagle
5. An alligator /______________________________/ A duck
6. Black leopard /______________________________/ Laughing hyena
7. Gorilla /______________________________/ Chimpanzee
8. Zoo-keeper Zeke /______________________________/ Hard-Huntink Hank
9. Chimpanzee /______________________________/ Human
10. Chimpanzee /______________________________/ Fish
11. Chimpanzee /______________________________/ House

APPENDIX

NAME________________________________

ANIMAL UNIT WORKSHEET #1

For each slide, write down the name of the animal and what you think it is doing.

	Animal	Activity
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		
6.		
7.		
8.		
9.		
10.		
11.		
12.		
13.		
14.		

Now, look over your list. Are any of the animals doing the same thing?

NAME________________________

ANIMAL UNIT

WORKSHEET #2

1. WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR MOUSE? ____________________

2. HOW MANY OF EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DOES YOUR MOUSE HAVE?

    TAILS________
    NOSES________
    NOSTRILS________
    EYES________
    WHISKERS________
    FEET________
    TOES ON RIGHT REAR FOOT________
    TOES ON LEFT REAR FOOT________
    TOES ON RIGHT FRONT FOOT________
    TOES ON LEFT FRONT FOOT________
    FINGERNAILS________

3. ARE YOU SURE YOUR MOUSE HAS FINGERNAILS?____________________

4. WHAT COLOR ARE THE FOLLOWING PARTS OF YOUR MOUSE?

    HAIR________
    TAIL________
    EYE________
    EAR________
    NOSE________
    EYELASHES________
    WHISKERS________
    FINGERS________
    SKIN________
    LIPS________

5. WHAT IS THE LENGTH OF YOUR MOUSE'S

    HEAD?________________
    BODY?________________
    TAIL?________________

6. WHAT IS THE WIDTH OF YOUR MOUSE'S

    HEAD?________________
    BODY?________________
    TAIL?________________

7. HOW LONG IS YOUR MOUSE FROM THE TIP OF HIS NOSE TO THE END OF HIS TAIL?________________

8. LOOK AROUND THE CLASS AT YOUR CLASSMATES' MICE. HOW MANY OF THEM ARE EITHER BROTHERS OR SISTERS OF YOUR MOUSE?________________

9. HOW CAN YOU TELL?______________________________

    ____

    ____

HANDLE YOUR MOUSE CAREFULLY AND GENTLY

Name________________________________

Animal Unit   Worksheet #3

For each of the following experiments, note very carefully exactly what your mouse does. In the space below each set of directions describe his actions in as much detail as possible; do not tell why you think he reacted the way he did. Handle your mouse carefully and gently.

1. Place the mouse's tail in a cup of whater. What does it do?

2. Hold the mouse in your hand and gently stroke it from its head to its tail. What does it do?

3. Hold the mouse in your hand, and have your partner clap his hands loudly near the mouse. What does it do?

4. Set the mouse down in the middle of the floor in the hall. Wait for twenty seconds. What does it do?

5. Set the mouse down in a corner of the room, right next to the two walls where they come together. What does it do?

NAME_____________________________________

ANIMAL UNIT

WORKSHEET #4

FOR EACH OF THE FOLLOWING EXPERIMENTS, CIRCLE THE PLACE ON EACH SCALE THAT YOU THINK SHOWS HOW THE MOUSE FEELS JUST THEN.

1. PLACE THE MOUSE'S TAIL IN WATER.

HAPPY 1 2 3 2 1 SAD
HUNGRY 1 2 3 2 1 FULL
CURIOUS 1 2 3 2 1 BORED
SCARED 1 2 3 2 1 SAFE

FRIENDLY 1 2 3 2 1 MEAN
LONELY 1 2 3 2 1 NOT LONGELY
STRONG 1 2 3 2 1 WEAK
NOISY 1 2 3 2 1 QUIET

2. HOLD THE MOUSE IN YOUR HAND AND STROKE IT FROM HEAD TO TAIL GENTLY.
(SAME SCALES)

3. SET THE MOUSE DOWN IN THE HALL AND OBSERVE IT FOR AT LEAST TWENTY SECONDS.
(SAME SCALES)

4. SET THE MOUSE DOWN IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM.
(SAME SCALES)

5. MAKE UP YOUR OWN EXPERIMENT AND YOUR OWN SCALES.

NAME____________________________

ANIMAL UNIT WORKSHEET #5 *

THOOSE ONE ANIMAL IN THE ZOO AND RECORD YOUR OBSERVATIONS ABOUT THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS. WHEN YOU ARE DONE, ASK THE GROUP LEADER HOW MUCH TIME YOU MAY HAVE TO VISIT THE REST OF THE ZOO.

1. WHAT ANIMAL HAVE YOU CHOSEN TO OBSERVE?

2. WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS ANIMAL THAT ATTRACTED YOU TO IT?

3. HOW MANY ANIMALS ARE IN THE CAGE TOGETHER? WHY WERE THEY PUT TOGETHER? OR, WHY IS THE ANIMAL ALONE?

4. DESCRIBE THE MOVEMENTS THE ANIMAL MAKES.

5. WHAT MOODS OR FEELINGS DOES THE ANIMAL'S MOVEMENT SUGGEST TO YOU?

6. HOW DID THE ANIMAL COME TO THE ZOO? WAS HE CAPTURED? BORN IN THE ZOO?

7. HOW DO YOU THINK HE LIKES HIS HOME IN THE ZOO? HOW CAN YOU TELL?

8. WHAT DO YOU THINK HIS REAL OR NATURAL HOME WAS LIKE? DESCRIBE IT.

9. WHAT WOULD HE BE DOING IF HE WERE IN HIS REAL HOME?

10. FOR HOMEWORK WRITE A STORY IN WHICH YOUR ANIMAL IS CAPTURED AND SENT TO THE ZOO. TELL HOW HE IS CAPTURED; BUT MORE IMPORTANT TELL HOW HE FEELS AS HE IS HUNTED AND CAPTURED AND AS HE ARRIVES AT THE ZOO.

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* ADAPTED FROM THE ZOO TRIP QUESTIONNAIRE OF LESSON #8, "EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING AT THE ZOO" IN NORMAN NEWBERG AND TERRY BORTON, EDUCATION FOR STUDENT CONCERNS: AFFECTIVE EDUCATION RESEARCH PROJECT (PHILADELPHIA: THE SCHOOL DISTRICT OF PHILADELPHIA, 1968), PP. 65-66.

NAME_______________________________

ANIMAL UNIT "THE ANIMALS" (REEL 1) WORKSHEET #6

1. GIVE SOME EXAMPLES OF HOW ANIMALS HELP EACH OTHER IN THE FILM.
   A)______________________________
   B)______________________________
   C)______________________________
   D)______________________________

2. GIVE SOME EXAMPLES OF HOW ANIMALS PROTECT ONE ANOTHER AND THEIR YOUNG
   A)______________________________
   B)______________________________
   C)______________________________
   D)______________________________

3. GIVE EXAMPLES OF ANIMALS HUNTING ANIMALS IN THE FILM.
   A)______________________________
   B)______________________________
   C)______________________________

4. WHAT ARE SOME OF THE ANIMAL STORES RELATED IN THE FILM?
   A)______________________________
   ____
   B)______________________________
   ____
   C)______________________________
   ____
   D)______________________________
   ____

NAME________________________________

ANIMAL UNIT "THE ANIMALS" (REEL 2) WORKSHEET #7

1. GIVE EXAMPLES FOUND IN THE FILM OF ANIMALS KILLING ANIMALS.

A)____

B)____

C)____

D)____

E)____

F)____

2. GIVE EXAMPLES OF THE COURTING WAYS OF SOME ANIMALS.

A)____

B)____

C)____

3. GIVE SOME EXAMPLES OF HOW THE YOUNG ARE CARED FOR BY DIFFERENT ANIMALS.

A)____

B)____

C)____

4. GIVE SOME EXAMPLES OF ANIMALS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES PLAYING TOGETHER.

A)____

B)____

C)____

D)____

E)____

APPENDIX:

STORY SUMMARIES AND SUGGESTED QUESTIONS FOR STORIES FROM ERNEST THOMPSON SETON'S WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN:

"THE PACING MUSTANG"--A WILD MUSTANG WITH A LARGE BAND OF FOLLOWERS IS CHASED BY A COWBOY. THE BAND IS FINALLY CAUGHT BUT THE MUSTANG CONTINUALLY OUTWITS THE MEN. AT LAST HE IS CAUGHT IN A BLOODY BATTLE. ON THE WAY BACK TO THE RANCH, THE MUSTANG KILLS HIMSELF RATHER THAN BE HELD IN CAPTIVITY.

1. WHAT KIND OF HORSES WERE IN THE MUSTANG'S BAND, AND HOW DID HE ATTRACT THEM?

2. WHAT DID THE MUSTANG DO TO STAY IN CONTROL OF HIS BAND? HOW DID HE PROTECT THE OTHER HORSES?

3. HOW DID THE MUSTANG LEARN SO MUCH ABOUT MAN'S TRAPS AND SCHEMES FOR CATCHING HIM?

4. DO YOU THINK THAT AN ANIMAL WOULD ACTUALLY COMMIT SUICIDE IN ORDER TO KEEP HIS FREEDOM?

"OLD LOBO: KING OF THE WOLVES"--LOBO IS AN EXTREMELY SMART WOLF WHO, WITH HIS PACK, HAS BEEN KILLING THE RANCHERS' CATTLE. THE RANCHERS PUT A BOUNTY ON LOBO'S HEAD, AND ONE MAN TRIES TO CAPTURE HIM.

1. LOBO IS THE LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK. WHAT ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS WHICH MAKE HIM A GREAT LEADER?

2. ALTHOUGH LOBO IS THE LEADER, ONE OTHER WOLF IN THE PACK CAN RULE HIM. WHY DOES LOBO LET HIMSELF BE RULED BY THIS ONE OTHER WOLF?

3. WRITE AN ENDING TO THE STORY IN WHICH LOBO AND THE HUNTER HAVE TO FIGHT EACH OTHER. THE HUNTER HAS HIS KNIFE; LOBO HAS HIS CUNNING AND STREGNTH. HOW DO THEY FIGHT? WHO WINS? HOW DOES THE VICTOR FEEL WHEN HE HAS WON THE BATTLE?

"THE SPRINGFIELD FOX"--A FARMER'S CHICKENS ARE BEING KILLED OFF BY A FOX FAMILY TO FEED THE YOUNG FOXES. THE FARMER'S SON WATCHES THE FOXES AND PROTECTS THEM FROM HIS FATHER. HOWEVER, THE FARMER EVENTUALLY KILLS THE FATHER FOX AND THREE OF THE FOUR CUBS. AFTER THAT THE MOTHER MUST FEED THE REMAINING CUB, WHICH HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE FARMER. WHEN THIS BECOMES TOO DIFFICULT, SHE KILLS THE CUB SO THAT HE WILL NOT HAVE TO LIVE IN CAPTIVITY.

1. How do you think the foxes learned to stay away from the farmer's gun for so long? How did they learn to outsmart woodchucks, squirrels, etc.?

2. How can the parents teach the cubs? Do they have a language

3. What do you think the parent foxes did to the cubs when they did not learn or when they disobeyed?

4. How is a fox family similar to a human family? How is it different?

5. Do you think the mother was right to kill the cub?

The following story is from Stanley Keglen's _A Collection of Prose and Poetry about People and Animals_:

"The Black Stallion and the Red Mare"--the son of a rancher discovers a band of wild horses led by a huge black stallion. The ranchers hold a big round-up of the horses but cannot catch the stallion and his mate, a red mare, until the end. The boy is given the two horses and the pair is allowed to remain together.

1. Why do the stallion and the mare stay with the band when they could have escaped?

2. Why do you think this band of horses had the stallion as a leader? What could he do for them?

3. Why did the stallion and the mare stay together? Why did Donald want to keep them together at the end?

4. Do you think it is right for men to capture animals like this?

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* These materials referred to in the suggested activities.

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* *Great Tales of Action and Adventure*, ed. George Bennett (New York:Dell #3202, n.d.): includes "The Most Dangerous Game by Richard Connell.
* The Graveyard Reader, ed. Groff Conklin (New York: Ballantine Books, n.d.): includes "The Graveyard Rats" by Harry Kuttner.
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Tinberger, N., *Animal Behavior* (New York: Time-Life,   ).

Films:

* *The Animals* (Black and white, 55 minutes); Audio Film Center, Inc., 34 Macquesten Parkway South, Mount Vernon, New York.
Reel 1: Evolutionary sequence; includes animals of different regions--Africa, South America, Borneo, Arctica; includes the following scenes: tick birds on a h9ppo's back, a monkey picking a deer's ear, elephants protecting their young, terns ganging together to fight off an eagle and a fox from their eggs and young, a spider capturing insects, an ant lion hunting ants, the birth, reproduction, and death of a may-fly in the same day, a scarab beetle with its ball of bird-droppings. Animals are compared--a slow sloth and a fast lynx; life in animal communities is depicted--penguins have single partners throughout life. Real-life animal fables are shown: the wounded stork, the frustrated falcon, the sad monkey, the wise fox and the stupid crows.

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* These materials referred to in the suggested activities

Reel 2: Amazing sequences of animals hunting one another, courting, caring for the young, different species playing with one another.

* Born Free (Dolor, feature length); Columbia Cinemateque, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
The story of a game warden and his wife who raise three lion cubs to adulthood. The film vividly depicts the differences between domesticated and wild animals and the difficulties of returning the domesticated lions to their natural environment.

* The Lions Are Free (Color, 50 minutes); Dartnale Productions, 40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y.
The actor who played the game warden in Born Free revisits the lions which were returned to nature in the course of filming the original story. The climactic scene of this documentary shows the reunion of the actor and the lions, who bring their entire "wild" pride to greet him. He stands literally knee deep in lions which rub against his legs as if they were household pets.

* Miss Jane Goodall and the Chimpanzees (Color, 1 hour 12 minutes); Regional Film Center, 114 North 19th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
A girl spends five years studying chimpanzee life in Africa.

Dynamics of Male Dominance in a Baboon Troop (Color, 30 minutes;

The Younger (Baboon) Infant--To Two Months (Color, 10 minutes;

The Older Infant--Four Months to a Year (Color, 8 minutes); Educational Services, Inc., 47 Galen Street, Watertown, Massachusetts 02172.

The first of these three films notes leadership changes within a baboon troop over a period of time. The other films show the infants' dependency, their playfulness, and how members of the troop other than the parents treat the young.

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* These materials referred to in the suggested activities.

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME *

By Richard Connell

"Off there to the right--somewhere--is a large island," said Whitney. "It's rather a mystery--"

"What island is it?" Rainsford asked.

"The old charts call it 'Ship'Trap Island,'" Whitney replied. "A suggestive name, isn't it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don't know why--some superstition."

"Can't see it," remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick, warm blackness in upon the yacht. I've seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night."

"Not four yards," admitted Rainsford. "Ugh! It's like moist black velvet."

"It will be light enough where we're going," promised Whitney. "We should make it in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come. We'll have good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world," agreed Rainsford.

"For the hunter," amended Whitney. "Not for the jaguar."

"Don't talk rot, Whitney," said Rainsford. "You're a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whiteny.

"Bah! They've no understanding."

"Even so, I rather think they understand one thing--fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainsford. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes--the hunters and the hunted. Luckily, you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

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"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so."

"Why?" asked Rainsford.

"The place has a reputation--a bad one."

"Cannibals?" suggested Rainsford.

"Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn't live in such a God-forsaken place. But it's got into sailor lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy today?"

"They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Nielson--"

"Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who'd go to the devil himself and ask him for a light. Those fishy blue eyes held a look I never saw there before. All I could get out of him was: 'This place has an evil name among seafaring men, sir.' Then he said to me, very gravely: 'Don't you feel anything?--as if the air about us was actually poisonous.' Now you mustn't laugh when I tell you this--I did feel something like a sudden chill.

"There was no breeze. The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a--a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread.

"Pure imagination," said Rainsford. "One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship's company with his fear."

"Maybe. But sometimes I think sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing--with wave lengths, just as sound and light have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of the zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

"I'm not sleepy," said Rainsofrd. "I'm going to smoke another pipe up on the afterdeck."

"Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

"Good night, Whitney."

There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there but the muffled throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

Rainsford, reclining in a steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite briar. The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. "It's so dark," he thought, "that I could sleep without closing my eyes; the night would be my eyelids--"

An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the bloodwarm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong stroked after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain cool-headedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender, and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes, and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing fireflies; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he swam in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes; he could do possibly a hundred more and then--

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high, screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound--he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.

"Pistol shot," muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears--the most welcome he had ever heard--the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters. Jagged crags appeared to jut into the opaqueness; he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to the very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from his enemy, the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down at the jungle edge and tumbled headlong into the deepest sleep of his life.

When he opened his eyes he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

"Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food," he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and jagged jungle fringed the shore.

He saw no sign of a trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford floundered along by the water. Not far from where he had landed, he stopped.

Some wounded thing, by the evidence a large animal, had thrashed about in the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crushed down and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford's eye and he picked it up. 16 was an empty cartridge.

"A twenty-two," he remarked. "That's odd. It must have been a fairly large animal too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with such a light gun. It's clear yhat the brute put up a good fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard were when the hunter flushed his quarry and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it."

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find--the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway. Night was beginning to settle down on the island.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coast line, and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along he saw to his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building--a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial chateau; it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tallspiked iron gate. The steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet about it all hung an air of unreality.

He lifted the knocker, and it creaked up stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its booming loudness. He through he heard steps within; the door remained closed. Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker, and let it fall.

The door opened then, opened as suddenly as if it were on a spring, and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing his eyes discerned was the largest man he had ever seen--a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barreled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointed as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in uniform, a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble stpes, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced and held out his hand.

In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said: "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home." Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man, past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheekbones, a sharp-cut nose, a spare dark face, the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow, but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

"Is he Russian?"

"He is a Cossack," said the general, and his smile showed red lips and pointed teeth. "So am I."

"Come," he said, "we shouldn't be chatting here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a restful spot."

Ivan had re-appeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

"Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford," said the general. "I was about to have my dinner when you came. I'll wait for you. You'll find that my clothes will fit you, I think."

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged room with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on, noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and sewed for none below the rank of a duke.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory table where two score men could sit down to eat. About the hall were the mounted heads of many animals--lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger or more perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen before. At the great table the general was sitting, alone.

"You'll have a cocktail, Mr. Rainsford," he suggested. The cocktail was surpassingly good; and, Rainsford noted, the table appointments were of the finest--the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

They were eating borsch, the rich, red soup with whipped cream so dear to Russian palates. Half apologetically General Zaroff said: "We try to preserve the amentities of civilization here. Please forgive any lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long ocean trip?"

"Not in the least," declared Rainsford. He was finding the general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite. But there was one trait of the general's that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

"Perhaps," said General Zaroff, "you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt."

"You have some wonderful heads here," said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well-cooked filet mignon. "That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw."

"Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster."

"Did he charge you?"

"Hurled me against a tree," said the general. "Fractured my skull. But I got the brute."

"I've always thought," said Rainsford, "that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game."

For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly: "No. You are wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game." He sipped his wine. "Here in my preserve on this island," he said in the same slow tone, "I hunt more dangerous game."

Rainsford expressed his surprise. "Is there big game on this island?"

The general nodded. "The biggest."

"Really?"

"Oh, it isn't here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island."

"What have you imported, General?" Rainsford asked. "Tigers?"

The general smiled. "No," he said, "hunting tigers ceased to interest me some years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford.

The general took from his pocket a gold cigarette case and offered his guest a long black cigarette with a silver tip; it was perfumed and gave off a smell like incense.

"We will have some capital hunting, you and I," said the general. "I shall be most glad to have your society."

"But what game--" began Rainsford.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "You will be amused, I know. I think I may say, in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation. May I pour you another glass of port, Mr. Rainsford?"

"Thank you, General."

The general filled both glasses, and said: "God makes some men poets. Some He makes kings, some beggars. Me. He made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of a million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only five years old he gave me a little gun, specially made in Miscow for me, to shoot sparrows with. When I shot some of his turkeys with it, he did not punish me; he complimented me on my marksmanship. I killed my first bear in the Caucasus when I was ten. My whole life had been one prolonged hunt. I went into the army--it was expected of noblemen's sons--and for a time commanded a division of Cossack cavalry, but my real interest was always the hunt. I have hunted every kind of game in every land. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed."

The general puffed at his cigarette.

"After the debacle in Russia I left the country, for it was imprudent for an officer of the Czar to stay there. Many noble Russians lost everything. I, luckily, had invested heavily in American securities, so I shall never have to open a tearoom in Monte Carlo or drive a taxi in Paris. Naturally, I continued to hunt--grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodiles in the Ganges, rhinoceroses in East Africa. It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As soon as I recovered, I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren't." The Cossack sighed. "They were no match at all for a hunter with his wits about him, and a high-powered rifle. I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought rushed into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in America businessmen often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life.

"Yes, that's so," said Rainsford.

The general smiled. "I had no wish to go to pieces," he said. "I must do something. Now, mine is an analytical mind, Mr. Rainsford. Doubtless that is why I enjoy the problems of the chase."

"No doubt, General Zaroff."

"So," continued the general, "I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. You are much younger than I am, Mr. Rainsford, and have not hunted as much, but you perhaps can guess the answer."

"What was it?"

"Simply this: hunting had ceased to be what you call a 'sporting proposition.' It had become too easy. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection."

The general lit a fresh cigarette.

"No animal had a chance with me any more. That is no boast; it is a mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. When I thought of this, it was a tragic moment for me, I can tell you."

Rainsford leaned across the table, absorbed in what his host was saying.

"It came to me as an inspiration what I must do," the general said.

"And that was?"

The general smiled the quiet smile of one who has faced an obstacle and surmounted it with success. "I had to invent a new animal to hunt," he said.

"A new animal? You're joking."

"Not at all," said the general. "I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one. So I bought this island, built this house, and here I do my hunting. The island is perfect for my purposes--there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps--"

"But the animal, General Zaroff?"

"Oh," said the general, "it supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. No other hunting compares with it for an instant. Every day I hunt, and I never grow bored now, for I have a quarry with which I can match my wits."

Rainsford's bewilderment showed in his face.

"I wanted the ideal animal to hunt," explained the general. "So I said: "What are the attributes of an ideal quarry?' And the answer was, of course: 'It must have courage, cunning and, above all, it must be able to reason.'"

"But no animal can reason," objected Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "there is one that can."

"But you can't mean--" gasped Rainsford.

"And why not?"

"I can't believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grisly joke."

"Why should I not be serious? I am speaking of hunting."

"Hunting? Good God, General Zaroff, what you speak of is murder."

The general laughed with entire good nature. He regarded Rainsford quizzically. "I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experiences in the war--"

"Did not make me condone cold-blooded murder," finished Rainsford stiffly.

Laughter shook the general. "How extraordinarily droll you are!" he said. "One does not expect nowadays to find a young man of the educated class, even in America, with such a naive and, if I may say so, mid-Victorian point of view. It's like finding a snuffbox in a limousine. Ah, well, doubtless you had Puritan ancestor. So many Americans appear to have had. I'll wager you'll forget your notions when you go hunting with me. You've a genuine new thrill in store for you, Mr. Rainsford."

"Thank you, I'm a hunter, not a murderer."

"Dear me," said the general, quite unruffled, "again that unpleasant word. But I think I can show you that your scruples are quite unfounded."

"Yes?"

"Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and, if needs be, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to give the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my gift? If I wish to hunt, why should I not? I hunt the scum of the earth--sailors from tramp ships--lascars, blacks, Chinese, whites, mongrels--a thoroughbred horse or hound is worth more than a score of them."

"But they are men," said Rainsford hotly.

"Precisely," said the general. "That is why I use them. It gives me pleasure. They can reason, after a fashion. So they are dangerous."

"But where do you get them?"

The general's left eyelid fluttered down in a wink.

"This island is called Ship Trap," he answered. "Sometimes an angry god of the high seas sends them to me. Sometimes, when Providence is not so kind, I help Providence a bit. Come to the window with me."

Rainsford went to the window and looked out toward the sea.

"Watch! Out there!" exclaimed the general, pointing into the night. Rainsford's eyes saw only blackness, and then, as the general pressed a button, far out to sea Rainsford saw the flash of lights.

The general chuckled. "They indicate a channel," he said, "where there's none: giant rocks with razor edges crouch like a sea monster with wide-open jaws. They can crush a ship as easily as I crush this nut." He dropped a walnut on the hardwood floor and brought his heel grinding down on it. "Oh, yest," he said, casually, as if in answer to a question, "I have electricity. We try to be civilized here."

"Civilized? And you shoot down men?"

A trace of anger was in the general's black eyes, but it was there for but a second, and he said, in his most pleasant manner: "Dear me, what a righteous young man you are! I assure you I do not do the thing you suggest. That would be barbarous. I treat these visitors with every consideration. They get plenty of good food and exercise. They get into splendid physical condition. You shall see for yourself tomorrow."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll visit my training school," smiled the general. "It's in the cellar. I have about a dozen pupils down there now. They're from the Spanish bark, 'San Lucar,' that had the bad luck to go on the rocks out there. A very inferior lot, I regret to say. Poor specimens and more accustomed to the deck than to the jungle."

He raised his hand, and Ivan, who served as waiter, brought thick Turkish coffee. Rainsford, with an effort, held his tongue in check.

"It's a game, you see," pursued the general blandly. "I suggest to one of them that we go hunting. I give him a supply of food and an excellent hunting knife. I give him three hours' start. I am to follow, armed only with a pistol of the smallest caliber and range. If my quarry eludes me for three whole days, he wins the game. If I find him," the general smiled, "he loses."

"Suppose he refuses to be hunted?"

"Oh," said the general, "I give him his option, of course. He need not play that game if he doesn't wish to. If he does not wish to hunt I turn him over to Ivan. Ivan once had the honor of serving as official knouter to the Great White Czar, and he has his own ideas of sport. Invariably, Mr. Rainsford, invariably they choose the hunt."

"And if they win?"

The smile on the general's face widened. "To date I have not lost," he said.

THEN HE ADDED, HASTILY: "I DON'T WISH YOU TO THINK ME A BRAGGART, MR. RAINSFORD. MANY OF THEM AFFORD ONLY THE MOST ELEMENTARY SORT OF PROBLEM. OCCASIONALLY I STRIKE A TARTAR. ONE ALMOST DID WIN. I EVENTUALLY HAD TO USE THE DOGS."

"THE DOGS?"

"THIS WAY, PLEASE. I'LL SHOW YOU."

THE GENERAL STEERED RAINSFORD TO A WINDOW. THE LIGHTS FROM THE WINDOW SENT A FLICKERING ILLUMINATION THAT MADE GROTESQUE PATTERNS ON THE COURTYARD BELOW, AND RAINSFORD COULD SEE MOVING ABOUT THERE A DOZEN OR SO HUGE BLACK SHAPES; AS THEY TURNED TOWARD HIM, THEIR EYES GLITTERED GREENLY.

"A RATHER GOOD LOT, I THINK," OBSERVED THE GENERAL. "THEY ARE LET OUT AT SEVEN EVERY NIGHT. IF ANYONE SHOULD TRY TO GET INTO MY HOUSE--OR OUT OF IT--SOMETHING EXTREMELY REGRETTABLE WOULD OCCUR TO HIM." HE HUMMED A SNATCH OF SONG FROM THE FOLIES BERGERE.

"AND NOW," SAID THE GENERAL, "I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY NEW COLLECTION OF HEADS. WILL YOU COME WITH ME TO THE LIBRARY?"

"I HOPE," SAID RAINSFORD, "THAT YOU WILL EXCUSE ME TONIGHT, GENERAL ZAROFF. I'M REALLY NOT FEELING AT ALL WELL."

"AH, INDEED?" THE GENERAL INQUIRED SOLICITOUSLY. "WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT'S ONLY NATURAL, AFTER YOUR LONG SWIM. YOU NEED A GOOD, RESTFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP. TOMORROW YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN, I'LL WAGER. THEN WE'LL HUNT, EH? I'VE ONE RATHER PROMISING PROSPECT--"

RAINSFORD WAS HURRYING FROM THE ROOM.

"SORRY YOU CAN'T GO WITH ME TONIGHT," CALLED THE GENERAL. "I EXPECT RATHER FAIR SPORT--A BIG, STRONG BLACK. HE LOOKS RESOURCEFUL--WELL, GOOD NIGHT, MR. RAINSFORD, I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST."

THE BED WAS GOOD, AND THE PYJAMAS OF THE SOFTEST SILK, AND HE WAS TIRED IN EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING, BUT NEVERTHELESS RAINSFORD COULD NOT QUIET HIS BRAIN WITH THE OPIATE OF SLEEP. HE LAY, EYES WIDE OPEN. ONCE HE THOUGHT HE HEARD STEALTHY STEPS IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HIS ROOM. HE SOUGHT TO THROW OPEN THE DOOR; IT WOULD NOT OPEN. HE WENT TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT. HIS ROOM WAS HIGH UP IN ONE OF THE TOWERS. THE LIGHTS OF THE CHATEAU WERE OUT NOW, AND IT WAS DARK AND SILENT; BUT THERE WAS A FRAGMENT OF SALLOW MOON, AND BY ITS WAN LIGHT HE COULD SEE, DIMLY, THE COURTYARD; THERE, WEAVING IN AND OUT IN THE PATTERN OF SHADOW, WERE BLACK, NOISELESS FORMS; THE HOUNDS HEARD HIM AT THE WINDOW AND LOOKED UP, EXPECTANTLY, WITH THEIR GREEN EYES. RAINSFORD WENT BACK TO THE BED AND LAY DOWN. BY MANY METHODS HE TRIED TO PUT HIMSELF TO SLEEP. HE HAD ACHIEVED A DOZE WHEN, JUST AS MORNING BEGAN TO COME, HE HEARD, FAR OFF IN THE JUNGLE, THE FAINT REPORT OF A PISTOL.

General Zaroff did not appear until luncheon. He was dressed faultlessly in the tweeds of a country squire. He was solicitous about the state of Rainsford's health.

"As for me," sighed the general, "I do not feel so well. I am worried, Mr. Rainsford. Last night I detected traces of my old complaint."

To Rainsford's questioning glance the general said: "Ennui. Boredom."

Then, taking a second helping of Crepes Suzette, the general explained: "The hunting was not good last night. The fellow lost his head. He made a straight trail that offered no problems at all. That's the trouble with these sailors; they have dull brains to begin with, and they do not know how to get about in the woods. They do excessively stupid and obvious things. It's most annoying. Will you have another glass of Chablis, Mr. Rainsford?"

"General," said Rainsford firmly, "I wish to leave this island at once."

The general raised his thickets of eyebrow; he seemed hurt. "But my dear fellow," the general protested, "You've only just come. You've had no hunting--"

"I wish to go today," said Rainsford. He saw the dead eyes of the general on him, studying him. General Zaroff's face suddenly brightened.

He filled Rainsford's glass with venerable Chablis from a dusty bottle.

"Tonight," said the general, "we will hunt--you and I."

Rainsford shook his head. "No, General," he said. "I will not hunt."

The general shrugged his shoulders and nibbled delicately at a hothouse grape. "As you wish, my friend," he said. "The choice rests entirely with you. But may I not venture to suggest that you will find my idea of sport more diverting than Ivan's?"

He nodded toward the corner where the giant stood, scowling, his thick arms crossed on his hogshead of chest.

"You don't mean--" cried Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "have I not told you I always mean what I say about hunting? This is really an inspiration. I drink to a foeman worthy of my steel--at last."

The general raised his glass, but Rainsford sat staring at him.

"You'll find this game worth playing," the general said enthusiastically. "Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Your strength and stamina against mine. Outdoor chess. And the stake is not without value, eh?"

"And if I win--" began Rainsford huskily.

"I'll cheerfully admit myself defeated if I do not find you by midnight of the third day," said General Zaroff. "My sloop will place you on the mainland near a town."

The general read what Rainsford was thinking.

"Oh, you can trust me," said the Cossack. "I will give you my word as a gentleman and a sportsman. Of course you, in turn, must agree to say nothing of your visit here."

"I'll agree to nothing of the kind," said Rainsford.

"Oh," said the general, "in that case--But why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of Veuve Cliquot, unless--"

The general sipped his wine.

Then a businesslike air animated him. "Ivan," he said to Rainsford, "will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knive. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I should suggest too that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There's quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him. You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always take a siesta after lunch. You'll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You'll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don't you think? Au revoir, Mr. Rainsford, au revoir."

General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strolled from the room.

From another door came Ivan. Under one arm he carried khaki hunting clothes, a haversack of food, a leather sheath containing a long-bladed hunting knife; his right hand rested on a cocked revolver thrust in the crimson sash around his waist...

Rainsford had fought his way through the bush for two hours. "I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve," he said through his tight teeth.

He had not been entirely clear-headed when the chateau gates snapped shut behind him. His whole idea at first was to put distance between himself and General Zaroff, and, to this end, he had plunged along, spurred on by the sharp rowels of something very like panic. Now he had got a grip on himself, had stopped, and was taking stock of himself and the situation.

He saw that straight flight was futile; inevitably it would bring him face to face with the sea. He was in a picture with the frame of water, and his operations, clearly, must take place within that frame.

"I'll give him a trail to follow," muttered Rainsford, and struck off from the rude path he had been following into the trackless wilderness. He executed a series of intricate loops; he doubled on his trail again and again, recalling all the lore of the fox hunt, and all the dodges of the fox. Night found him leg-weary, with hands and face lashed by the branches, on a thickly wooded ridge. He knew it would be insane to blunder on through the dark, even if he had the strength. His need for rest was imperative and he thought: "I have played the fox, now I must be the cat of the fable." A big tree with a thick trunk and outspread branches was near by, and taking care to leave not the slightest mark, he climbed up into the crotch and, stretching out on one of the broad limbs, after a fashion, rested. Rest brought him new confidence and almost a feeling of security. Even so zealous a hunter as General Zaroff could not trace him there, he told himself; only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle after dark. But perhaps the general was a devil--

An apprehensive night crawled slowly by like a wounded snake, and sleep did not visit Rainsford, although the silence of a dead world was on the jungle. Toward morning when a dingy gray was varnishing the sky, the cry of some startled bird focused Rainsford's attention in that direction. Something was coming through the bush, coming slowly, carefully, coming by the same winding way Rainsford had come. He flattened himself down on the limb, and through a screen of leaves almost as thick as tapestry, he watched. The thing that was approaching was a man.

It was General Zaroff. He made his way along with his eyes fixed in utmost concentration on the ground before him. He paused almost beneath the tree, dropped to his knees, and studied the ground before him. Rainsford's impulse was to hurl himself down like a panther, but he saw that the general's right hand held something small and metallic--an automatic pistol.

The hunter shook his head several times as if he were puzzled. Then he straightened up and took from his case one of his black cigarettes; its pungent incense-like smoke floated up to Rainsford's nostrils.

Rainsford held his breath. The general's eyes had left the ground and were traveling inch by inch up the tree. Rainsford froze there, every muscle tensed for a spring. But the sharp eyes of the hunter stopped before they reached the limb where Rainsford lay; a smile spread over his brown face. Very deliberately he blew a smoke ring into the air; then he turned his back on the tree and walked carelessly away, back along the trail he had come. The swish of the underbrush against his hunting boots grew fainter and fainter.

The pent-up air burst hotly from Rainsford's lungs. His first thought made him feel sick and numb. The general could follow a trail through the woods at night; he could follow an extremely difficult trail; he must have uncanny powers; only by the merest chance had the Cossack failed to see his quarry.

Rainsford's second thought was even more terrible. It sent a shudder of cold horror through his whole being. Why had the general smiled? Why had he turned back?

Rainsford did not want to believe what his reason told him was true, but the truth was as evident as the sun that had by now pushed through the morning mists. The general was playing with him. The general was saving him for another day's sport! The Cossack was the cat; he was the mouse. Then it was that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror.

"I will not lose my nerve. I will not."

He slid down from the tree, and struck off again into the woods. His face was set and he forced the machinery of his mind to function. Three hundred yards from his hiding place he stopped where a huge dead tree leaned precariously on a smaller living one. Throwing off his sack of food, Rainsford took his knife from its sheath and began to work with all his energy.

The job was finished at last, and he threw himself down behind a fallen log a hundred feet away. He did not have to wait long. The cat was coming again to play with the mouse.

Following the trail with the sureness of a bloodhound came General Zaroff. Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss. So intent was the Cossack on his stalking that he was upon the thing Rainsford had made before he saw it. His foot touched the protruding bough that was the trigger. Even as he touched it, the general sensed his danger and leaped back with the agility of an ape. But he was not quite quick enough; the dead tree, delicately adjusted to rest on the cut living one, crashed down and struck the general a glancing blow on the shoulder as it fell; but for his alertness, he must have been smashed beneath it. He staggered, but he did not fall; nor did he drop his revolver. He stood there rubbing his injured shoulder, and Rainsford, with fear again gripping his heart, heard the general's mocking laugh ring through the jungle.

"Rainsford," called the general, "if you are within sound of my voice, as I suppose you are, let me congratulate you. Not many men know how to make a Malay mancatcher. Luckily, for me, I too have hunted in Malacca. You are proving interesting, Mr. Rainsford. I am going now to have my wound dressed; it's only a slight one. But I shall be back. I shall be back."

When the general, nursing his bruised shoulder had gone, Rainsford took up his flight again. It was flight now, a desperate, hopeless flight, that carried him on for some hours. Dusk came, then darkness, and still he pressed on. The ground grew softer under his moccasins; the vegetation grew ranker, denser; insects bit him savagely. Then, as he stepped forward his foot sank into the ooze. He tried to wrench it back, but the mud sucked viciously at his foot as if it were a giant leech. With a violent effort, he tore his foot loose. He knew where he was now. Death Swamp and its quicksand.

His hands were tight closed as if his nerve were something tangible that someone in the darkness was trying to tear from his grip. The softness of the earth had given him an idea. He stepped back from the quicksand a dozen feet or so and, like some huge prehistoric beaver, he began to dig.

Rainsford had dug himself in in France when a second's delay meant death. That had been a placid pastime compared to his digging now. The pit grew deeper; when it was above his shoulders, he climbed out and from some hard saplings cut stakes and sharpened them to a fine point. These stakes he planted in the bottom of the pit with the points sticking up. With flying fingers he wove a rough carpet of weeds and branches and with it covered the mouth of the pit. Then, wet with sweat and aching with tiredness, he crouched behind the stump of a lightning-charred tree.

He knew his pursuer was coming; he heard the padding sound of feet on the soft earth, and the night breeze brought him the perfume of the general's cigarette. It seemed to Rainsford that the general was coming with unusual swiftness; he was not feeling his way along, foot by foot. Rainsford, crouching there, could not see the general, nor could he see the pit. He lived a year in a minute. Then he felt an impulse to cry aloud with joy, for he heard the sharp crackle of the breaking branches as the cover of the pit gave way; he heard the sharp scream of pain as the pointed stakes found their mark. He leaped up from his place of concealment. Then he cowered back. Three feet from the pit a man was standing, with an electric torch in his hand.

"You've done well, Rainsford," the voice of the general called. "Your Burmese tiger pit has claimed one of my best dogs. Again you score. I think, Mr. Rainsford, I'll see what you can do against my whole pack. I'm going home for a rest now. Thank you for a most amusing evening."

At daybreak Rainsford, lying near the swamp, was awakened by a sound that made him know that he had new things to learn about fear. It was a distant sound, faint and wavering, but he knew it. It was the baying of a pack of hounds.

Rainsford knew he could do one of two things. He could stay where he was and wait. That was suicide. He could flee. That was postponing the inevitable. For a moment he stood there, thinking. An idea that held a wild chance came to him, and tightening his belt, he headed away from the swamp. The baying of the hounds grew nearer, then still nearer, nearer, ever nearer. On a ridge, Rainsford climbed a tree. Down a watercourse, not a quarter of a mile away, he could see the bush moving. Straining his eyes, he saw the lean figure of General Zaroff; just ahead of him Rainsford made out another figure whose wide shoulders surged through the jungle weeds; it was the giant Ivan, and he seemed pulled forward by some unseen force; Rainsford knew that Ivan must be holding the pack in leash.

They would be on him any minute now. His mind worked frantically. He thought of a native trick he had learned in Uganda. He slid down the tree. He caught hold of a springy young sapling. Then he ran for his life. The hounds raised their voices as they hit the fresh scent. Rainsford knew now how an animal at bay feels.

He had to stop to get his breath. The baying of the hounds stopped abruptly, and Rainsford's heart stopped too. They must have reached the knife.

He shinned excitedly up a tree and looked back. His pursuers had stopped. But the hope that was in Rainsford's brain when he climbed died, for he saw in the shallow valley that General Zaroff was still on his feet. But Ivan was not. The knife, driven by the recoil of the springing tree, had not wholly failed.

Rainsford had hardly tumbled to the ground when the pack resumed the chase.

"Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the chateau. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea....

When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he sat down, took a drink of brandy from a silver flask, lit a perfumed cigarette, and hummed a bit from Madame Butterfly.

General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great paneled dining hall that evening. With it he had a bottle of Pol Roger and a half bottle of Chambertin. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course, the American hadn't played the game--so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur. In his library he read, to soothe himself, from the works of Marcus Aurelius. At ten we went up to his bedroom. He was deliciously tired, he said to himself, as he locked himself in. There was a little moonlight, so, before turning on his light, he went to the window and looked down at the courtyard. To the great hounds he called: "Better luck another time!" Then he switched on the light.

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How in God's name did you get here?"

"Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."

The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."

Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low voice. "Get ready, General Zaroff."

The general made one of his deepest bows. "I see," he said. "Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford!"...

He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided.

THE GRAVEYARD RATS*

BY HENRY KUTTNER

OLD MASSON, THE CARETAKER OF ONE OF SALEM'S OLDEST AND MOST NEGLECTED CEMETERIES, HAD A FEUD WITH THE RATS. GENERATIONS AGO THEY HAD COME UP FROM THE WHARVES AND SETTLED IN THE GRAVEYARD, A COLONY OF ABNORMALLY LARGE RATS, AND WHEN MASSON HAD TAKEN CHARGE AFTER THE INEXPLICABLE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE FORMER CARETAKER, HE DECIDED THAT THEY MUST GO. AT FIRST HE SET TRAPS FOR THEM AND PUT POISONED FOOD BY THEIR BURROWS, AND LATER HE TRIED TO SHOOT THEM, BUT IT DID NO GOOD. THE RATS STAYED, MULTIPLYING AND OVER-RUNNING THE GRAVEYARD WITH THEIR RAVENOUS HORDES.

THEY WERE LARGE, EVEN FOR THE MUS DECUMANUS, WHICH SOMETIMES MEASURES FIFTEEN INCHES IN LENGTH, EXCLUSIVE OF THE NAKED PINK AND GRAY TAIL. MASSON HAD CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF SOME AS LARGE AS GOOD-SIZED CATS, AND WHEN, ONCE OR TWICE, THE GRAVE-DIGGERS HAD UNCOVERED THEIR BURROWS, THE MALODOROUS TUNNELS WERE LARGE ENOUGH TO ENABLE A MAN TO CRAWL INTO THEM ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. THE SHIPS THAT HAD COME GENERATIONS AGO FROM DISTANT PORTS TO THE ROTTING SALEM WHARVES HAD BROUGHT STRANGE CARGOES.

MASSON WONDERED SOMETIMES AT THE EXTRAORDINARY SIZE OF THESE BURROWS. HE RECALLED CERTAIN VAGUELY DISTURBING LEGENDS HE HAD HEARD SINCE COMING TO ANCIENT, WITCH-HAUNTED SALEM--TALES OF A MORIBUND, INHUMAN LIFE THAT WAS SAID TO EXIST IN FORGOTTEN BURROWS IN THE EARTH. DARK GABLED HOUSES LEANED PERILOUSLY TOWARD EACH OTHER OVER NARROW COBBLED STREETS, AND BLASPHEMOUS SECRETS AND MYSTERIES WERE SAID TO BE HIDDEN IN SUBTERRANEAN CELLARS AND CAVERNS, WHERE FORGOTTEN PAGAN RITES WERE STILL CELEBRATED IN DEFIANCE OF LAW AND SANITY. WAGGING THEIR GRAY HEADS WISELY, THE ELDERS DECLARED THAT THERE WERE WORSE THINGS THAN RATS AND MAGGOTS CRAWLING IN THE UNHALLOWED EARTH OF THE ANCIENT SALEM CEMETERIES.

AND THEN, TOO, THERE WAS THIS CURIOUS DREAD OF THE RATS. MASSON DISLIKED AND RESPECTED THE FEROCIOUS LITTLE RODENTS, FOR HE KNEW THE DANGER THAT LURKED IN THEIR FLASHING, NEEDLE-SHARP FANGS; BUT HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND THE INEXPLICABLE HORROR WHICH THE OLDSTERS HELD FOR DESERTED, RAT-INFESTED HOUSES. HE HAD HEARD VAGUE RUMORS OF GHOULISH BEINGS THAT DWELT FAR UNDERGROUND, AND THAT HAD THE POWER OF COMMANDING THE RATS, MARSHALING THEM LIKE HORRIBLE ARMIES. THE RATS, THE OLD MEN WHISPERED, WERE MESSENGERS BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE GRIM AND ANCIENT CAVERNS FAR BELOW SALEM. BODIES HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM GRAVES FOR NOCTURNAL SUBTERRANEAN FEASTS, THEY SAID. THE MYTH OF THE PIED PIPER IS A FABLE THAT HIDES A BLASPHEMOUS HORROR, AND THE BLACK PITS OF AVERNUS HAVE BROUGHT FORTH HELL-SPAWNED MONSTROSITIES THAT NEVER VENTURE INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY.

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MASSON PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO THESE TALES. HE DID NOT FRATERNIZE WITH HIS NEIGHBORS, AND, IN FACT, DID ALL HE COULD TO HIDE THE EXISTENCE OF THE RATS FROM INTRUDERS. INVESTIGATION, HE REALIZED, WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY MEAN THE OPENING OF MANY GRAVES. AND WHILE SOME OF THE GNAWLED, EMPTY COFFINS COULD BE ATTRIBUTED TO THE ACTIVITIES OF THE RATS, MASSON MIGHT FIND IT DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN THE MUTILATED BODIES THAT LAY IN SOME OF THE COFFINS.

THE PUREST GOLD IS USED IN FILLING TEETH, AND THIS GOLD IS NOT REMOVED WHEN A MAN IS BURIED. CLOTHING, OF COURSE, IS ANOTHER MATTER; FOR USUALLY THE UNDERTAKER PROVIDES A PLAIN BROADCLOTH SUIT THAT IS CHEAP AND EASILY RECOGNIZABLE. BUT GOLD IS ANOTHER MATTER; AND SOMETIMES, TOO, THERE WERE MEDICAL STUDENTS AND LESS REPUTABLE DOCTORS WHO WERE IN NEED OF CADAVERS, AND NOT OVER-SCRUPULOUS AS TO WHERE THESE WERE OBTAINED.

SO FAR MASSON HAD SUCCESSFULLY MANAGED TO DISCOURAGE INVESTIGATION. HE HAD FIERCELY DENIED THE EXISTENCE OF THE RATS, EVEN THOUGH THEY SOMETIMES ROBBED HIM OF HIS PREY. MASSON DID NOT CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BODIES AFTER HE HAD PERFORMED HIS GRUESOME THEFTS, BUT THE RATS INEVITABLY DRAGGED AWAY THE WHOLE CADAVER THROUGH THE HOLE THEY GNAWED IN THE COFFIN.

THE SIZE OF THESE BURROWS OCCASIONALLY WORRIED MASSON. THEN, TOO, THERE WAS THE CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE OF THE COFFINS ALWAYS BEING GNAWED OPEN AT THE END, NEVER AT THE SIDE OR TOP. IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH THE RATS WERE WORKING UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SOME IMPOSSIBLY INTELLIGENT LEADER.

NOW HE STOOD IN AN OPEN GRAVE AND THREW A LAST SPRINKLING OF WET EARTH ON THE HEAP BESIDE THE PIT. IT WAS RAINING, A SLOW, COLD DRIZZLE THAT FOR WEEKS HAD BEEN DESCENDING FROM SOGGY BLACK CLOUDS. THE GRAVEYEARD WAS A SLOUGH OF YELLOW, SUCKING MUD, FROM WHICH THE RAIN-WASHED TOMBSTONES STOOD UP IN IRREGULAR BATTALIONS. THE RATS HAD RETREATED TO THEIR FURROWS, AND MASSON HAD NOT SEEN ONE FOR DAYS. BUT HIS GAUNT, UNSHAVED FACE WAS SET IN FROWNING LINES; THE COFFIN ON WHICH HE WAS STANDING WAS A WOODEN ONE.

THE BODY HAD BEEN BURIED SEVERAL DAYS EARLIER, BUT MASSON HAD NOT DARED TO DISINTER IT BEFORE. A RELATIVE OF THE DEAD MAN HAD BEEN COMING TO THE GRAVE AT INTERVALS, EVEN IN THE DRENCHING RAIN. BUT HE WOULD HARDLY COME AT THIS LATE HOUR, NO MATTER HOW MUCH GRIEF HE MIGHT BE SUFFERING, MASSON THOUGHT, GRINNING WRYLY. HE STRAIGHTENED AND LAID THE SHOVEL ASIDE.

FROM THE HILL ON WHICH THE ANCIENT GRAVEYARD LAY HE COULD SEE THE LIGHTS OF SALEM FLICKERING DIMLY THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR. HE DREW A FLASHLIGHT FROM HIS POCKET. HE WOULD NEED LIGHT NOW. TAKING UP THE SPADE, HE BENT AND EXAMINED THE FASTENINGS OF THE COFFIN.

ABRUPTLY HE STIFFENED. BENEATH HIS FEET HE SENSED AN UNQUIET STIRRING SCRATCHING, AS THOUGH SOMETHING WAS MOVING WITHIN THE COFFIN. FOR A MOMENT A PANG OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR SHOT THROUGH MASSON, AND THEN RAGE REPLACED IT AS HE REALIZED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SOUND. THE RATS HAD FORESTALLED HIM AGAIN!

IN A PAROXYSM OF ANGER MASSON WRENCHED AT THE FASTENINGS OF THE COFFIN. HE GOT THE SHARP EDGE OF THE SHOVEL UNDER THE LID AND PRIED IT UP UNTIL HE COULD FINISH THE JOB WITH HIS HANDS. THEN HE SENT THE FLASHLIGHT'S COLD BEAM DARTING DOWN INTO THE COFFIN.

RAIN SPATTERED AGAINST THE WHITE SATIN LINING; THE COFFIN WAS EMPTY. MASSON SAW A FLICKER OF MOVEMENT AT THE HEAD OF THE CASE, AND DARTED THE LIGHT IN THAT DIRECTION.

THE END OF THE SARCOPHAGUS HAD BEEN GNAWED THROUGH, AND A GAPING HOLE LED INTO DARKNESS. A BLACK SHOE, LIMP AND DRAGGING, WAS DISAPPEARING AS MASSON WATCHED, AND ABRUPTLY HE REALIZED THAT THE RATS HAD FORESTALLED HIM BY ONLY A FEW MINUTES. HE FELL ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES AND MADE A HASTY CLUTCH AT THE SHOE, AND THE FLASHLIGHT INCONTINENTLY FELL INTO THE COFFIN AND WENT OUT. THE SHOE WAS TUGGED FROM HIS GRASP, HE HEARD A SHARP, EXCITED SQUEALING, AND THEN HE HAD THE FLASHLIGHT AGAIN AND WAS DARTING ITS LIGHT INTO THE BURROW.

IT WAS A LARGE ONE. IT HAD TO BE, OR THE CORPSE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN DRAGGED ALONG IT. MASSON WONDERED AT THE SIZE OF THE RATS THAT COULD CARRY AWAY A MAN'S BODY, BUT THE THOUGHT OF THE LOADED REVOLVER IN HIS POCKET FORTIFIED HIM. PROBABLY IF THE CORPSE HAD BEEN AN ORDINARY ONE MASSON WOULD HAVE LEFT THE RATS WITH THEIR SPOILS RATHER THAN VENTURE INTO THE NARROW BURROW, BUT HE REMEMBERED AN ESPECIALLY FINE SET OF CUFF-LINGS HE HAD OBSERVED, AS WELL AS A STICKPIN THAT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY A GENUINE PEARL. WITH SCARCELY A PAUSE HE CLIPPED THE FLASHLIGHT TO HIS BELT AND CREPT INTO THE BURROW.

IT WAS A TIGHT FIT, BUT HE MANAGED TO SQUEEZE HIMSELF ALONG. AHEAD OF HIM IN THE FLASHLIGHT'S GLOW HE COULD SEE THE SHOES DRAGGING ALONG THE WET EARTH OF THE BOTTOM OF THE TUNNEL. HE CREPT ALONG THE BURROW AS RAPIDLY AS HE COULD, OCCASIONALLY BARELY ABLE TO SQUEEZE HIS LEAN BODY THROUGH THE NARROW WALLS.

THE AIR WAS OVERPOWERING WITH ITS MUSTY STENCY OF ROTTING FLESH. IF HE COULD NOT REACH THE CORPSE IN A MINUTE, MASSON DECIDED, HE WOULD TURN BACK. BELATED FEARS WERE BEGINNING TO CRAWL, MAGGOT-LIKE, WITHIN HIS MIND, BUT GREED URGED HIM ON. HE CRAWLED FORWARD, SEVERAL TIMES PASSING THE MOUTHS OF ADJOINING TUNNELS. THE WALLS OF THE BURROW WERE DAMP AND SLIMY, AND TWICE LUMPS OF DIRT DROPPED BEHIND HIM. THE SECOND TIME HE PAUSED AND SCREWED HIS HEAD AROUND TO LOOK BACK. HE COULD SEE NOTHING, OF COURSE, UNTIL HE HAD UNHOOKED THE FLASHLIGHT FROM HIS BELT AND REVERSED IT.

Several clods lay on the ground behind him, and the danger of his position suddenly became real and terrifying. With thoughts of a cave-in making his pulse race, he decided to abandon the pursuit, even though he had now almost overtaken the corpse and the invisible things that pulled it. But he had overlooked one thing: the burrow was too narrow to allow him to turn.

Panic touched him briefly, but he remembered a side tunnel he had just passed, and backed awkwardly along the tunnel until he came to it. He thrust his legs into it, backing until he found himself able to turn. Then he hurriedly began to retrace his way, although his knees were bruised and painful.

Agonizing pain shot through his leg. He felt sharp teeth sink into his flesh, and kicked out frantically. There was a shrill squealing and the scurry of many feet. Flashing the light behind him, Masson caught his breath in a sob of fear as he saw a dozen great rats watching him intently, their slitted eyes glittering in on the light. They were great misshapen things, as large as cats, and behind them he caught a glimpse of a dark shape that stirred and moved swiftly aside into the shadow; and he shuddered at the unbelievable size of the thing.

The light had held them for a moment, but they were edging closer, their teeth dull orange in the pale light. Masson tugged at his pistol, managed to extricate it from his pocket, and aimed carefully. It was an awkward position, and he tried to press his feet into the soggy sides of the burrow so that he should not inadvertently send a bullet into one of them.

The rolling thunder of the shot deafened him, for a time, and the clouds of smoke set him coughing. When he could hear again and the smoke had cleared, he saw that the rats were gone. He put the pistol back and began to creep swiftly along the tunnel, and then with a scurry and a rush they were upon him again.

they swarmed over his legs, biting and squealing insanely, and Masson shrieked horribly as he snatched for his gun. He fired without aiming, and only luck saved him from blowing a foot off. This time the rats did not retreat so far, but Masson was crawling as swiftly as he could along the burrow, ready to fire again at the first sound of another attack.

There was a patter of feet and he sent the light stabbing back of him. A great gray rat paused and watched him. Its long ragged whiskers twitched, and its scabrous, naked tail was moving slowly from side to side. Masson shouted and the rat retreated.

He crawled on, pausing briefly, the black gap of a side tunnel at his elbow, as he made out a shapeless huddle on the damp clay a few yards ahead. For a second he thought it was a mass of earth that had been dislodged from the roof, and then he recognized it as a human body.

It was crawling toward him, and in the pale glow of the flashlight the man saw a frightful gargoyle face thrust into his own. It was the passionless, death's head skull of a long-dead corpse, instinct with hellish life; and the glazed eyes swollen and bulbous betrayed the thing's blindness. It made a faint groaning sound as it crawled toward Masson, stretching its ragged and granulated lips in a grin of dreadful hunger. And Masson was frozen with abysmal fear and loathing.

Just before the Horror touched him, Masson flung himself frantically into the burrow at his side. He heard a scrambling noise at his heels, and the thing groaned dully as it came after him. Masson glancing over his shoulder, screamed and propelled himself desperately through the narrow burrow. He crawled along awkwardly, sharp stones cutting his hands and knees. Dirt showered into his eyes, but he dared not pause even for a moment. He scrambled on, gasping, cursing, and praying hysterically.

Squealing triumphantly, the rats came at him, horrible hunger in their eyes. Masson almost succumbed to their vicious teeth before he succeeded in beating them off. The passage was narrowing, and in a frenzy of terror he kicked and screamed and fired until the hammer clicked on an empty shell. But he had driven them off.

He found himself crawling under a great stone, embedded in the roof, that dug cruelly into his back. It moved a little as his weight struck it, and an idea flashed into Masson's fright-crazed mind. If he could bring down the stone so that it blocked the tunnel!

The earth was wet and soggy from the rains, and he hunched himself half upright and dug away at the dirt around the stone. The rats were coming closer. He saw their eyes glowing in the reflection of the flashlight's beam. Still he clawed frantically at the earth. The stone was giving. He tugged at it and it rocked in its foundation.

A rat was approaching--the monster he had already glimpsed. Gray and leprous and hideous it crept forward with its orange teeth bared, and in its wake came the blind dead thing, groaning as it crawled. Masson gave a last frantic tug at the stone. He felt it slide downward, and then he went scrambling along the tunnel.

Behind him the stone crashed down, and he heard a sudden frightful shriek of agony. Clods showered upon his legs. A heavy weight fell on his feet and he dragged them free with difficulty. The entire tunnel was collapsing!

GASPING WITH FEAR, MASSON THREW HIMSELF FORWARD AS THE SOGGY EARTH COLLAPSED AT HIS HEELS. THE TUNNEL NARROWED UNTIL HE COULD BARELY USE HIS HANDS AND LEGS TO PROPEL HIMSELF; HE WRIGGLED FORWARD LIKE AN EEL AND SUDDENLY FELT SATIN TEARING BENEATH HIS CLAWING FINGERS, AND THEN HIS HEAD CRASHED AGAINST SOMETHING THAT BARRED HIS PATH. HE MOVED HIS LEGS, DISCOVERING THAT THEY WERE NOT PINNED UNDER THE COLLAPSED EARTH. HE WAS LYING FLAT ON HIS STOMACH, AND WHEN HE TRIED TO RAISE HIMSELF HE FOUND THAT THE ROOF WAS ONLY A FEW INCHES FROM HIS BACK. PANIC SHOT THROUGH HIM.

WHEN THE BLIND HORROR HAD BLOCKED HIS PATH, HE HAD FLUNG HIMSELF INTO A SIDE TUNNEL, A TUNNEL THAT HAD NO OUTLET. HE WAS IN A COFFIN, AN EMPTY COFFIN, INTO WHICH HE HAD CREPT THROUGH THE HOLE THE RATS HAD GNAWED IN ITS END!

HE TRIED TO TURN ON HIS BACK AND FOUND THAT HE COULD NOT. THE LID OF THE COFFIN PINNED HIM DOWN INEXORABLY. THEN HE BRACED HIMSELF AND STRAINED AT THE COFFIN LID. IT WAS IMMOVABLE, AND EVEN IF HE COULD ESCAPE FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS, HOW COULD HE CLAW HIS WAY UP THROUGH FIVE FEET OF HARD-PACKED EARTH?

HE FOUND HIMSELF GASPING. IT WAS DREADFULLY FETID, UNBEARABLY HOT. IN A PAROXYSM OF TERROR HE RIPPED AND CLAWED AT THE SATIN UNTIL IT WAS SHREDDED. HE MADE A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO DIG WITH HIS FEET AT THE EARTH FROM THE COLLAPSED BURROW THAT BLOCKED HIS RETREAT. IF HE WERE ONLY ABLE TO REVERSE HIS POSITION HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CLAW HIS WAY THROUGH TO AIR... AIR...

WHITE-HOT AGONY LANCED THROUGH HIS BREAST, THROBBED IN HIS EYEBALLS. HIS HEAD SEEMED TO BE SWELLING, GROWING LARGER AND LARGER; AND SUDDENLY HE HEARD THE EXULTANT SQUEALING OF THE RATS. HE BEGAN TO SCREAM INSANELY BUT COULD NOT DROWN THEM OUT. FOR A MOMENT HE THRASHED ABOUT HYSTERICALLY WITHIN HIS NARROW PRISON, AND THEN HE WAS QUIET, GASPING FOR AIR. HIS EYELIDS CLOSED, HIS BLACKENED TONGUE PROTRUDED, AND HE SANK DOWN INTO THE BLACKNESS OF DEATH WITH THE MAD SQUEALING OF THE RATS DINNING HIS EARS.

THE SHE-WOLF*

BY JACK LONDON

BREAKFAST EATEN AND THE SLIM CAMP OUTFIT LASHED TO THE SLED, THE MEN TURNED THEIR BACKS ON THE CHEERY FIRE AND LAUNCHED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS. AT ONCE BEGAN TO RISE THE CRIES THAT WERE FIERCELY SAD--CRIES THAT CALLED THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND COLD TO ONE ANOTHER AND ANSWERED BACK. CONVERSATION CEASED. DAYLIGHT CAME AT NINE O'CLOCK. AT MIDDAY THE SKY TO THE SOUTH WARMED TO ROSE COLOR, AND MARKED WHERE THE BULGE OF THE EARTH INTERVENED BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE NORTHERN WORLD. BUT THE ROSE COLOR SWIFTLY FADED. THE GRAY LIGHT OF DAY THAT REMAINED LASTED UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK, WHEN IT, TOO, FADED, AND THE PALL OF THE ARCTIC NIGHT DESCENDED UPON THE LONE AND SILENT LAND.

AS DARKNESS CAME ON, THE HUNTING CRIES TO RIGHT AND LEFT AND REAR DREW CLOSER--SO CLOSE THAT MORE THAN ONCE THEY SENT SURGES OF FEAR THROUGH THE TOILING DOGS, THROWING THEM INTO SHORT-LIVED PANICS.

AT THE CONCLUSION OF ONE SUCH PANIC, WHEN HE AND HENRY HAD GOT THE DOGS BACK IN THE TRACES, BILL SAID:

"I WISHT THEY'D STRIKE GAME SOMEWHERES, AN' GO AWAY AN' LEAVE US ALONE."

"THEY DO GET ON THE NERVES HORRIBLE," HENRY SYMPATHIZED.

THEY SPOKE NO MORE UNTIL CAMP WAS MADE.

HENRY WAS BENDING OVER AND ADDING ICE TO THE BUBBLING POT OF BEANS WHEN HE WAS STARTLED BY THE SOUND OF A BLOW, AN EXCLAMATION FROM BILL, AND A SHARP SNARLING CRY OF PAIN FROM AMONG THE DOGS. HE STRAIGHTENED UP IN TIME TO SEE A DIM FORM DISAPPEARING ACROSS THE SNOW INTO THE SHELTER OF THE DARK. THEN HE SAW BILL, STANDING AMID THE DOGS, HALF TRIUMPHANT, HALF CRESTFALLEN, IN ONE HAND A STOUT CLUB, IN THE OTHER THE TAIL END PART OF THE BODY OF A SUN-CURED SALMON.

"IT GOT HALF OF IT," HE ANNOUNCED; "BUT I GOT A WHACK AT IT JES' THE SAME. D'YE HEAR IT SQUEAL!"

"WHAT'D IT LOOK LIKE?" HENRY ASKED.

"COULDN'T SEE. BUT IT HAD FOUR LEGS AN' A MOUTH AN' HAIR AN' LOOKED LIKE ANY DOG."

"MUST BE A TAME WOLF, I RECKON."

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*THE SHE-WOLF, FROM JACK LONDON'S WHITE FANG (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN, 1906)

"It's damned tame, whatever it is, comin' in here at feedin' time an' gettin' its whack of fish."

That night, when supper was finished and they sat on the oblong box and pulled at their pipes, the circle of gleaming eyes drew in even closer than before.

In the morning, Henry was aroused by fervid cussing that proceeded from the mouth of Bill. Henry propped himself up on an elbow and looked to see his comrade standing among the dogs beside the replenished fire, his arms raised in anger, his face distorted with passion.

"Hello!" Henry called. "What's up now?"

"Frog's gone," came the answer.

"No."

"I tell you yes."

Henry leaped out of the blankets and to the dogs. He counted them with care, and then joined his partner in cursing the powers of the Wild that had robbed them of another dog.

"Frog was the strongest dog of the bunch," Bill pronounced finally. "An' he was no fool dog

"An' he was no fool dog neither," Henry added. And so was recorded the second death in two days.

A gloomy breakfast was eaten, and the four remaining dogs were harnessed to the sled. The day was a repetition of the days that had gone before. The men toiled without speech across the face of the frozen world. The silence was unbroken save by the cries of their pursuers, that, unseen, hung upon their rear. With the coming of night in the mid-afternoon, the cries sounded closer as the pursuers drew in according to their custom; and the dogs grew excited and frightened, and were guilty of panics that tangled the traces and further depressed the two men.

"There, that'll fix you fool critters," Bill said with satisfaction that night, standing erect at completion of his task.

Henry left his cooking to come and see. Not only had his partner tied the dogs up, but he had tied them, after the Indian fashion, with sticks.

Henry nodded his head approvingly.

"It's the only contraption that'll ever hold One Ear," he said. "He can gnaw through leather as clean as a knife an' jes' about half as quick. They all'll be here in the mornin' hunkydory."

"You jes' bet they will," Bill affirmed. "If one of 'em turns up missin', I'll go without my coffee."

A sound among the dogs attracted the men's attention. One Ear was uttering quick, eager whines, lunging at the length of his stick toward the darkness, and turning now and again in order to make frantic attacks on the stick with his teeth.

"Look at that, Bill," Henry whispered.

Full into the firelight, with a stealthy, sidelong movement, glided a dog-like animal. It moved with mistrust and daring, cautiously observing the men, it's attention fixed on the dogs. One Ear strained the full length of the stick toward the intruder and whined with eagerness.

"That fool One Ear don't seem scairt much," Bill said in a low tone.

"It's a she-wolf," Henry whispered back, "an' that accounts for Fatty an' Frog. She's the decoy for the pack. She draws out the dog an' then all the rest pitches in an' eats 'm up."

The fire crackled. A log fell apart with a loud spluttering noise. At the sound of it the strange animal leaped back into the darkness.

In the morning Henry renewed the fire and cooked breakfast to the accompaniment of his partner's snoring.

"You was sleepin' jes' too comfortable for anythin'," Henry told him, as he routed him out for breakfast. "I hadn't the heart to rouse you."

Bill began to eat sleepily. He noticed that his cup was empty and started to reach for the pot. But the pot was beyond arm's length and beside Henry.

"Say, Henry," he chided gently, "ain't you forgot somethin'?"

Henry looked about with great carefulness and shook his head. Bill held up the empty cup.

"You don't get no coffee," Henry announced.

"Ain't run out?" Bill asked anxiously.

"Nope."

"Ain't thinkin' it'll hurt my digestion?"

"Nope."

A flush of anger blood pervaded Bill's face.

"Then it's jes' warm an' anxious I am to be hearin' you explain yourself," he said.

"Spanker's gone," Henry answered.

Without haste, with the air of one resigned to misfortune, Bill turned his head, and from where he sat counted the dogs.

"How'd it happen?" he asked apathetically.

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know. Unless One Year gnawed 'm loose. He couldn't a-done it himself, that's sure."

"The darned cuss." Bill spoke gravely and slowly, with no hint of the anger that was raging within. "Jes' because he couldn't chew himself loose, he chews Spanker loose."

"Well, Spanker's troubles is over, anyway; I guess he's digested by this time an' cavortin' over the landscape in the bellies of twenty different wolves," was Henry's epitaph on this, the latest lost dog. "Have some coffee, Bill."

But Bill shook his head.

"Go on," Henry pleaded, elevating the pot.

Bill shoved his cup aside. "I'll be damned if I do. I said I wouldn't if any dog turned up missin', an' I won't."

"It's darn good coffee," Henry said enticingly.

But Bill was stubborn, and he ate a dry breakfast, washed down with mumbled curses at One Ear for the trick he had played.

"I'll tie 'em up out of reach of each other tonight," Bill said, as they took the trail.

They had traveled little more than a hundred yards, when Henry, who was in front, bent down and picked up something with which his snowshoe had collided. It was dark, and he could not see it, but he recognized it by the touch. He flung it back, so that it struck the sled and bounced along until it fetched up on Bill's snowshoes.

"Mebbe you'll need that in your business," Henry said.

Bill uttered an exclamation. It was all that was left of Spanker – the stick with which he had been tied.

"They ate 'm hide an' all," Bill announced. "The stick's as clean as a whistle. They've ate the leader often both ends. They're damn hungry, Henry, an' they'll have you an' me guessin' before this trip's over."

Henry laughed defiantly. "I ain't been trailed this way by wolves before, but I've gone through a whole lot worse an' kept my health. Takes more'n a handful of them pesky critters to do for yours truly, my son."

"I don't know, I don't know," Bill muttered ominously.

"Well, you'll know all right when we pull into Fort McGurry."

"I ain't feelin' special enthusiastic," Bill persisted.

"You're off color, that's what's the matter with you," "What you need is quinine, an' I'm goin' to dose you up stiff as soon as we make McGurry."

Bill grunted his disagreement with the diagnosis, and lapsed into silence. The day was like all the days. Light came at nine o'clock. At twelve o'clock the southern horizon was warmed by the unseen sun; and then began the cold gray of afternoon that would merge, three hours later, into night.

It was just after the sun's futile effort to appear, that Bill slipped the rifle from under the sled-lashings and said:

"You keep right on, Henry, I'm goin' to see what I can see."

"You'd better stick by the slde," his partner protested.

"You've only got three cartridges, an' there's no tellin' what might happen."

"Who's croakin' now?" Bill demanded triumphantly.

Henry made no reply, and plodded on alone, though often he cast anxious glances back into the gray solitude where his partner had disappeared. An hour later, taking advantage of the cut-offs around which the sled had to go, Bill arrived.

"They're scattered an' rangin' along wide," he said; "keepin' up with us an' lookin' for game at the same time. You, see, they're sure of us, only they know they've got to wait to get us. In the meantime they're willin' to pick up anythin' eatable that comes handy."

"You mean they think they're sure of us," Henry objected pointedly.

But Bill ignored him. "I seen some of them. They're pretty thin. They ain't had a bite in weeks, I reckon, out-side of Fatty an' Frog an' Spanker; an' there's so many of 'em that that didn't go far. They're remarkable thin. Their ribs is like washboards, an' their stomachs is right up against their backbone. They're pretty despearte, I can tell you. They'll be goin' mad yet, an' then watch out."

A few minutes later, Henry, who was now traveling behind the sled, emitted a low, warning whistle. Bill turned and looked, then quietly stopped the dogs. To the rear, from around the last bend and plainly into view, on the very trail they had just covered, trotted a furry, slinking form. Its nose was to the trail, and it trotted with a peculiar, sliding, effortless gait. When they halted, it halted, throwing up its head and regarding them steadily with nostrils that twitched as it caught and studied the scent of them.

"Its the she-wolf," Bill whispered.

The dogs had lain down in the snow, and he walked past them to join his partner at the sled. Together they watched the strange animal that had pursued them for days and that had already accomplished the destruction of half their dog team.

After a searching scrutiny, the animal trotted forward a few steps. This it repeated several times, till it was a short hundred yards away. It paused, head up, close by a clump of spruce trees, and with sight and scent studied the outfit of the watching men. It looked at them in a strangely wistful way, after the manner of a dog; but in its wistfulness there was none of the dog affection. It was a wistfulness bred of hunger, as cruel as its own fangs, as merciless as the frost itself.

It was large for a wolf, its gaunt frame advertising the lines of an animal that was among the largest of its kind.

"Stands pretty close to two feet an' a half at the shoulders," Henry commented. "An' I'll bet it ain't far from five feet long."

"Kind of strange color for a wolf," was Bill's criticism.

"I never seen a red wolf before. Looks almost cinnamon to me."

"Look here, Henry," Bill said, unconsciously lowering his voice to a whisper because of what he meditated.

"We've got three cartridges. But it's a dead shot. Couldn't miss it. It's got away with three of our dogs, an' we oughter put a stop to it. What d'ye say?"

Henry nodded his consent. Bill cautiously slipped the gun from under the sled-lashing. The gun was on the way to his shoulder, but it never got there. For in that instant the she-wolf leaped sidewise from the trail into the clump of spruce trees and disappeared.

The two men looked at each other. Henry whistled long and comprehendingly.

"I might have knowed it," Bill chided himself aloud, as he replaced the gun. "Of course a wolf that knows enough to come in with the dogs at feedin' time, 'd know all about shooting irons. I tell you right now, Henry, that critter's the cause of all our trouble. We'd have six dogs at the present time, 'stead of three, if it wasn't for her. An' I tell you right now, Henry, I'm goin' to get her. She's too smart to be shot in the open. But I'm goin' to lay for her. I'll bushwhack her as sure as my name is Bill."

"You needn't stray off too far in doin' it," his partner admonished. "If that pack ever starts to jump you, them three cartridges 'd be wuth no more'n three whoops in hell. Them animals is damn hungry, an' once they start in, they'll sure get you, Bill."

They camped early that night. Three dogs could not drag the sled so fast nor for so long hours as could six, and they were showing unmistakable signs of tiring out. And the men went early to bed, Bill first seeing to it that the dogs were tied out of gnawing reach of one another.

But the wolves were growing bolder, and the men were aroused more than once from their sleep. So near did the solves approach, that the dogs became frantic with terror, and it was necessary to replenish the fire from time to time in order to keep the adventurous marauders at safer distance.

"I've heard sailors talk of sharks followin' a ship," Bill remarked, as he crawled back into the blankets after one such replenishing of the fire. "Well, them wolves is land sharks. They know their business better'n we do, an' they ain't a-holdin' our trail this way for their health. They're goin' to get us. They're sure goin' to get us, Henry."

"They've half got you a'ready, a-talkin' like that," Henry retorted sharply. "A man's half licked when he says he is. An' you're half eaten from the way you're goin' on about it."

"They've got away with better men than you an' me," Bill answered.

"Oh, shet up your croakin'. You make me all-fired tired."

Henry rolled over angrily on his side, but was surprised that Bill made no similar display of temper. This was not Bill's way, for he was easily angered by sharp words. Henry thought long over it before he went to sleep, and as his eyelids fluttered down and he dozed off, the thought in his mind was: "There's no mistakin' it, Bill's almight blue. I'll have to cheer him up tomorrow."

The day began auspiciously. They had lost no dogs during the night, and they swung out upon the trail and into the silence, the darkness, and the cold with spirits that were fairly light. Bill seemed to have forgotten his forebodings of the previous night, and even waxed facetious with the dogs, when at midday, they overturned the sled on a bad piece of trail.

It was an awkward mix-up. The sled was upside down and jammed between a tree trunk and a huge rock, and they were forced to unharness the dogs in order to straighten the tangle. The two men were bent over the sled trying to right it, when Henry observed One Ear sidling away.

"Here, you, One Ear," he cried, straightening up and turning around on the dog.

But One Ear broke into a run across the snow, his traces trailing behind him. And there, out in the snow of their backtrack, was the she-wolf waiting for him. As he neared her, he became suddenly cautious. He slowed down to an alert and mincing walk and then stopped. He regarded her carefully and dubiously, yet desirefully. She seemed to smile at him, showing her teeth in an ingratiating rather than a menacing way. She moved toward him a few steps, playfully, and then halted. One Ear drew near to her, still alert and cautious, his tail and ears in the air, his head held high.

The she-wolf, who advanced upon him, sniffed noses with him for a fleeting instant, and then resumed her coy retreat before his renewed advances.

In the meantime, Bill had bethought himself of the rifle. But it was jammed beneath the overturned sled, and by the time Henry had helped him to right the load, One Ear and the she-wolf were too close together and the distance too great to risk a shot.

Too late, One Ear learned his mistake. Before they saw the cause, the two men saw him turn and start to run back toward them. Then, approaching at right angles to the trail and cutting off his retreat, they saw a dozen wolves, lean and gray, bounding across the snow. On the instant, the she-wolf's coyness and playfulness disappeared. With a snarl she sprang upon One Ear. He thrust her off with his shoulder, and, his retreat cut off and still intent on regaining the sled, he altered his course in an attempt to circle around to it. More wolves were appearing every moment and joining in the chase. The she-wolf was one leap behind One Ear and holding her own.

"Where are you goin'?" Henry suddenly demanded, laying his hand on his partner's arm.

Bill shook it off. "I won't stand it," he said. "They ain't a-goin' to get any more of our dogs if I can help it."

Gun in hand, he plunged into the underbrush that lined the side of the trail. His intention was apparent enough. Taking the sled as the center of the circle that One Ear was making, Bill planned to tap that circle at a point in advance of the pursuit. With his rifle, in the broad daylight, it might be possible for him to awe the wolves and save the dog.

"Say, Bill," Henry called after him. "Be careful! Don't take no chances!"

Henry sat down on the sled and watched. There was nothing else for him to do. Bill had already gone from sight; but now and again, appearing and disappearing amongst the underbrush and the scattered clumps of spruce, could be seen One Ear. Henry judged his case to be hopeless. The dog was thoroughly alive to its danger, but it was running on the outer circle while the wolf-pack was running on the inner and shorter circle. It was vain to think of One Ear so outdistancing his pursuers as to be able to cut across their circle in advance of them and to regain the sled.

The different lines were rapidly approaching a point. Somewhere out there in the snow, screened from his sight by trees and thickets, Henry knew that the wolf-pack, One Ear, and Bill were coming together. All too quickly, far more quickly than he had expected, it happened. He heard a shot, then two shots in rapid succession, and he knew that Bill's ammunition was gone. Then he heard a great outcry of snarls and yelps. He recognized One Ear's yell of pain and terror, and he heard a wolf-cry that bespoke a stricken animal. And that was all. The snarls ceased. The yelping died away. Silence settled down again over the lonely land.

He sat for a long while upon the sled. There was no need for him to go and see what had happened. He knew it as though it had taken place before his eyes. Once, he roused with a start and hastily got the axe out from underneath the lashings. But for some time longer he sat and brooded, the two remaining dogs crouching and trembling at his feet.

At last he arose in a weary manner, as though all the resilience had gone out of his body, and proceeded to fasten the dogs to the sled. He passed a rope over his shoulder, a man-trace, and pulled with the dogs. He did not go far. At the first hint of darkness he hastened to make a camp, and he saw to it that he had a generous supply of firewood. He fed the dogs, cooked and ate his supper, and made his bed close to the fire.

But he was not destined to enjoy that bed. Before his eyes closed the wolves had drawn too near for safety. It no longer required an effort of the vision to see them. They were all about him and the fire, in a narrow circle, and he could see them plainly in the firelight, lying down, sitting up, crawling forward on their bellies, or slinking back and forth. They even slept. Here and there he could see one curled up in the snow like a dog, taking the sleep that was now denied himself.

He kept the fire brightly blazing, for he knew that it alone intervened between the flesh of his body and their hungry fangs. His two dogs stayed close by him, one on either side, leaning against him for protection, crying and whimpering, and at times snarling desperately when a wolf approached a little closer than usual. At such moments, when his dogs snarled, the whole circle would be agitated, the wolves coming to their feet and pressing tentatively forward, a chorus of snarls and eager yelps rising about him. Then the circle would lie down again, and here and there a wolf would resume its broken nap.

But this circle had a continuous tendency to draw in upon him. Bit by bit, an inch at a time, with here a wolf bellying forward, and there a wolf bellying forward, the circle would narrow until the brutes were almost within springing distance. Then he would seize brands from the fire and hurl them into the pack. A hasty drawing back always resulted, accompanied by angry helps and frightened snarls when a well-aimed brand struck and scorched a too daring animal.

The days passed and Henry grew continually weaker. His traveling time was cut down to the seven hours of the day when there was sunlight. And even then, because of his weakened condition, he could not go very far. The nights were blurry and formless blotches of horror. Encircled by the wolves, which now numbered twenty, he would force himself to stay awake in order to feed the fire. But the wolves saw what was happening to him. Each night, they drew a little closer to the fire; each night, the she-wolf became bolder and would taunt him with her daring entrances into the firelight. Finally came the time when he could no longer even leave the fire during the day.

He made one desperate attempt to pull out on the trail. But the moment he left the protection of the fire, the boldest wolf leaped for him, but leaped short. He saved himself by springing back, the jaws snapping together a scant six inches from his thigh. The rest of the pack was now up and surging upon him, and a throwing of fire-brands right and left was necessary to drive them back to a respectful distance.

Even in the daylight he did not dare leave the fire to chop fresh wood. Twenty feet away towered a huge dead spruse. He spent half the day extending his campfire to the tree, at any moment a half dozen burning fagots ready at hand to fling at his enemies. Once at the tree, he studied the surrounding forest in order to fell the tree in the direction of the most firewood.

The night was a repetition of the night before, save that the need for sleep was becoming overpowering. The snarling of his dogs was losing its efficacy. Besides, they were snarling all the time, and his benumbed and drowsy senses no longer took note of changing pitch and intensity. He awoke with a start. The she-wolf was less than a yard from him. Mechanically, at short range, without letting go of it, he thrust a brand full into her open and snarling mouth. She sprang away, yelling with pain, and while he took delight in the smell of burning flesh and hair, he watched her shaking her head and growling wrathfully a score of feet away.

But this time, before he dozed again, he tied a burning pine-knot to his right hand. His eyes were closed but a few minutes when the burn of the flame on his flesh awakened him. For several hours he adhered to this program. Every time he was thus awakened he drove back the wolves with flying brands, replenished the fire, and rearranged the pine-knot on his hand.

Dawn came, and daylight. The fire was burning low. The fuel had run out, and there was need to get more. The man attempted to step out of his circle of flame, but the wolves surged to meet him. Burning brands made them spring aside, but they no longer sprang back. In vain he strove to drive them back. As he gave up and stumbled inside his circle, a wolf leaped for him, missed, and landed with all four feet in the coals. It cried out with terror, at the same time snarling, and scrambled back to cool its paws in the snow.

The man sat down on his blankets in a crouching position. His body leaned forward from the hips. His shoulders, relaxed and drooping, and his head on his knees advertised that he had given up the struggle. Now and again he raised his head to note the dying down of the fire. The circle of flame and coals was breaking into segments with openings in between. These openings grew in size, the segments diminished.

"I GUESS YOU CAN COME AN' GET ME ANY TIME," HE MUMBLED. "ANYWAY, I'M GOIN' TO SLEEP."

ONCE HE WAKENED, AND IN AN OPENING IN THE CIRCLE, DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM, HE SAW THE SHE-WOLF GAZING AT HIM.

AGAIN HE AWAKENED A LITTLE LATER, THOUGH IT SEEMED HOURS TO HIM. A MYSTERIOUS CHANGE HAD TAKEN PLACE--SO MYSTERIOUS A CHANGE THAT HE WAS SHOCKED WIDER AWAKE. SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED. HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND AT FIRST. THEN HE DISCOVERED IT. THE WOLVES WERE GONE. REMAINED ONLY THE TRAMPLED SNOW TO SHOW HOW CLOSELY THEY HAD PRESSED HIM. SLEEP WAS WELLING UP AND GRIPPING HIM AGAIN, HIS HEAD WAS SINKING DOWN UPON HIS KNEES, WHEN HE ROUSED WITH A SUDDEN START.

THERE WERE CRIES OF MEN, THE CHURN OF SLEDS, THE CREAKING OF HARNESSES, AND THE EAGER WHIMPERING OF STRAINING DOGS. FOUR SLEDS PULLED IN FROM THE RIVER BED TO THE CAMP AMONG THE TREES. HALF A DOZEN MEN WERE ABOUT THE MAN WHO CROUCHED IN THE CENTER OF THE DYING FIRE. THEY WERE SHAKING AND PRODDING HIM INTO CONSCIOUSNESS. HE LOOKED AT THEM LIKE A DRUNKEN MAN AND MAUNDERED IN STRANGE, SLEEPY SPEECH:

"RED SHE-WOLF...COME IN WITH THE DOGS AT FEEDIN' TIME...FIRST SHE ATE THE DOG-FOOD...THEN SHE ATE THE DOGS...AN' AFTER THAT SHE ATE BILL..."SAY, YOU LEMME ALONE...I'M JES' PLUMB TUCKERED OUT... GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY."

HIS EYES FLUTTERED AND WENT SHUT. HIS CHIN FELL FORWARD ON HIS CHEST. AND EVEN AS THEY EASED HIM DOWN UPON THE BLANKETS HIS SNORES WERE RISING ON THE FROSTY AIR.

BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER SOUND. FAR AND FAINT IT WAS, IN THE REMOTE DISTANCE, THE CRY OF THE HUNGRY WOLF-PACK AS IT TOOK THE TRAIL OF OTHER MEAT THAN THE MAN IT HAD JUST MISSED.

Pennsylvania Advancement School
Human Development Lab
Other Cultures Unit

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Introduction:

Teacher: What did the Eskimo boy in the film have to learn to do in order to live?

Student 1: Catch fish.

Student 2: Skin an animal he caught.

Student 3: Build a house out of ice.

Student 4: Learn where to find the animals he wanted to kill.

Student 5: He had to know how to use a spear.

Teacher: In your neighborhood what do you have to learn to do to live:

Several Students (in unison): Fight!

Student 1: Get a job.

Student 2: Read and write.

Student 3: How to count money.

This conversation was recorded in a classroom where the film "Nanook of the North" had just been shown. "Nanook..." is a documentary study of the life of an Eskimo man and his family.

Children seem fascinated by other, "exotic" cultures. Thus, learning about other cultures can prove exciting and enjoyable. In addition, by studying the way other people live, especially people their own age, children often gain greater insight into their own way of life. This unit offers materials and activities which focus on adolescence in certain Eskimo, African, and American Indian cultures. Particular emphasis has been placed upon those aspects of other cultures which interest adolescents--education, recreation, rites of passage, peer group relations, family organization, etc. Some of the insights and terminology of the anthropologist are used, and students are encouraged to develop an understanding of such a complicated concept as "culture." But we have not attempted to achieve scientific accuracy or to teach one anthropological method. Rather, our major aim is to involve students. We do so through activities which they find enjoyable, and from which they can begin to explore the notion of "culture," including their own.

The suggestions in this unit may be helpful in two ways: First, they provide some specific ideas and material for a unit about life in other cultures. Second, they contain information about the learning process and classroom environments, information which hopefully can expand a teacher's repetoire of teaching methods. In a sense, then, these are (a) some ideas about curriculum content (in this case, other cultures) and (b) some ideas about the teaching and learning processes. These latter ideas are explained more fully in the pamphlet, "Process Techniques," which we urge you to read before continuing with these suggestions for a unit on other cultures.

The major purpose of this presentation is to help each teacher develop and teach his own unit. Accordingly what follows is not a finished curriculum but a "curriculum of suggestions," a collection of materials and ideas to be organized and taught according to each teacher's own objectives. To use the material effectively a teacher should determine his own objectives for the unit as a whole and for each lesson he plans to teach, then examine the ideas offered here and revise or organize them to meet those objectives.

Introduction to the Study of Culture:

The purpose of this section of the unit is to introduce students to what, even for most adults, is a fairly complicated and sophisticated concept--"culture" as the way a people live.* At the same time, consideration is given to how the study of culture, and of specific cultures, is relevant for students. Students should understand early in the unit that they are studying other cultures to help them gain greater insight into their own culture.

1) An effective way to begin is to start the class with a statement like, "We are going to explore a thing called 'culture.' Everyone has a culture. By looking first at the cultures of some other people, we hope to be able to get a clearer understanding of our own culture...what it is...how it is like other cultures and how it is special." Since many students will not fully understand this statement initially, it will have to be repeated often throughout the unit. The statement can be followed with a question encouraging students to develop a working definition: "Who knows what 'culture' means?" As students attempt various answers they can be listed on the board. A little directive prodding may be necessary to help get the definition process started, but it can easily lead toward a "definition by example." At this point the students can be asked to add to the list everything they can think of which makes up a culture. It is difficult to think of anything that is not, from some point of view, part of culture. Thus, every child should have an opportunity to get something on the list while the teacher helps to clarify how the items listed can be seen as a part of a culture. Such a list might look something like this:

Things to Look for in Comparing Cultures

Physical Appearance (hair length and style; beard; etc.)
Dress (What do people wear in work, play, religious activities, etc.?)
Hygiene (How do people clean themselves; how often?)
Eating (What kinds of food are eaten; how are they eaten; how prepared?)
Courtship (How old do people have to be to "date," what is done on a "date," how do boys and girls get to know one another?)
Marriage (What is the usual age for marriage; what is the ceremony like; is parental consent necessary?)
Child-rearing (How are children brought up; who is responsible for them; how are they disciplined; how are they taught in the home?)
Education (How do people learn; what is important to learn; who teaches it?)
Recreation (What kinds of games and sports are played; how do people relax; how do they spend their spare time?)
Crime and Punishment (What is considered a crime; how are people punished for their wrong-doings?)

---

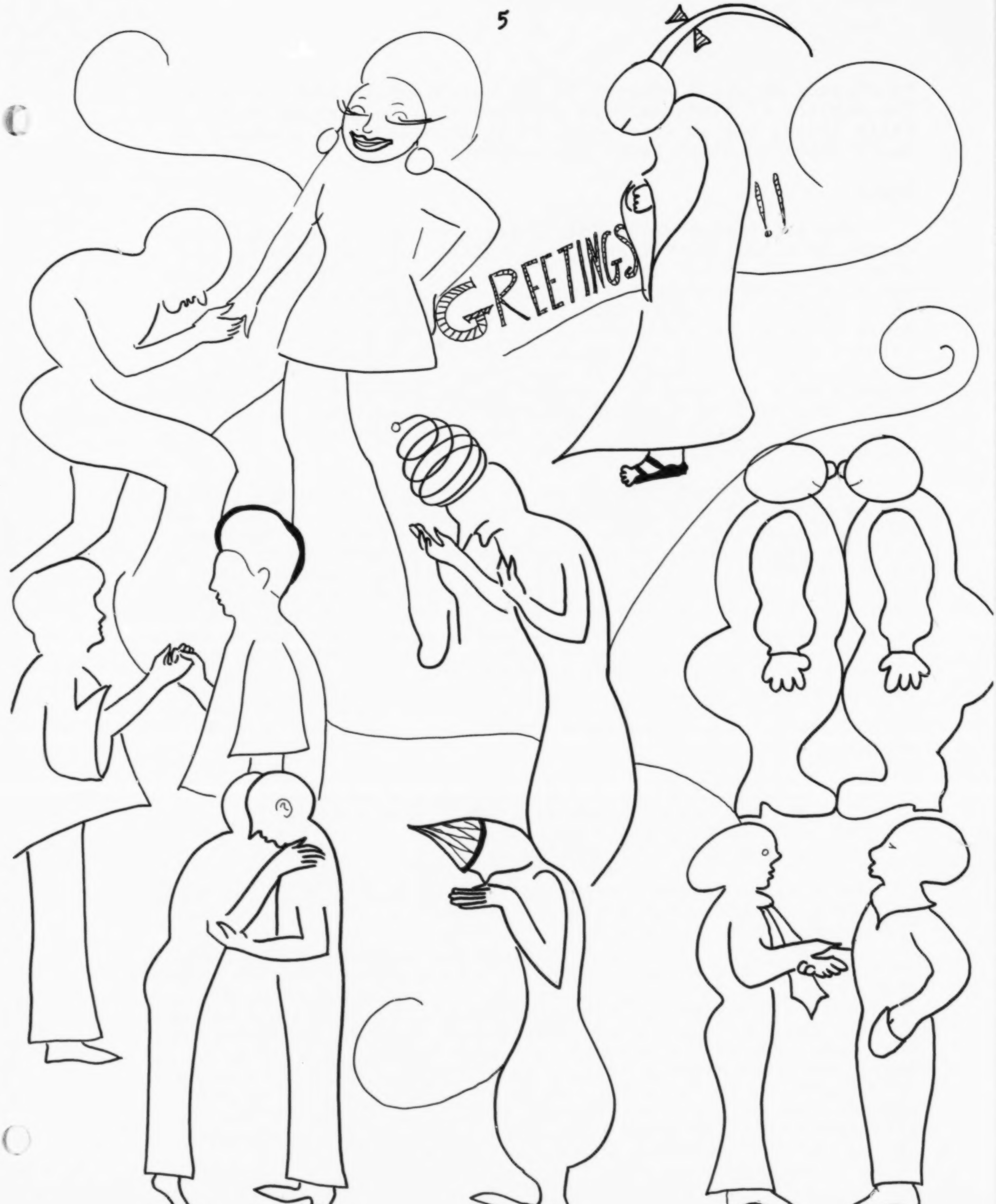
*Those interested in the complexities in defining "culture" should consult A.L. Kroeber and Clyde Kluckbohn, Culture: A Critical Review of Concepts and Definitions (New York: Vintage, 1952).

Work (What do people do to make a living; how do they feel about it; how are they paid?)
Religion (What are the religious beliefs and practices, including ceremonies such as funerals, weddings, etc.?)
Art (Painting, music, crafts, etc.)
Old People (How are old people treated and taken care of?)
Language (What language is spoken; are there odd or peculiar expressions?)

2) Once a fairly comprehensive list is composed, a change of pace can be brought about by the selection (by the students or the teacher) of an item to be demonstrated or role-played. For instance, on the list might appear a custom such as the ways people greet each other. Students might be asked to demonstrate to the rest of the class as many greetings as they can think of. Examples can be found from within their own culture as well as from foreign cultures. They might include: the common, Western handshake (the teacher can explain this greeting's origin in feudal times when men carried swords and the extension of the sword hand was considered a friendly gesture); the Arabic salaam; Eskimo nose-rubbing; Oriental bowing; the Indian namastee; the African handshake; various military salutes; numerous verbal greetings and their origins (see figure #1).

3) One of these greetings, say the African handshake, can be selected for all of the students to practice with each other. They can then be asked to team up with the person they shake hands with for a quick contest. The class can also be split into two or three groups of ten or twelve students each for this activity. Each pair or group of students is asked to develop a list of the names of as many different cultures as they can. The teacher can give a couple of examples by pointing out that some cultures are "national" (e.g., Japanese culture) whereas others have no national boundaries but cover a geographical area (e.g., Eskimo culture). When sufficient time has elapsed for students to have compiled their lists (five or ten minutes should be enough), the teacher may get the class' attention by asking, "How many have more than twenty-five cultures on your list? More than fifteen?" Then the students can be asked to report their cultures by first giving those they think no one else in the class has ever heard of. If someone on another team can tell something about the named culture, they are awarded an extra point. If not, the team that thought of the unknown culture gets an extra point. Of course, the reporting period can also be used for students to exchange what they know about the various cultures named.

4) At this point in these introductory activities, it is important to "close the loop;" that is, to have students examine their own cultures. Several possibilities exist. The game described above can be played again, using slang terms which may be unique to certain sections of the city, to the black or white race, etc. Or, the original list of things to look for in comparing a culture can be placed on the board, and students asked


GREETINGS !!

to discuss or write answers to the questions in each category. The subject of students' own cultures will be pursued more fully later, but at this point it is important for students to begin thinking about their own culture.

Tools:

The activities which follow are intended to develop the notion of a "culture" through examination of its tools or implements. It is not our intention to promote a belief in technological determinism--the doctrine that technology (tools and their use) is the prime determinant in shaping culture. Rather, tools are used as one means--a very concrete means--of exploring culture and cultural differences. For the purposes of this section, the term "tools" is used generally to refer to the objects made and used by a people in dealing with their environment. The term "artifacts" although more accurate is less familiar to most students. Some teachers may wish to introduce and use the more scientific term.

1) The idea of "tools" can be introduced by having students review their lists of cultures, this time naming tools that they might find in each culture. They should be asked to think of the more exotic tools of each culture or country, those unique to the particular culture. After the idea that certain tools are likely to appear in one culture and not another has been explored, the process can be reversed. Instead of beginning with the culture and listing its tools, we can ask what we can tell about the culture from its tools. This question can be raised by a "detective" game in which students are presented with a sequence of items pulled out of a bag and asked, "What does this tool tell me about the culture it comes from? Which cultures might use this tool?" The items in the bag might include:

a) a rock lashed to a stick with a leather thong.
b) an iron hammer (such as a small sledge hammer).
c) a steel or plastic shoehorn.
d) an electric curling iron.

Of course other implements can be added or substituted for those on this list; and while these are given in an order from more "primitive" to more "advanced," the order can also be changed. It is helpful for students to explore the various implications of each tool as a culture "clue" by noting its materials, purposes, uses, etc. For instance, an iron hammer implies a culture advanced to the point of extracting metal from ore. A steel or plastic shoehorn implies not only enough chemical knowledge for the production of the material but also that it is used by a people who wear tightly fitting shoes (rather than, say, sandals or moccasins), which in turn imply certain geographic and/or climatic conditions. An electric curling iron implies the likelihood that its users were long-, straight-haired people as well as the existence of an electronic technology.

In exploring culture through tools it is helpful to answer: What? How? Where? When? Who?

What the tool is in terms of its material composition, end-use, etc.

How it is processed (both in production and use): the technical knowledge back of its processing, the forms of energy used (including other tools, the sequence of actions involved, (including magical actions).

Where the tool is used.

When is it used? (For two hours every day? During the rainy season? Every ten years?)

Who uses it? (Females only, working individually? Groups of young males? Full time specialists?)*

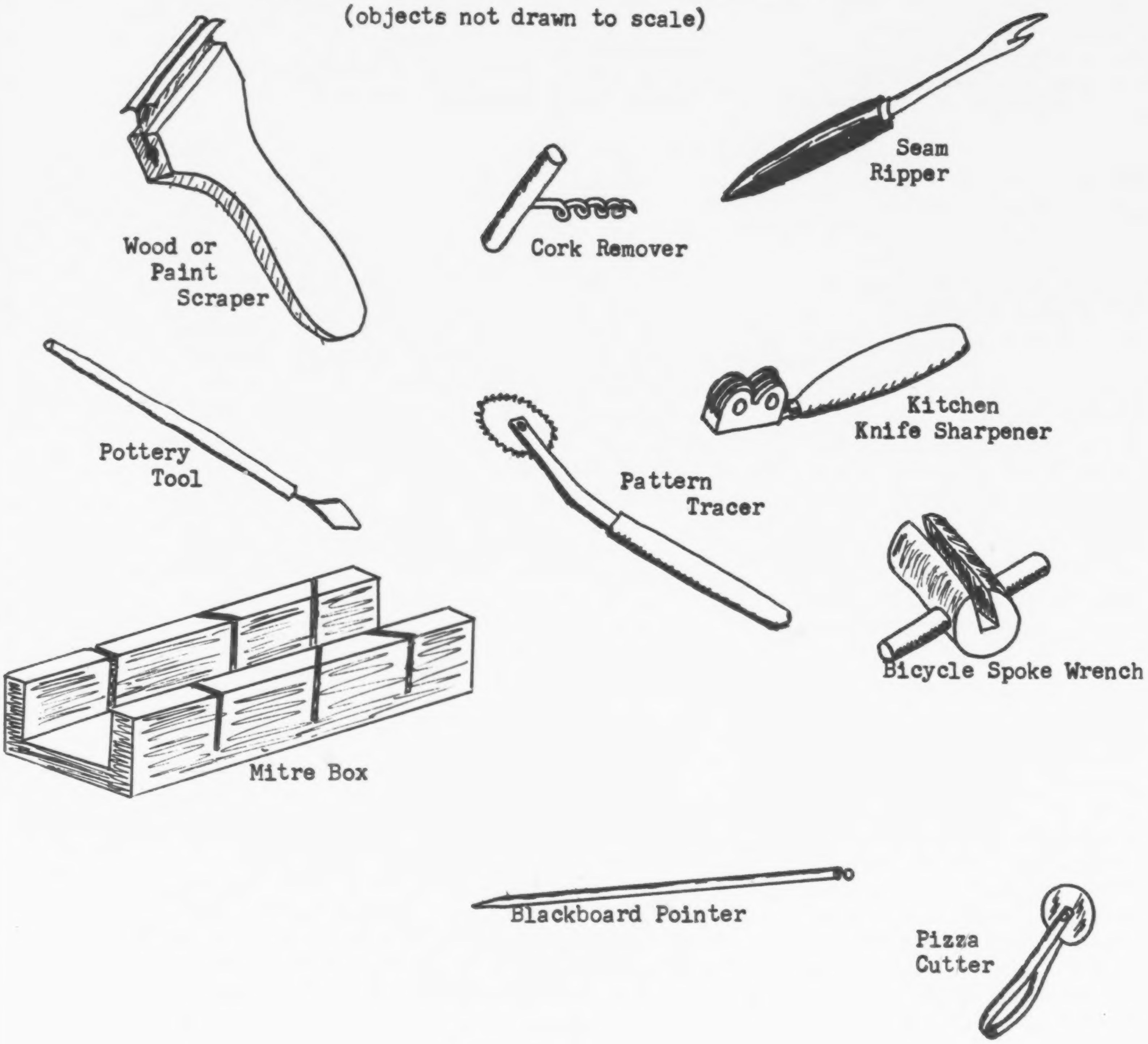
2) Once students have grasped the idea of using a culture's tools as a vehicle for investigating the culture, they can be given a number of modern tools to study. This activity works best if students are paired and if there are a few more tools available than there are pairs of students. For an especially large class a teacher may wish to have students work in groups of three or four. Each student is given a worksheet such as Worksheet #1 (see appendix) upon which to record his answers to such questions as those above: What? How? Where? When? Who? It may be helpful for the teacher to demonstrate on the board how the worksheet can be filled out for one sample tool. Then a different tool is passed out to each group of students. Each tool should be given a numbered tag for easy identification on the worksheet (see illustrated list below for possible tools for this activity - figure #2). As a group finishes with one tool they may trade off for another either from another group or from among the extra tools available. It is important that the tools be kept circulating so that no group has too long a pause between examinations of tools. If there are twelve or more tools available for examination, the teacher may want to require that each student report on only eight or ten.

It should be stressed that there are no "right" answers for this kind of activity, that the same tool might find different uses in different cultures. Encourage students to be creative and to use their imaginations in studying the tools. When the students have completed their worksheets, they can be called together for a ten or fifteen minute discussion. The discussion can be kicked off with a question such as, "Who knows what culture produced these tools?" Once the tools have been identified as modern, the discussion can revolve around the needs each meets in American culture. Then the teacher might ask, "Who came up with a different use, a different need the tool might meet in another culture?"

*Adapted from Douglas L. Oliver, Invitation to Anthropology (Garden City, N.Y.: Natural History Press, 1964), p. 19.

Figure #2--Suggested Tools for Worksheet #1

(objects not drawn to scale)


Seam Ripper
Cork Remover
Wood or Paint Scraper
Kitchen Knife Sharpener
Pottery Tool
Pattern Tracer
Bicycle Spoke Wrench
Mitre Box
Blackboard Pointer
Pizza Cutter

3) An interesting follow-up activity is to have students design tools to solve several specific problems and describe how the tools would be used. To encourage imaginative responses, the students can be asked to create their own environmental/cultural context. Worksheet #2 in the appendix is designed to facilitate such an exercise and can be assigned as either in-class or home work.

4) Another interesting activity centers around the relationships various tools bear to one another and to a context of specific (cultural) needs. For this activity students work alone or the class is divided into several groups. Each student or group is asked to simulate being stranded on a deserted island:

> "You are sailing in the middle of the ocean when your ship runs aground on a deserted island. You see that the island has some trees and plenty of fresh water. You are alone and have ten minutes to salvage what you can before the ship breaks up and sinks. Which of the following would you save first, second, third, etc.?
>
> a. a coil of rope,
> b. a kerosene lantern,
> c. an axe,
> d. a packet of vegetable seeds,
> e. fifty pounds of potatoes,
> f. a gun and twenty bullets,
> g. a large square of canvas, 40' x 40',
> h. a box of paper,
> i. a folding chair,
> j. a box of matches."

The ensuing discussion can be aimed toward eliciting the reasons behind the priorities established by each individual or group. In the process, instances of ethnocentrism or cultural shortsightedness can be pointed out. For example, it can be pointed out to a student who puts matches at the top of his list that there are other ways of starting fires, that matches are a fairly recent invention in the history of man, one upon which we have become amazingly dependent.

5) Finally, the teacher can return to students' own cultures by posing a similar problem to students, namely: What "tools" would be most helpful if you were suddenly stranded in:

a. Chicago
b. The Great Plains
c. North Philadelphia
d. Northeast Philadelphia
e. The Maine Woods
f. Times Square
g. Harlem
h. Etc.

The question of what tools are essential in our own cultures can also be asked by listing various items (color TV, refrigerator, car, clothes, bed, sports car, old car, air conditioner, toilet, etc.) and asking students to rank them in terms of their essentiality or importance for survival in Philadelphia. The same list can then be ranked in terms of which tools students would enjoy most.

The Learning Lab:

This section of the "Other Cultures" unit departs from the usual form of classroom organization. The classroom is set up so that each student works on his own most of the time, choosing what he will learn and when he will learn it. To facilitate such learning, the classroom is comprised of a series of "lab stations," each station consisting of a self-contained lesson. At most stations the student is asked to read a story, listen to a recording, or watch a film and then to respond in an appropriate manner. The following paragraphs attempt to describe the overall classroom arrangement for the "learning lab." This description is then followed with sections describing the materials and activities of each individual lab station.

1) First, some comments about the learning lab style of classroom organization: While the initial effort required of the teacher in organizing the room and materials seems great, the benefits are ample reward. (The idea of Labs is discussed more fully in our "Process Techniques" pamphlet.) After the initial setting-up, the room can remain so organized for the entire time the learning lab structure is used (from a few days to several weeks) with only minor modifications by the teacher from day to day. Furthermore, this type of classroom organization often involves and motivates almost every student. Individual students can work at their own pace without feeling undue pressure from the group. Students are encouraged to think through and solve problems on their own. Some students may even be stimulated to develop and carry out individual projects in greater depth. The teacher is freed from directing and controlling the whole class and becomes able to help students on an individual or small group basis. He is able to circulate throughout the room, from station to station, helping some students become involved, keeping other students busy, and answering questions. A Learning Lab, at first glance, seems noisy and a bit chaotic. Relax! Kids are learning, and they are also having fun. Take a deep breath, and try it. You'll enjoy it, too.

Whatever you do, don't try to be an authoritative, directive teacher in a Learning Lab. The Lab is supposed to be a bit noisy. Kids are supposed to be talking and trying things. Go on, try it!

2) The learning lab is usually made up of from six to eight "stations." Each station represents a different aspect of culture and hopefully utilizes several "styles" of independent learning. Some of the stations rely on reading, others on listening, watching, and "doing." Rearrangement of ordinary furniture like desks, tables, and cabinets can turn a classroom into a lab. See the diagram (figure #3) for one possible arrangement. Note that the quieter activities, like reading and listening, are in one part of the room while the active or noisy activities, like movies or games, are as far away as possible. The desks in the center of the room provide a place where students can fill out worksheets from stations like the games or movies.

Suggestions for possible kinds of stations:
Film Stations: A small corner of the room is good enough for this type of station. The movie can be projected small on the wall or inside a cabinet, and a half-dozen students can be gathered around with the sound kept down low. If the room is very bright, a screen or a blanket hung over a rope can be placed parallel to one wall. This will block out the direct light and the attention of the rest of the class. Another good idea is to remove the bottom shelves from a cabinet and to project onto a piece of white paper mounted inside and at the back of the cabinet. The students can move to the central desks to fill out worksheets.

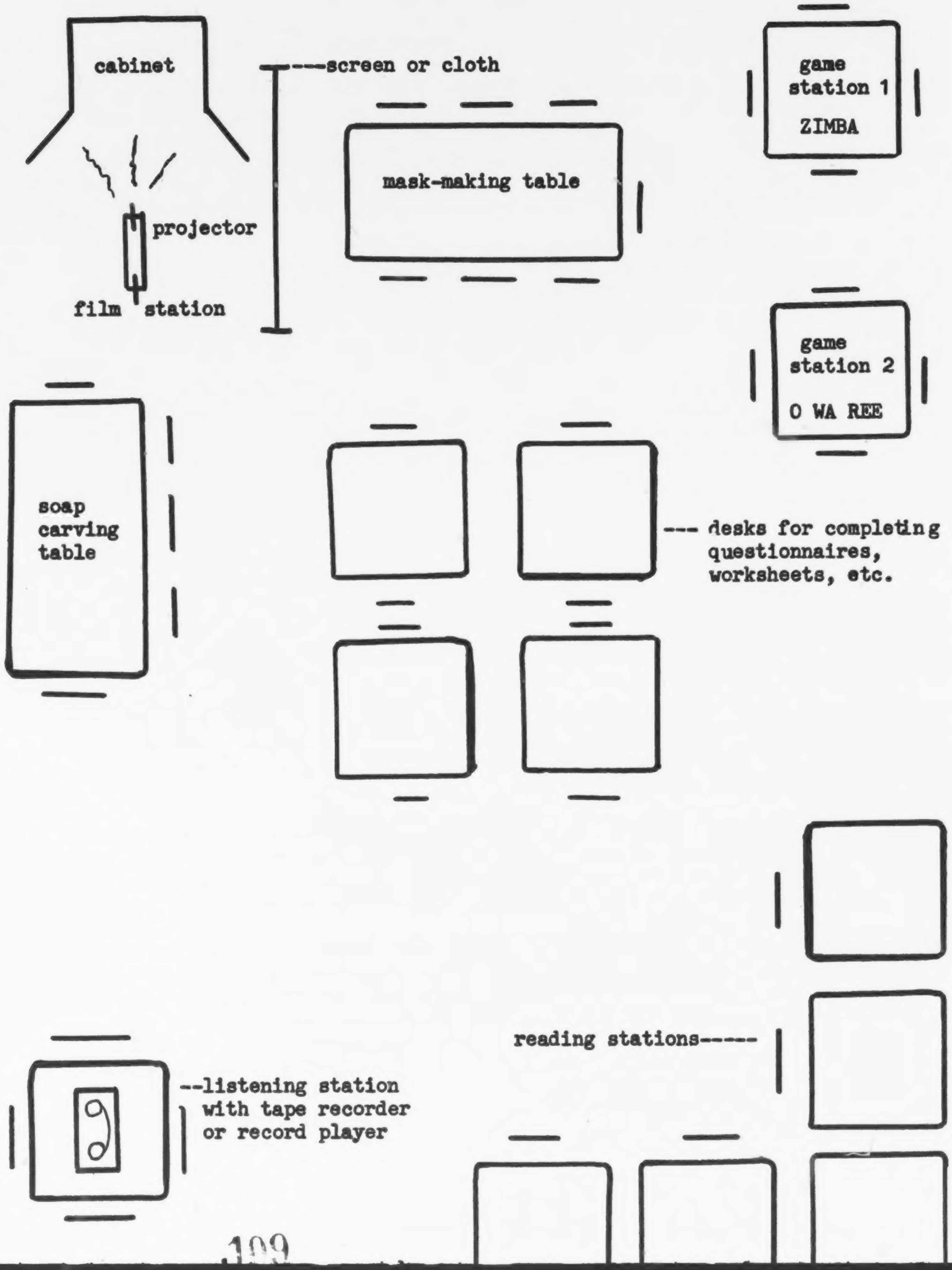
Crafts Stations: These stations are usually best established on large tables seating six to eight students although desks can be pushed together with the same results. Boxes for tools and materials will keep them together and on the tables. These stations usually take a class period and sometimes more for students to complete.

Games Stations: These stations are usually for from one to four students. They should be as separated from the other activities as possible, depending upon how active they are and how many students are involved.

Reading Stations: These stations can accommodate as many students as there is physical space for. Note from the diagram that these stations are facing away from the others. If carrels are available they are perfect for this kind of station.

Listening Stations: Listening posts are best for four to six students at desks surrounding the tape recorder or at a table. If more students are present, the tape has to be played too loud. The ideal set-up is to have earphones jacked into the tape player. Usually fidelity is not too important, so cheap headphones are adequate (such as those available from surplus stores or depots). This type of station is excellent for either music or taped readings (many students benefit from hearing and reading a story at the same time).

FIGURE #3: LEARNING LAB


cabinet
---screen or cloth
game station 1
ZIMBA
mask-making table
projector
film station
game station 2
O WA REE
soap carving table
--- desks for completing questionnaires, worksheets, etc.
reading stations-----
--listening station with tape recorder or record player

3) Some general suggestions: One should be sure to have an adequate supply of worksheets and pencils at each station. It is also a good idea to have directions posted at each station. These directions might include a brief explanation of what the station is about (see examples below). This procedure has the additional benefit of giving students practice in reading and following directions. Finally, it is usually enough to have six or seven stations operating at a time. After most students have "done" a station, it can be discontinued and a new one added in its place.

4) It should be noted that a lab-style class can be a very insecure place for even the most seasoned teacher. In this style of organization the teacher does not have the usual kind of control over the class as a unit and its direction. Some teachers initially experience a feeling that they are not getting enough feedback to make sure that the students are "getting it." If the teacher is sure to build into each station something for the student to "produce" (a worksheet assignment, a craft product, etc.), this concern for feedback can be reduced.

It is a good idea to have a large chart on the wall with the students' names and the numbers or names of the stations so the students can check off each station as they complete it. You might want to insist that every station has to be completed before anyone can repeat any of the stations. Students will probably want to do some stations more than once. Of course, students can be allowed to repeat stations as often as they choose, depending upon the teacher's particular objectives for the lab.

If the lab continues for more than one week, it is a good idea to set aside one day each week for the class to discuss what has been going on and what they have been learning both as a class and as individuals. In such discussion the students can be asked to articulate the purposes and meaning of each station. This sort of discussion will help alleviate the anxieties of both the teacher and the students, who need to see that they are learning as well as having fun in the lab.

It may also be a good idea to create a mechanism for the more involved students to pursue their interests in greater depth than is allowed by the prepared stations alone. One way of promoting such exploration is to give students the opportunity, working alone or in pairs, to create and set up additional lab stations for other members of the class to try. The section "Additional Lab Stations" in this unit gives some ideas for such stations. Also, Philadelphia has three excellent sources of ideas for projects in other cultures: the Art Museum, the University Museum, and the various temporary exhibits at the Civic Center Museum. Be sure to check the latest issue of "Museum Highlights," published monthly by the Division of Museum Education, School District of Philadelphia.

The Lab Stations:

The following information describes the types of lab stations possible in the Learning Lab. For each station there is (a) a brief description of the station, (b) a suggested format for the directions to be posted for the station's activity, and (c) a description of the necessary material and how it may be obtained. (Our stories are reprinted in the appendix). The stations chosen here are by no means intended to provide exhaustive explorations of the three cultures chosen. Teachers are encouraged to create their own stations, and, when appropriate, to have students prepare stations for their classmates.

A brief note about the cultural areas chosen: Eskimo, American Indian, and African cultures have been chosen because they are sufficiently exotic to interest most students and because they are sufficiently diverse to enable students to see true human similarities clothed in startlingly different cultural garb. Teachers should feel free to add or substitute other cultures, especially if they have particular knowledge of, or interest in, another culture.

Station #1) First Kill--A Story about an American Indian:

a) This station asks the student to read a story about an American Plains Indian's passage from childhood into manhood. To add interest to the activity and to make the rite of passage more concrete, the student is asked to attempt to string a hunting bow before completing the worksheet keyed to the reading.

b) The posted directions for this activity might read as follows:

STATION #1--FIRST KILL

> This is a story about an American Indian boy about your age. It is the story of how he proves that he is a man. Proving that you have become a man is very important to Indian boys. If you choose this station, do the following:
>
> 1) Read the story very carefully.
> 2) After you have read the story, get a worksheet and a pencil.
> 3) Test the bow, as directed on the worksheet.
> 4) After you have tested the bow, sit down and finish the rest of the worksheet.

It is IMPORTANT that you really think about your answers and do not rush.

c) In addition to the story and worksheet (see appendix) the other materials called for in this station are a bow, some arrows, and a target. The bow should be of about fifty to sixty pounds draw. The target can be prepared by painting or crayoning the picture of a buffalo on the side of a large corrugated box. Very few junior-high-school students are capable of stringing a fifty pound bow, but they get a real kick out of trying and they get a very concrete idea of how strong an Indian boy had to be to attain adult status.

Station #2) African Boy:

a) Like the preceding activity, this station asks that the student read a story--this time about a modern, African boy--and that he complete a worksheet. As a measure of further motivation the student is asked to tape record his responses to the worksheet if a tape recorder is available.

b) Directions for this activity might look like this:

STATION #2--AFRICAN BOY

This is a story about an African boy told in his own words. This boy is still living in Africa today. He is like a lot of modern Africans. The story is about what life is like in the town where he lives. This is an example of one African culture. Here is what you do:

1) Read the story very carefully.
2) Take the worksheet and fill it out completely.
3) When you are sure you have answered all of the questions, call the teacher over.
4) If you have answered all of the questions, the teacher will let you answer them on a tape recorder.
5) If someone is already using the tape recorder, wait your turn and do not mess up his recording.

c) In addition to copies of the story and the worksheet (see appendix), a tape recorder is an optional extra for this activity. Another very valuable addition to this station would be a large map of Africa to help the student locate Barotseland.

Station #3) Ashanti Boy of Ghana:

This station is organized like the preceding station (see appendix for story and worksheet). Many other stations of this sort can readily be organized with the preparation of a short reading selection and a worksheet keyed to the reading. Miss Marianne Goldstein, a first-year teacher at Stoddart-Fleisher Junior High School, has prepared a series of such readings and worksheets on the reading level of her seventh-grade social studies students. We present these in the appendix for other teachers who may wish to use them.

Station #4) Eskimo Sea Hunters:

a) At this station the student watches a short film about an Eskimo boy and his father. He then completes a worksheet which asks him to examine the way Eskimos learn and are taught, and to compare the Eskimo's way of life with his own.

b) Directions for this station need only ask the student to watch the film carefully and then to complete the worksheet provided. It may also be necessary to include directions for the operation of the movie projector.

c) The film "Eskimo Sea Hunters" (a United World production) is available from the School District of Philadelphia, Division of Audio-Visual Aids. See the appendix for worksheet suggestions.

Station #5) Leealura and Maleyato:

a) Again, the student is asked to read a story. The story in question is about an Eskimo girl, much like Cinderella, who wins the village chief's son. The student is asked to see the parallels in the Eskimo story to the Western folk-tale "Cinderella" and then to write another Eskimo story using a different fairy tale as a model.

b) Directions:

STATION #5--LEEALURA AND MALEYATO

This story is to the Eskimos as "Cinderella" is to us. If you have forgotten the story of Cinderella, you might want to read it again before reading about Leealura and Maleyato. When you have refreshed your mind about Cinderella,

1. Read "Leealura and Maleyato" carefully.
2. Then read the instructions on the worksheet and write the story asked for.

c) In addition to the story "Leealura and Maleyato" and the worksheet, both included in the appendix, it might be wise to have on hand a copy of the fairy tale "Cinderella" as well as several other tales which the students may wish to choose as models.

Station #6) Eskimo Ivory Carving:

a) After watching either "Eskimo Sea Hunters" or "Nanook of the North," the student may choose this station where he is supplied with soap and carving implements. He is asked to simulate Eskimo ivory sculpture by carving something an Eskimo would be likely to carve from a walrus tusk or whale bone.

b) Possible directions:

STATION #6--ESKIMO IVORY CARVING

You may choose this station only after you have watched one of the movies about Eskimo life. You should have noticed that one of the most important forms of Eskimo art is the carving of animal tusks or bones. You are going to pretend that you are an Eskimo. Here's what you do:

1) Pick a piece of IVORY soap and pretend that it's really an ivory walrus tusk.
2) Look through the book The Art of the Eskimo until you have an idea of something you want to carve.
3) Carve your IVORY masterpiece, being sure to cut very, very small pieces at a time, or you will break the whole piece.

c) Have on hand several bars of IVORY soap, several paring knives, and if possible, an assortment of potters' or sculptors' tools. It is also a good idea to have a few examples of the kind of soap carvings that are possible as well as a copy of The Art of the Eskimo by S. Glubok at the station.

Station #7) African Poetry:

a) This station stimulates the student to write poetry about his own culture in the style of an African poem.

b) Directions:

STATION #7--AFRICAN POETRY

These are African poems. One is about war, one about people (lazy people), and one about the moon.

1) Read the three poems several times.
2) Choose one of the poems and read it again.
3) Now write a poem like the one you have chosen--but not just like it. Yours should be about your world but written in the African style.
4) Be sure you write your name on your poem.

c) Three poems are usually selected from Ulli Beier's African Poetry, published in paperback by Cambridge University Press. They can be typed onto large index cards and posted along with the directions for the lab station. Other poems, of course, can be used. The only additional material needed is paper and pencils.

Station #8) Zimba Game:

a) At this station the student tests his skill at an American Indian game and is asked to consider the role such games play in learning.

b) Directions:

STATION #8--ZIMBA GAME

This is a game played by American Indian boys about your age. They played it; but it was also school for them because they were learning things that would help them to be better hunters and warriors when they grew up.

Here is what you do at this lab station:

1) Take ten (10) practice tries by holding the stick and flipping the ball up in the air. Try to spear the ball with the stick.
2) Either alone or with a partner, try it ten (10) times again. Put an X on the worksheet for each hit and an O for a miss.
3) Then do the last part of the worksheet.

NOTICE: Do not hurry with this last part. It is important, so think about your answers first.

c) In addition to a worksheet like that shown in the appendix, you will need the apparatus for the game (see illustration--figure #4). A sharp-pointed stick is attached to one end of a heavy cord or thong, and a triangular piece of leather or a bunch of grass or newspaper is tied to the other end. The thong should be about 30" long. If the leather triangle is used, two or three holes should be cut in it. The game is played by holding the stick in the right hand with the point extending beyond the thumb and forefinger. The leather triangle, newspaper, or bunch of grass on the opposite end of the cord is thrown forward from the body and then jerked back. As it comes back, the player attempts to pierce the grass or paper with the point of the stick. If the leather is used, he tries to get the point of his stick in the holes in the triangle.

Station #9) How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin:

a) The student choosing this station reads a story giving a mythical explanation of how the rhinoceros got wrinkled skin and is asked to make up a similar story.

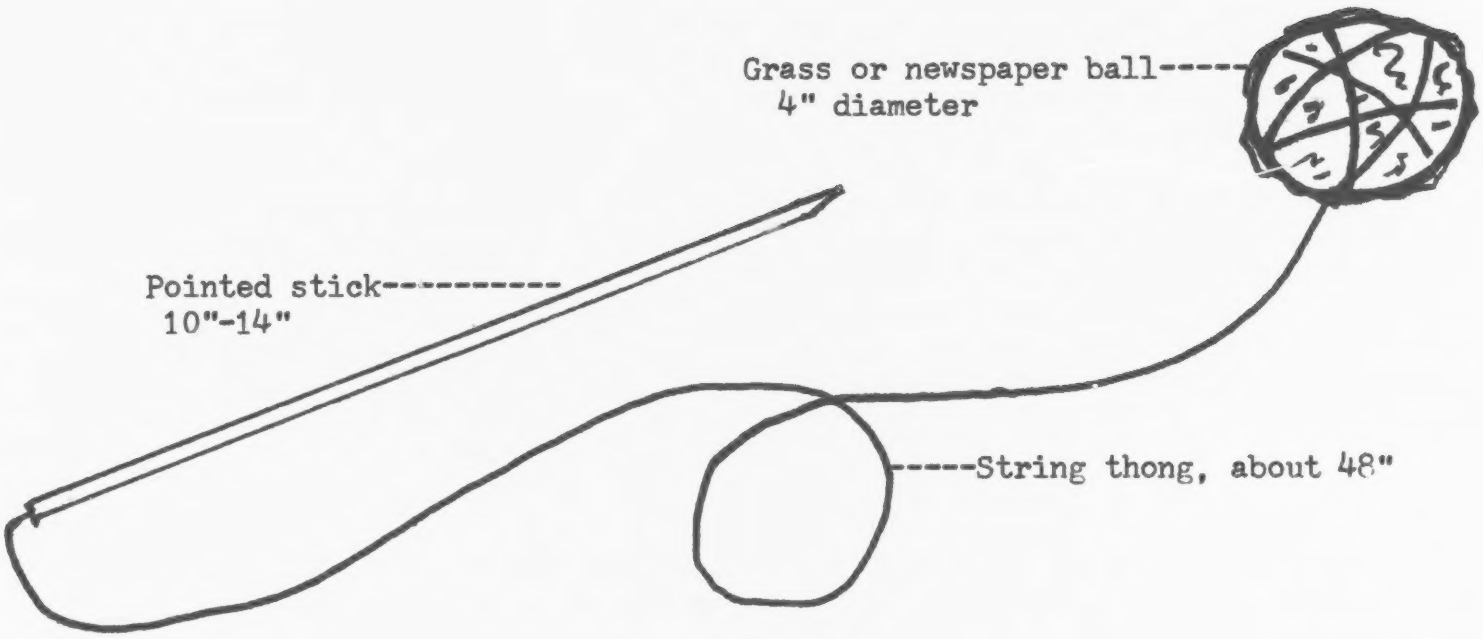
b) Directions:

1) Read the story about "How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin" carefully.
2) Now choose a similar natural curiosity and write your own story to explain it. You could tell, for instance,

How the rabbit got his ears,
How the cat got his whiskers,
How the dog got his bark,

FIGURE #4

ZIMBA!


Grass or newspaper ball
4" diameter
Pointed stick
10"-14"
String thong, about 48"

How lightening got thunder,
How winter got cold,
Etc.

3) Be sure to put your name on your story.

c) Needed for this activity are the story (included in the appendix), paper and pencil. Of course as colorful picture of arhinoceros would not hurt. See our reprint of Durer's"Rhinoceros."

Station #10) Cultural Music:

a) The student listens to selections of music from different cultures and attempts to identify the culture, the mood and occasion of the music, and how it is produced.

b) Directions:

The music tape you are about to hear contains selections from the music of five different cultures. Listen to the selections a couple of times. Then complete the worksheet provided.

c) For this activity you will need a tape recorder (preferably with headphones) and a tape prepared ahead of time. The tape should include five selections from distinctly different cultures--for instance, Japanese koto music, African drums, a Middle-Eastern folk dance, American blues, a Lutheran hymn or corale. A worksheet for this exercise can be found in the appendix.

Station #11) Buma:

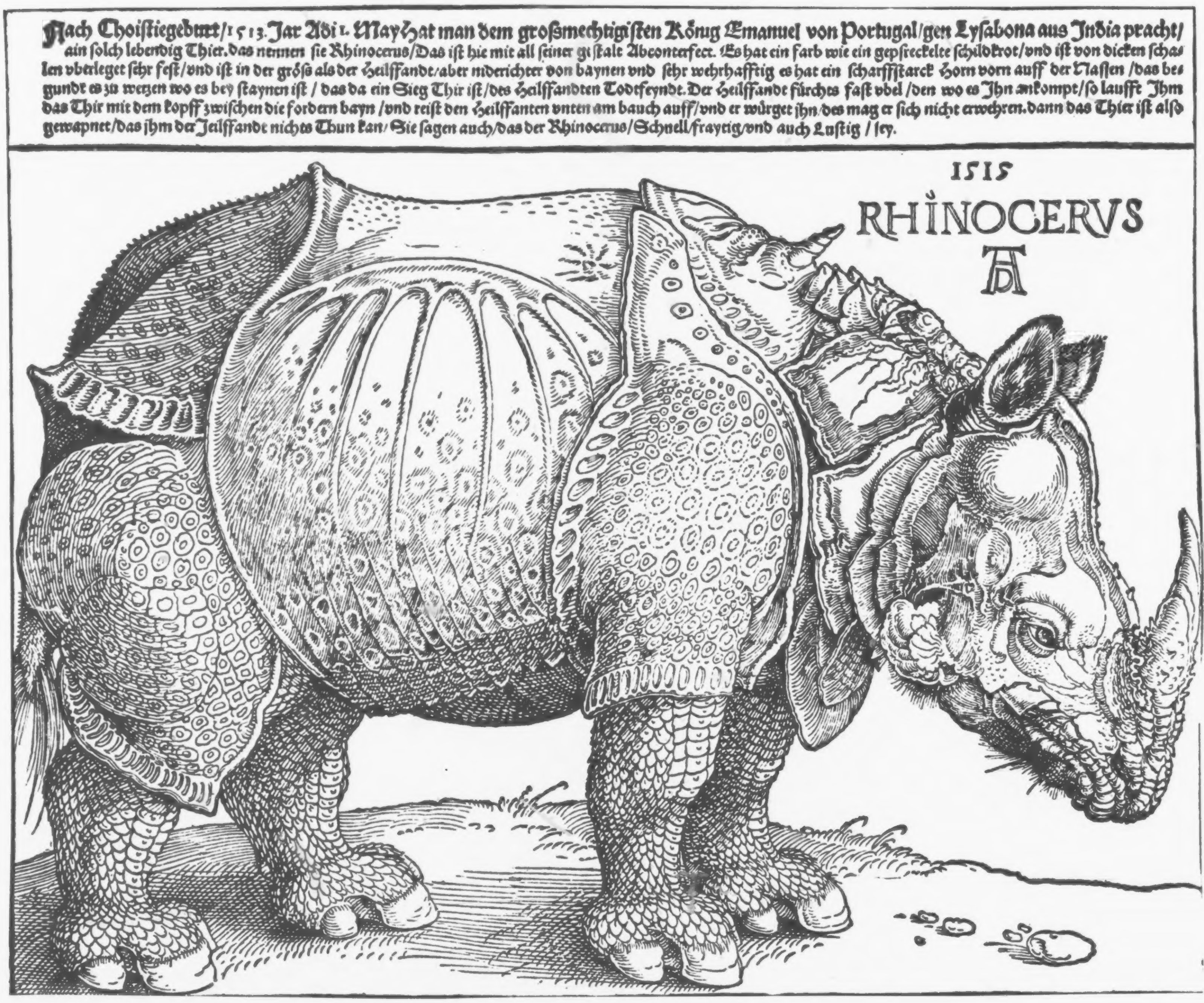
a) The student watches a film about African masks and sculpture and then creates his own mask of sculpture out of materials provided.

b) Directions:

The movie "Buma" shows many examples of African art. Many of the objects shown in the film express fear or terror.

1) Watch the movie carefully, looking especially for how the artists express fear, terror, and similar feelings.
2) Now look through the books of African art provided.
3) Try to create a fearful mask or scupture out of the materials available after studying the examples provided.

c) The film "Buma" is available from the School District of Philadelphia, Division of Audio-Visual Aids. It is a good idea to pin up several construction-paper masks (see illustration--figure #5) as examples. All that need be provided for this



Nach Chriſtus geburt/1513. Jar Adi 1. May. Hat man dem groſsmechtigiſten König Emanuel von Portugal/gen Lyſabona aus India pracht/ ain ſolch lebendig Thier. das nennen ſie Rhinocerus/Das iſt hie mit all ſeiner geſtalt Abconterfect. Es hat ein farb wie ein gepſreckelte ſchildkrot/vnd iſt von dicken ſchalen vberleget ſehr feſt/vnd iſt in der gröſs als der Heilffandt/aber niderichter von baynen vnd ſehr wehrhafftig es hat ein ſcharff ſtarck Horn vorn auff der Naſen/das begundt es zu wetzen wo es bey ſtaynen iſt/das da ein Sieg Thir iſt/des Heilffandten Todtfeyndt. Der Heilffandt fürchts faſt vbel/den wo es Jhn ankompt/ſo laufft Jhm das Thir mit dem kopff zwiſchen die fordern bayn/vnd reiſt den Heilffanten vnten am bauch auff/vnd er würget jhn/des mag er ſich nicht erwehren. dann das Thier iſt alſo gewapnet/das jhm der Heilffandt nichts Thun kan/Sie ſagen auch/das der Rhinocerus/Schnell/fraytig/vnd auch Luſtig/ſey.

Three dimensional mask cut from construction paper

1. Fold paper and cut for forehead and chin shape, nose and mouth.

2. Cut out eyes and "V" from center of forehead and chin.

3. Fold in edges of top of head and staple to make three dimensional

4. Add decoration, detail features, paint, head string, etc.

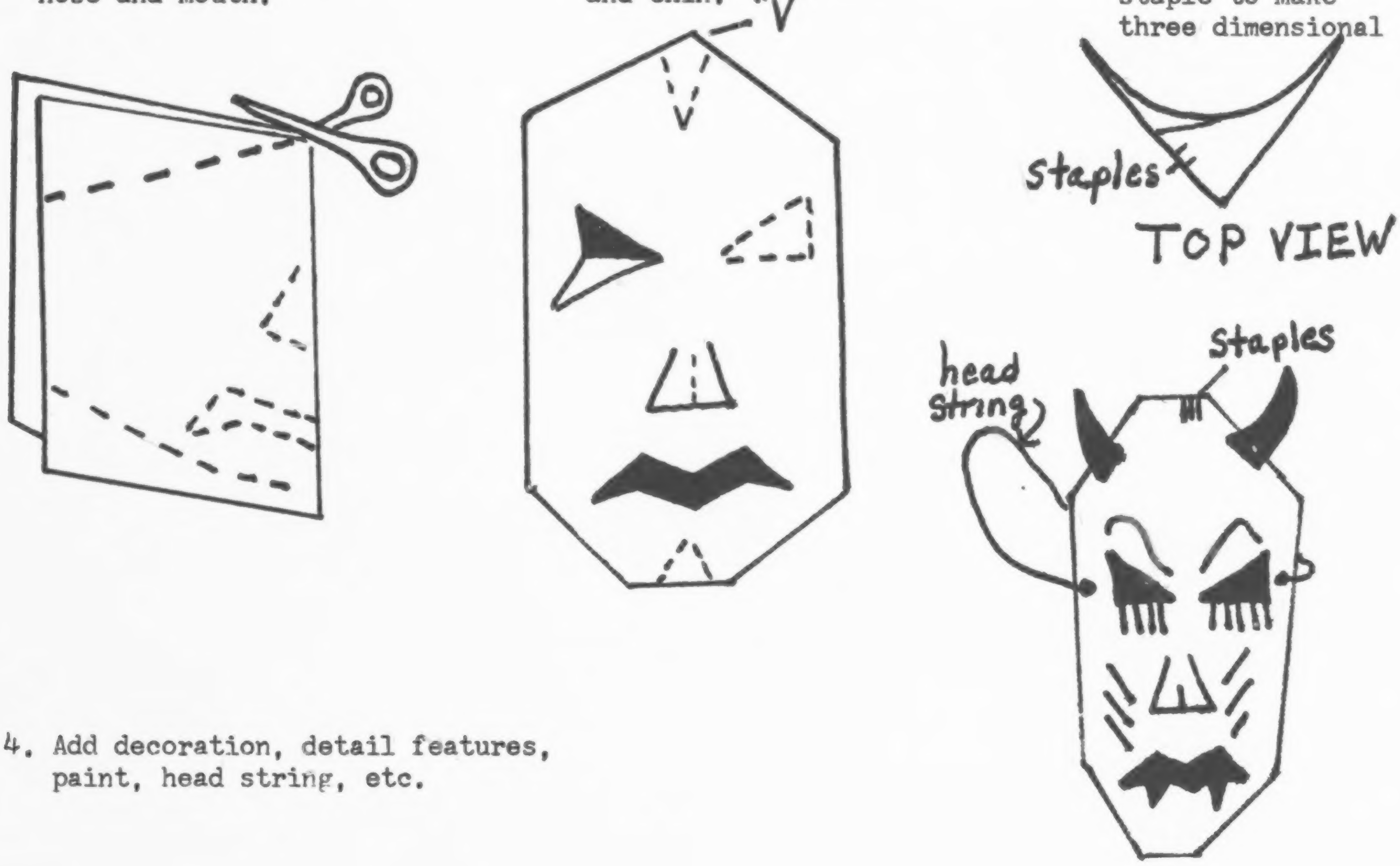

"V"
Staples
TOP VIEW
head string
Staples

Figure #5

activity is colored construction paper, scissors, glue, and crayons. If a more ambitious (and messier) project is desired, clay or other material may be provided. Finally, several books of African art should be laid out at the station to help students get ideas.

Additional Lab Stations:

Many additional lab stations are readily created by following the above examples. For instance, in addition to the Zimba game, there are numerous exotic games that can be used as the basis for lab exercises. The following are a few examples of games that can be organized into lab activities.

Pebble Game. This game of chance may be played by each player placing a certain number of small pebbles in a shallow bowl-each one's pebbles being marked differently with small dots or a color on one side. They are then poured out on the ground and the players count only the stones that land with decorated tops exposed. A similar game is played by using cherry pits.

Stick Game. These sticks were carved on one side with designs that stood out in relief. They were held high above the head and dropped to the ground. The player whose stick landed right side up won.

Corn Cob Dart. Cut a piece 5" or 6" in length from the pointed end of a corn cob. Find three wing feathers or cut from construction paper, matching in size if possible. Place them equidistant at broad end of cob, setting them so they curve outward from the center. Use a large darning needle for the sharp end of the dart. Since the inside, or pith, of the cob is soft, remove some of it and replace it with plastic wood. Insert the head of the needle, and allow the plastic wood to dry before using the dart.

Snake Sticks. Snake sticks were beautifully carved from lengths of wood into snake forms. They were several feet in length and 2" in diameter. The game was played by hurling the stick along the top of the snow. The object of the game was to see who could send their snake stick the farthest. This game is adaptable to land or water activities.

Hoop Game. The players stand in two lines facing each other. A hoop is rolled down the middle of the space between them. Darts or sticks are hurled at the hoop, the object being to throw them through it as it passes. Sometimes the Indians wove a center in the hoop so the darts would pierce the threads and stay in place.

Oh-Wah-Ree. This is an ancient pit and pebble game. There are eight modern variations, several of which are simple enough for children. Basically it is a game of move and capture and can be played with real strategy or by chance. It can be bought at any game store for about five dollars. With one manufactured game and instructions duplicate games are easy for the students to make with cups and stones. See appendix for directions.

Counting Coupe. Each player is given a "scalp" (a piece of cloth) to be tucked under the belt on the right or left side. The players form a circle and on the signal everyone tries to capture as many "scalps" as possible. When you loose your "scalp" you are out of the game. The one who captures the most "scalps" wins.

Sneak Attack. A student is placed in the center of players. A Tom-Tom and stick are placed in front of him and he is blindfolded. The object is for the circle of players to try and sneak up on the center player and hit the drum without being touched by the blindfolded player. When someone hits the drum, he takes the place in the center. This is a good game for cooperative efforts on the part of the players. (The player in the center cannot be pushed or touched).

Also any of the following films can be used as the basis for a lab station. Each of these films is available from either the Division of Audio-Visual Aids of the School District of Philadelphia or the Regional Film Center of the Free Library of Philadelphia:

Watusi (EBF)--African tribal life (School District).
End of the Trail (NBC)--the vanishing of the Plains Indian; two parts: part I, before the white man; part II, the end of the Plains Indian (School District).
Alaskan Eskimo (Disney)--Eskimo life (School District).
The Hunters--bushmen in the Kalhari Desert (School District).
Dead Birds--the bird cult and ritual warfare in New Guinea (Free Library).
Nanook of the North--the best documentary on Eskimo life (Free Library and Pennsylvania Advancement School Film Library).
Cave Dwellers of the Early Stone Age (School District).
Time Piece (Free Library).

Learning Lab: Our Cultures

At this point in the unit, students are usually ready for direct examination of their own culture or cultures. You may wish to focus on students' cultures now, or wait until after the wrap-up section. If you choose to handle it now, the teacher can tackle the topic of our own cultures in several ways; the most common is to have students talk, or read, about their own culture. Indeed, this technique may be most appropriate for your class.

We suspect, however, that your students would respond better to a more active learning style similar to that in the Learning Lab. Accordingly, ask students to design their own lab stations for their own culture. If students feel they come from a similar and homogeneous culture, then divide the class into groups. Each group can be responsible for preparing two or three lab stations which will teach other people about their culture. For example, there might be:

1) Music stations: What music or records typify your culture?
2) Film: What film will illustrate your way of life? Here, the Free Library, Film Library, or Brandon Catalogue will offer many suggestions.
3) Readings: What stories would teach others about your culture?
4) Games: Choose typical games and prepare instruction sheets on how to play them.
5) Etc. (The stations should cover the characteristics of a culture mentioned in the Introduction).

When built, the class can then spend several days in their own lab, or open it up to other classes, parent or community groups, etc. If students feel they represent more than one culture, each separate culture can design a lab which will instruct others about that culture. For example, the class may contain students from several sections of the city, races, or income groups. Each of these may be a distinct "sub-culture" and one or two lab stations could be designed by members of each sub-culture.

In either case, it is most important that students reflect on the significance of each component of their culture displayed in the lab. What is the significance of rock or soul music? Why are children taught the knowledge, and in the style, which our system of education transmits? How do young people become adults? Are activities such as gangs, fashions, etc. substitutes for the more practical rites of passage in other cultures? Thus, worksheets in this lab should be written towards questions such as these, and the lab probably should end with some serious discussion or summing up.

Wrap-up:

An excellent way to conclude the study of other cultures is to spend several days at a time on each of the three cultures studied. This gives students a chance to pull together and review what they have learned about each culture from the lab stations as well as to compare and contrast Eskimo, Indian, African, and American ways of life.

1) The movie, "Nanook of the North" (available from the PAS Film Library), because of its thoroughness, is an stimulus to a discussion summarizing the Eskimo way of life. The film can be stopped a few times so that salient features can be pointed out. Also the teacher can talk over the film as it runs. However, the film's own narrative is fascinating and insightful and needs only occasional reinforcement by the teacher. The film emphasizes the Eskimos' continuous struggle for survival. From comments like, "...never has a man done so much with so little," students can make calculated guesses about many aspects of Eskimo life -- the close relationship between the Eskimo and nature, why he lives primarily in one or two-family units, why Eskimos seem happy and rarely argue, why girls marry good hunters, etc.

The showing of "Nanook" can be preceeded with a homework assignment to read a story such as Jack London's "Story of Keesh" (see appendix). Through this reading students can pick up several points about an Eskimo boy's rites of passage, family responsibilities, etc. The discussion of the reading and the film might be kicked off with questions such as, "Would you like to live as an Eskimo? If so, what hour of the day would you like to be one?" "Would you prefer being taught by your mother or father or by a teacher." Such a discussion can be concluded with a worksheet assignment such as that suggested by Worksheet #6 in the appendix.

2) A similar review of American Indian culture can be centered around the showing of the film "End of the Trail" (available from the Division of Audio-Visual Aids, School District of Philadelphia). This film, which is in two parts, tells of the customs of the Plains Indian (Part I) and destruction of that way of life with the coming of the white man (Part II). To prepare students to watch the film, the teacher might ask them to vote on questions such as the following (see the pamphlet "Process Techniques" for an explanation of "voting" procedures):

Do you think Indians went to school?
Do you think Indians scalped people because they liked to?
How many of you think Indians had to know how to read?
How many of you think that Indians had to be able to hunt?
Do you think they went to church?
How do you think they felt about white people?

Also before showing "End of the Trail" the teacher might want to list on the board topics such as:

a) education,
b) marriage and courtship,
c) role of the buffalo, of the horse,
d) religion,
e) men's and women's roles.

These topics could be reviewed so that students have an idea of what to ask themselves as they watch the movie. For example, under the topic "education," students might ask themselves:

Who are the "students" among the Indians?
What do they learn?
Who teaches the children?
Do both boys and girls learn the same things?
Why do they have to learn what they learn?

Students can also be urged to search for ways in which the Indian's culture differs from their own.

Again, as the film is shown, the teacher may wish to stop it a couple of times or talk over it to point out salient features. Discussion following the movie might follow the topics outlined before it was shown. For instance, under education:

- How was an Indian boy or girl educated?
- How was his or her education different from yours?
- What role did a game like Zimba play in an Indian's education?
- Are there any games you play to learn essential skills?

Such discussion can be directed toward bringing out underlying similarities to seemingly very different customs. For example, the Indian educational "system," whether it entails playing a game like Zimba or "studying" with an elder of the tribe (as Hawk studied with Dead-Come-Back-Man in "First Kill"), taught the Indian boy survival skills. Modern games like spelling bees and modern methods of getting the young (in schools) to meet with older members of the society are also intended to teach survival skills.

As with other lessons, a worksheet such as Worksheet #7 in the appendix can be used with "End of the Trail." Also the story "Crazy Horse, Prarie Patriot" in A.M. Josephy's The Patriot Chiefs (New York Viking Press) could be read to the class as an interesting addition to the discussion of "End of the Trail."

3) A similar review of African cultures can be stimulated by any number of films or readings (see those suggested in the section "Additional Lab Stations" and the Bibliography). Some teachers might want to encourage students to prepare some sort of presentation to the rest of the class, other classes, or the school based upon what they have learned about the African cultures they have touched upon. No matter how the teacher chooses to review African cultures, it is important to emphasize that Africa is a large continent covering about four times the area of the United States. Africa is a land of fantastic cultural diversity and students should not be allowed to fall into the trap (that many Westerners have fallen into for so long) of forming absurd stereotypes of Africans and an "African culture" (in the singular).

4) The final lessons in the study of other cultures can be used to bring the students' attention "back home" to themselves and their own culture. It is helpful to review rapidly all of the various activities undertaken in the study of culture from the first definitions, through the tools exercises, the various lab stations, the lab on our own cultures (if you tried it), and the final Eskimo, Indian, and African days. The question can then be put, "Well, what do we do with all of this? To what use can we put all of this knowledge of other cultures?" Needless to say such questions could lead in many varied directions. It could also fall on its face! We have found it fruitful to restate here the original purpose for this study: "Studying other cultures can help us to gain greater insight into our own culture. We think that by looking at what makes up other cultures and at what sort of things effect Eskimo and Indians and African children like you, we'll be able to look at the same sort of things in our culture and understand them better. It is important that you know about your own culture, because when you know it and understand it, you have an idea why you do somethings (like join a gang) or why certain things happen to you (like going to school, getting a job or being turned down for one)." At this point, you may want to try the Learning Lab on students' own cultures.

If you've already done it, students can now be encouraged to see their own cultural position as just another along the spectrum they have been studying. Such a perspective can be stimulated with a voting exercise involving questions such as these:

> Would you rather have a boy from Africa, an Eskimo, or an Indian visit you?
> Would you rather kill a leopard, be warlord of a gang, scalp someone, or track a polar bear?
> Would you rather build a tipi, a thatched hut, an igloo, or a brick house?
> Who works hardest: an Indian boy or girl, an Eskimo, you, or an African boy or girl?
> How about as an adult: an Indian adult, an Eskimo adult, you when you grow up, or an African grown up?
> Who fights the most?
> Who has more fun?

Inner-city children often point out that they have to fight to survive. It is interesting to ask them if Eskimos need to fight to survive. Of course the answer is, "No. They do not fight each other." The exploration of this sort of question leads directly into areas of immense concern to inner-city youngsters:

> Fighting: Why don't Eskimos fight? How do they differ from us that they do not need to fight? What about Indians? Why don't they hit their children? How and why did they "ritualize" their fighting (e.g. counting coup)? Why can't we do that sort of thing (like playing chess instead of actually fighting wars)?

Gangs: Who else has gangs? Why are they necessary for us but not for the kinds of cultures we studied?

Cops: Do other cultures have cops? How do they use them? Why? Why not? What are other ways that cultures enforce their "laws"?

School: Why do we have schools, while the cultures we studied do not? Do we need them?

Progress: What do you mean when you say a culture is more advanced than another? Which of the four cultures studied (including our own) do you think is most advanced, next most, and so on?

Another activity which usually has great possibilities for discussion and creative writing is a reading of Magical Practices of the Nacirema (see appendix). This is a spoof of modern American culture written by an anthropologist in anthropological terms as if he were describing a primitive culture (Nacirema is American backwards). Reading this is both fun and allows the class to use their imagination and some of the cultural skills and jargon they have acquired so far.

At this point most students are anxious to examine their own cultures or sub-cultures in greater detail. At the Advancement School the final lessons of the Other Cultures unit have been used as a transition from the study of other cultures and their people to that of our own culture and its people. Much of this examination can best occur out of school (see the "Learning in the City" unit of the HD Lab). In addition, an examination of people in film and literature can also fulfill this aim (see the "People" unit of the HD Lab).

Appendix: Worksheets and Readings

Other Cultures Unit
Sample Worksheet

Name________________

Worksheet #1

TOOLS AND THEIR USES

We can tell a lot about the way other people live by looking at the tools they use in their work, in their play, in preparing their food, in hunting, in fighting, in making things. For eight of the items you will see, try to list all of the different ways each item could be used. Then tell what kind of person would use the item--a child, a woman, a man, a farmer, a soldier, a priest, a medicine man, or whatever.

Tool Number	How could it be used?	Who would use it?
________	______________________________	
	______________________________	
	______________________________	
________	______________________________	
	______________________________	
	______________________________	
________	______________________________	
	______________________________	
	______________________________	
________	______________________________	
	______________________________	
	______________________________	
________	______________________________	
	______________________________	
	______________________________	
________	______________________________	
	______________________________	
	______________________________	
________	______________________________	
	______________________________	
________	______________________________	

Other Cultures Unit Name______________________

Worksheet #2

DESIGNING YOUR OWN TOOLS

Part of the way people build their culture is by making their own tools. When they have a job to do, they have to make a tool for it. For each of the jobs listed below, we want you to design your own tool. There is a space to draw the tools, a space to describe it (What size is it? What is it made of? How do you make it?), and a space to tell how to use it.

1) Draw a tool for skinning a porcupine.

Now describe your tool.

How is it used?

2) Draw a tool for throwing rocks long distances.

Describe it.

How is it used?

3) Draw a tool for taking the bark off a tree all in one piece.

Describe it.

How is it used?

4) Draw things (tools) to defend a small village by a river.

Describe them.

How are they used?

5) Draw a device which is not a boat or raft to get you across a river full of man-eating crocodiles.

Describe it.

How is it used?

6) Now you think of a job and then design a tool to do it. Think of a job that you have never done and that you do not now know of a tool to do the job with. What is the job?

Draw the tool for it.

Describe it.

How is it used?

Other Cultures Unit
Learning Lab

Name____________________
Worksheet for Station #1

FIRST KILL

1. After you have read the story, pick up the bow and string it. This bow is very much like the one that Hawk used. Like Hawk, you must string the bow by yourself before you can shoot it. If you can string the bow, you may shoot three arrows at the target on the box. After you have tested the bow, go on to the next section of this worksheet.

2. Imagine that when you were very young, you were captured by Hawk's tribe. You have grown up as an Indian. Now you want to pass the test of manhood and be accepted as a man in the tribe. Look at the list below. Decide how important you think it would be for you to learn each thing. Number each item from 1 to 10, from the most important to the least important, by putting a 1 next to the thing you feel is most important to know, a 2 next to the second most important, and so forth. Think about which things it would be important for you to do well to prove that you are a man. Beside each item tell why you ranked it as you did.

_____Making a bow and arrowheads

_____Riding an Indian pony

_____Tracking a buffalo

_____Speaking the language of the tribe

_____Making a feathered war bonnet

_____Learning the religious customs of the bribe

_____Fighting like an Indian

_____Shooting a bow and arrow and throwing a tomahawk

_____Skinning a buffalo

_____Making war paint

3. What was the name of Hawk's teacher?

4. What tribe was Hawk from?

5. How many times did he shoot the buffalo with his bow?

6. How did he finally kill the buffalo?

7. What did he want to prove by killing a buffalo?

Other Cultures Unit
Learning Lab

Name______________________
Worksheet for Station #2

AFRICAN BOY

1. Where does this boy live? Can you find the place on the map? What city is his village near?

2. How old is the boy who is telling the story?

3. What are "monkey nuts"?

4. How do you play Sipelu?

5. What languages does the boy in the story speak? Which one is his "mother tongue"?

6. Tell five (5) ways that this African boy's life is like your life. (Number them 1-5. Use the back of this worksheet if necessary.)

Other Cultures Unit
Learning Lab

Name________________________
Worksheet for Station #3

ASHANTI BOY OF GHANA

1. Kojo (the boy in the story) does some work that boys in our culture usually let their mothers do. What is this work?

Why do you suppose Kojo is the one who does this work?

2. Kojo has described to you the way he spends a typical day, a school day. Now we want you to describe how you think he would spend a typical Saturday.

Other Cultures Unit
Learning Lab

Name________________________
Worksheet for Station #4

ESKIMO SEA HUNTERS

1. Name three (3) ways the father in this movie made his living.

   a.

   b.

   c.

2. What are three (3) things that the boy was learning to do that he would use when he was a man?

   a.

   b.

   c.

3. Tell about one thing that the family in the film did that seemed very strange to you.

   Now try to explain why they might do it that way.

4. Name as many things as you can that you saw this Eskimo family do that your family does too, even though you might do them in a very different way.

Other Cultures Unit
Learning Lab

Name________________________
Worksheet for Station #5

LEEALURA AND MALEYATO

This story about Eskimos is very much like our "Cinderella" story. It tells about a beautiful, poor girl who has lost her parents (Cinderella lost her mother) who marries the village chief's son (like the prince in "Cinderella"). He is attracted to her because she sews so well (Cinderella was all dressed up and danced very well).

After you have read the story, write an Eskimo story based on another of our fairy tales, such as "Little Red Riding Hood," "Snow White," "The Ugly Duckling," or "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." You will have to change the story to make it like Eskimos live and think, instead of the way we live and think.

ONCE UPON A TIME...

Other Cultures Unit
Learning Lab

Name____________________
Worksheet for Station #8

THE ZIMBA GAME

1. Try the game ten (10) times and record your score here. Write an "X" for a hit and an "O" for a miss.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total Hits
___	___	___	___	___	___	___	___	___	___	___

2. This game is supposed to teach young Indian boys certain things they will need to know when they prove that they are men. What things do you think this game would teach you if you were an Indian?

3. Do you know any games that boys in our culture play that teach them things men need to know? Give as many examples as you can think of. What does each one teach you?

Other Cultures Unit
Learning Lab

Name________________________
Worksheet for Station #10

CULTURAL MUSIC

For each of the five selections answer each of these three questions:

a) What culture or country is the music from?

b) What kind of music is it? What kind of occasion was it made for (a funeral, a wedding, dancing, religious ritual, entertainment, etc.)? What is its mood (happy, sad, energetic, quiet, etc.)?

c) What kinds of instruments are being played?

1. a.

   b.

   c.

2. a.

   b.

   c.

3. a.

   b.

   c.

4. a.

   b.

   c.

5. a.

   b.

   c.

Other Cultures Unit Name______________________

Worksheet #6

NANOOK AND KEESH

1. Make a list of all the things you can think of that Eskimo boys have to learn, that you do not have to learn.

2. Choose one thing from your list above and write a paragraph telling why the Eskimo boy has to learn it but you do not.

Other Cultures Unit Name________________________

Worksheet #7

END OF THE TRAIL

1. Why were buffalo important to the Indians?

2. Draw any one or, if you like, all of the following (use the back of this sheet if necessary):

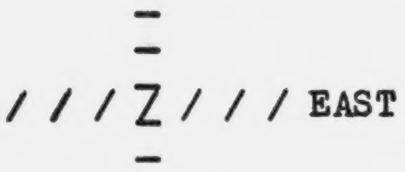
   A bow and arrows--

   An Indian warrior's headdress--

   A buffalo--

3. Would you rather be yourself or an Indian boy? Why?

4. Fill in the three missing cardinal points:



5. If men do all the dangerous work and women do all of the exhausting work in Indian families, and if you were an Indian, would you rather be a man or a woman? Why?

6. What things do you like about Indian culture that are not in your culture?

7. What things do you like about your culture that are not in Indian culture?

Oh-Wa-Ree

This is the ancient "pit and pebble" game. It had its origins in Egypt and ranged all over Africa, Asia Minor, and India, where it is still played. It is a game of rich and poor alike. People often gamble with the game; rich sultans used to play it with jewels and gold nuggets instead of pebbles. The game teaches the young to count and, in its more complicated versions, requires a great deal of logic and recall.

The game is played by two, three, or four players who sit in a circle around twelve pits into each one of which six pebbles have been placed (see illustration--figure #7). The pits are divided among the players evenly, so that if two persons play each will have six pits, if three play each has four pits, and if four play each has three pits. These are the players' "home pits." The object of the game is to "capture" as many pebbles as possible.

Play begins when the first player (chosen by lot) "seeds" from one of his home pits. This means he picks up all of the pebbles in one of his pits and places one pebble in each suceeding pit, going counter-clockwise around the circle until he has no more pebbles in his hand. For example, Player X picks up the six pebbles from his home pit B and seeds one pebble each into pits C, D, E, F, G, and H. Thus, at the end of his turn Player X has left pit B empty and seven pebbles in pits C through H. Player Y now picks up the seven pebbles from one of his home pits (D, E, or F) and seeds them out one at a time in a counter-clockwise direction. For example, if Y chooses to draw from his home pit D, he empties that pit and seeds one seed into each of pits E, F, G, H, I, J, and K. Now pits B and D are empty and pits E through H contain eight pebbles, pits C, I, J, and K seven, and pits A and L their original six pebbles. This manner of play continues around the circle, each player drawing only from one of his home pits and skipping no pits while seeding.

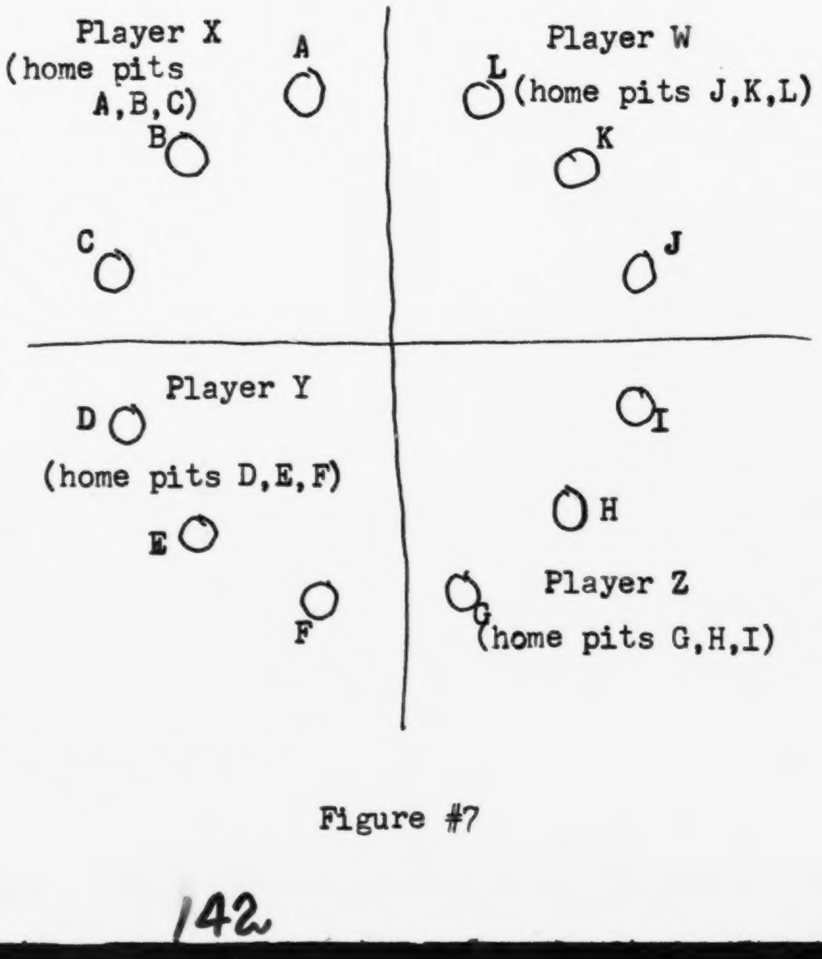


Figure #7

Pebbles are captured when a player seeds his last pebble into a pit containing only one or two pebbles. This allows him to capture either two or three pebbles,(the one or two already in the pit plus the one he seeds into it). If the pit directly preceeding this pit also has only two or three pebbles, he also captures these and so on clockwise until he reaches a pit with more than three pebbles. There he stops and play passes on to the next player. The captured pebbles are set aside in a special pit next to the player. A player cannot capture from his own pits.

If on any player's turn there are no pebbles in his home pits, he is out of the game. The last player remaining in the game gets all of the pebbles left in all of the pits. The player with the most pebbles wins.

The game of Oh-Wa-Ree is available in several commercial versions, one of which is published by the 3-M Company (Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company). It is also easily prepared by using a dozen Dixie cups whose tops have been trimmed off or by nailing muffin tins to a board. Dried beans make excellent "pebbles."

First Kill*

by Jean and Paul Annixter

Though he had not known for sure that he would be using them soon, Hawk had been making arrows for the past two moons. Not the small, blunt arrows which boys used to shoot at birds and squirrels, but flint-headed arrows, ground sharp as knives. He had modeled them carefully after the arrows of Dead-Come-Back-Man, one of the elders of the Oglala who had been a great warrior in his time. Dead-Come-Back-Man had also helped Hawk shape and string a man-size bow, telling him the while the tale of his own first hunt when he had won the name of Panther Boy.

It was as he had looked down at the great buffalo herd with his father that it suddenly came to Hawk that he could wait no longer to prove himself. He must join in the coming hunt. He had the bow and the arrows in the lodge of Dead-Come-Back-Man, who had kept his secret well. What he did not have yet was a grown man's strength. But he had the will.

At dawn on the morning of the hunt Hawk slipped away to the tipi of Dead-Come-Back-Man. His old friend was already up and sitting by his small fire. Hawk knew where his bow and arrows were kept wrapped in a piece of deerskin and went to the place without words. Dead-Come-Back-Man was watching him. Meeting the boy's eye, he held it long and in silence across the fire.

"I must!" Hawk said, answering the look. "The time has come."

"Then I have nothing to say," the elder told him. "The time is for the hunter himself to know."

It was his father's fastest horse that Hawk sought out, a piebald with four white feet. Then he rode to the top of a hill to watch for the start of the hunt. Waiting, he thought only of what he intended to do and how the thing might be done.

At last the party of twenty-one young hunters came in sight, riding fast and in close formation. Hawk saw that Hurries-To-War was in the lead as usual, and behind him young South Bear, a fire-eater with many war coups to his credit. There were but three old muzzle-loading rifles in the party, all the other hunters carrying bows and arrows. Hawk let them get well ahead, then followed at a fast lope, his deerskin shirt-tails flying and flapping as he cut a circle to the side.

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The party was nearing the buffalo herd before Hawk was noticed. Seeing his big bow, the hunters called out jeering shouts of "On-hey!" to quell and shame the boy beyond following. "Oh-hey!" was the shout a warrior gave when he struck or touched an enemy to count coup in battle. Ignoring the mockery, Hawk followed on, sometimes at a tangent, but always circling in again. Soon the hunters were watching him in silence, no longer merely amused and mocking.

Hawk felt keenly their new seriousness. They would not drive him off, he knew; it was not the Sioux way to stop even a boy bent on a feat of courage or name-hunting. But neither would they help or advise him, or make allowance for his youth and inexperience. It was a bold step he had taken, throwing off the protection as well as the fetters of youth. If he was injured it was his own concern. If he failed he would be shamed and laughed at. Better to be killed than that!

He veered aside, asking no quarter.

Hawk was the first to reach the game. He did not stop at the fringe of the herd but lanced his mount into the thick of the mass as he had seen the boldest hunters do. Before him and on both sides buffalo milled and churned uneasily. Behind him he heard shots and the high wild yelling of the young men. The milling buffalo broke into thundering flight and he was carried along in the surging brown tide.

Hawk's horse, though trained as a buffalo runner, was almost out of hand with fear, here in the midst of the herd. No escape except straight up, which was what the piebald was trying for, white-eyed and snorting in panic. Hawk clung to the mane, leaning far forward. Stumble of horse or slip of rider would be fatal here; the fallen one would be ground to pulp within a minute. Even if he would, Hawk could not have used his bow now. It took all he had just to stay with his horse. Nor was there space on either side to drive an arrow home. The thick rising heat of the many huge bodies enveloped him, blent with the musky smell of animal flesh and fur so overpowering that he drowned in it for a time.

When Hawk's consciousness broke through the darkness it seemed that the earth was tipping and there were buffalo swinging in the sky. A deep, dull reverberation filled all the air, the thunder of countless hoofs. Leaning far forward, along his horse's neck and mane, he spoke quiet words into its brown ear until by slow degrees the snorting of fear and the plunging eased.

On they swept, sometimes with space about them now, but they could not have gotten out of the crush or stopped had they tried. Hawk waited for another shifting in the mass, then chose his kill, a young bull off to his right. Gradually he kneed his mount closer, jerked an arrow from his quiver and snapped it to the string. With all his strength he bent the bow, drawing the arrow back to its flint head.

Thwack! The feathered shaft sank half its length behind the shoulder, a bit too high for the heart. The rush of the young bull never slackened. Hawk rushed after him, as if tied to his quarry by a thong. He fitted another arrow to the bow. This time as he came abreast of his game he reached far under the horse's neck with his left arm, clinging with his right leg and right arm, his left leg far down under the belly of his horse. He let go a second shaft inches below the first. The young buffalo bellowed yet pounded on, big head low, liquid eyes gleaming wildly beneath the curled and matted fur.

Scalding shame poured through Hawk. He was not strong enough to bring down game, even with a man-size bow and perfect arrows! The hunters would laugh and mock him, for no doubt they had seen. Even the girls would hear of it and titter as he passed.

The side of the young bull was dripping red, the eyes rolling whitely now in panic and pain. This animal would suffer much, for it would be hours or days from now before he would die.

Suddenly Hawk knew that he could not let the young buffalo go. He had marked it for his own. He must bring it down even if he had to follow it on into the country of the Crows to the west. He reached back for another arrow, then sudden fury made him fling his bow aside. He whipped the quiver up over his head and threw it away. Now Hawk waited his chance and drove his mount in so close that his knee was pressing the wounded bull's flank. He jerked up his legs so that for an instant he was crouched on all fours on the bare back of his galloping pony, then launched himself outward and fastened with clutching hands to the fur of the buffalo's hump. With a wild whinny his horse veered crazily off and Hawk was left there literally riding his prey.

In spite of clutching hands and clamped legs he did not know whether he could hang to the pain-crazed bull or not. His buffalo mount was crashing now through low brush and Hawk's legs and sides were cut with whipping branches till the blood ran. There was no give to that wide, rock-hard back, no letup in the buffalo's pounding gait. The stiff short legs seemed jointless, springless and the hoofs came down like ungiving stone. Hawk felt the spasms of terror that tore through the animal and it took all his remaining strength to crawl slowly forward onto the slipping neck. It was slightly softer there, but lying out as he was his head was lower than his body, for the head of the buffalo all but swept the ground. He offered up a swift prayer to sun and moon and called upon the earth spirit, who presided over all man's hunting. Then his knife was in his right hand and, risking death again, he reached far down to stab and stab beneath the bull's straining neck. The animal's blood spurted, covering Hawk's arm. Still the young bull pounded on and would not die.

Leaning close to one stiff black ear, Hawk voiced the ceremonial words of the buffalo hunter: "Grandfather, my people are hungry. You were created for this, so I must kill you." On his own he added: "Grandfather, fight and run no longer. You are very tired!"

Even so it seemed an endless time before the animal's gait began to falter. Then suddenly the downthrust head and horns gored the earth, and Hawk was flung forward and free of the crashing fall. Instantly he was on all fours, scuttling back to lie in the lee of the now prone body of his kill while hundreds of buffalo coming from behind barely broke their ranks around the fallen one and the small figure huddled behind it.

For an endless time humped forms continued to hurtle past in a wild confusion of pounding hoofs, rolling eyes and froth-strung muzzles. There was an end at last. But even then Hawk stayed low, offering up his thanks to Wahkan-Tanka, the Great One, for this miracle.

When the first of the hunters arrived, Hawk was too busy even to look up. Red-armed, he had already taken the tongue and heart of his kill, and with the skill of a seasoned hunter had slit the hide down the belly and girdled the four legs.

"I, Hawk, have killed this one!" was all he said.

But more than that was on record, for through a break in the ranks of the herd both South Bear and Eagle Seizer had glimpsed the end of Hawk's ride and the final knifing. Very different the hunters' smiles were now. One man sighted Hawk's pony circling afar and rode out and brought it in.

Indicating the sixty dead buffalo strewn over a mile of plain, Hurries-To-War said, "We are going back to bring the women for the skinning-out. You had better ride with us."

Hawk answered firmly, "I, Hawk, will skin this one out!"

Darkness had almost fallen when Hawk rode into camp with the hide, heart and tongue of his kill, his bare legs and arms blood-encrusted. He was bone-weary but content, for the story of his triumph had gone before him through the camp so that there was awe in the eyes of his playmates who had run out to meet him. Trills and sighs came from the girls and young women as Hawk rode in among the tall tipis.

Standing Elk came and took hold of Hawk's thong bridle, calling out as was the custom.

"Look, my son has become a hunter! My son is brave!"

Horned Thunder, the war chief, was standing near. A smile broke through his fierce owl visage as he said, "It is but a little way from a fearless hunter to the brave warrior."

Now Standing Elk led Hawk, still riding the piebald, round the great circle of lodges for all to see. Hawk had to hold hard to hide his feelings, yet he accepted the honor proudly, for his courage was too real a thing to admit a false modesty.

That night there was feasting in the Sioux camp and the dance of thanksgiving that followed a successful hunt. In the tipi of Standing Elk, around the small fire, visitors came and went. Hawk was asked and reasked to tell the story of his hunt. He related it all simply and gravely. Across the fire the eyes of Willow Woman and Wood Mouse gleamed with pride and pleasure. To show his appreciation of the honor to his son, Standing Elk gave away a horse to an elder who had recently lost his. To Hawk he gave the piebald pony. It was the father's privilege to give his boy a new name, had he wished, but Standing Elk decided against it. Hawk was a fine name and there was none he could think of that fitted the boy so well.

Truly he was proud of his son and thankful to Wahkan-Tanks for watching over the boy on this eventful day. But the shaman realized that his own unvoiced wish had fallen earthward, as indeed he had feared it might. For today, it was plain, Hawk had chosen his own course. He would go swiftly along it and far, but it would be the warrior's path, not the shaman's own. Standing Elk knew that in the years to come his people would need the vision of a true shaman as much as they needed a great chief. And who would it be?

Having done his duty according to custom, Standing Elk left the fire-lit circle and sought the lodge of his chief. He stood coughing politely outside the opening of Horned Thunder's tipi until the voice of the chief bade him enter. Horned Thunder sat by his small fire with Eagle Seizer, a seasoned warrior, and White Antelope, subchief of the Oglala. The war chief's wife and another squaw sat in the far shadows.

"Sit and smoke with us, Grandfather," said Horned Thunder, addressing the Shaman by the term of greatest respect. "You should be happy tonight," he added. "You have a brave son in your lodge."

The shaman smiled. "One sets out to raise owls and finds a young falcon in the nest."

African Boy*

by Lubinda Mupai
As told to Charles R. Joy

Barotseland, where the people of my tribe live, is a big plain. It is along the upper part of the great Zambesi River, in the northwestern part of Northern Rhodesia.

Every year in December the river begins to rise. By February or March the waters cover the plain for about one hundred and twenty miles, and in some places the river is about forty miles wide. Between March and July the river begins to fall again.

My village, called Namwelele, is about five miles away from the river when it is low, but in floodtime water covers the village. Then we have to move. We go to another village on higher land. My family has another house there. This village, too, is called Namwelele.

When the flood starts, the people cannot move out right away. They must wait for the king of our tribe to go first. The water begins to creep into our houses, driving the rats and smakes and warrior ants before it. Then the royal drummers, who are supposed to represent the people begin to sing. They beg the king to save his people and move to the higher land. Finally, after the new moon, the king begins to beat the drums. Other drummers take up the beat. All over the plain you can hear the sound - the signal for us to get ready to move.

The king leaves his home on his big floating barge, paddled by forty high nobles of his court. In the center of the barge is a round white tent where the king sits. Other barges and dugout canoes go along with him. After the king moves, all the rest of us can go.

After the floodwaters have fallen, the drummers beg the king to let his people return to the plain. They tell him that they want to go back to their gardens and their fishing. Then he returns to the lowland, and so do all the people.

My family still lives in the house I was born in. That was about sixteen years ago, but I don't know exactly how old I am. The house has a grass room. It is round and made of reeds plastered with mud. There's one dark room inside, and we have no beds or tables or chairs. When we eat we sit on mats and when we sleep we lie on mats and keep warm with blankets.

---

*"African Boy" by Lubinda Mupai, as told to Charles R. Joy, reprinted by permission from SMALL WORLD, edited by Dunning, Smith and Sprague, ©1964 by Scholastic Magazines, Inc.

Our kitchen is a separate hut, smaller, but also round. The sides are open, and we cook on three stones. There are plenty of trees around, and we burn wood for fuel. We have no running water, but there's a well in the village.

Our house in the other village, on high ground, is just the same as the one on the plain.

My father's family name was Mupai, but I don't know the rest of his name. He died when I was a small boy. My mother married again, and my new father came to live in my mother's house.

Both my fathers were farmers. We had a little garden, about half an acre, where we grew corn, cassava, and peanuts. We call the peanuts "monkey nuts," for the monkeys like them and dig them out of the ground.

We used to fish a lot. Everybody did. We had a dugout and we fished with nets, using either one or two boats.

There are many wild animals in Barotseland. Many of the men were hunters. Sometimes at night the lions came into our village, looking for cattle or other animals.

We used to play Sipelu together. A line of boys faced a line of girls. While everyone sang and clapped hands, one of the girls would come forward and choose a boy. Then the two of them would dance together. After that a boy would choose a girl, and so on.

A year ago I came to Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia. If I had stayed in Barotseland I would have had to pay for schooling, and my family couldn't affort it. So I came to live with my uncle. He is a teacher and I am going to his school, the Chilenje Upper School. I don't have to pay to attend.

I'm now studying English, arithmetic, geography, history, science, civics, and Scriptures, and I also take physical training. We also have to study an African language, and I'm studying Bemba, the language of one of the tribes. I also speak Silozi, which is the language of my own people, the Lozi. Of course, I speak English, too.

I get up at six, have breakfast of bread and tea, and walk about a mile and a half to school. At noon I have a thick corn porridge. Sometimes I eat meat or fish with it, and vegetables such as carrots and potatoes. I have some fruit and water. At night I have about the same food.

Ashanti Boy of Ghana*

by Kojo Ahensah
As told to Stephanie Dinkins

My father is a chief of the Ashanti tribes. He wears a robe of kenite cloth. That, and an umbrella held over his head, show father is a man of high position.

I wish I could be a chief some day like my father, but it's not possible. Among our people, the rank of chief is handed down, not from father to son, but from uncle to nephew. Nieces and nephews are very important in our tribe. Years ago, in fact, a man would take care of the children of his sister rather than his own children. His children were looked after by the mother's brother.

Things have changed now. People are taking up modern ways. So I live in my father's house, a large two-story stucco building. In the old days important chiefs had a great number of wives. This was a sign that they were powerful and rich. My father is a more modern man. He has four wives.

Our village is called Offinso. Father is worried because many of our people have been going to the cities to work, and for a more comfortable life. Father decided that we must have a new and better village. He chose a clearing in the forest three miles from Offinso as a place to build a brand-new town. One of the first buildings to be completed in the new Offinso was a stone and stucco school.

Father has not yet built our family's house in the new Offinso. So I ride there in the school bus every day, with the other boys and girls who go to secondary school. I get up in the morning about 6 A.M., and get water in a kerosene can from a nearby stream. We use the water for washing and drinking. I sweep father's room, wash, and eat breakfast. Usually it's boiled yams and stew with meat and vegetables.

Classes at school are from 8 to 11:30 and in the afternoon from 1:15 to 3:30. We students keep the school clean by sweeping it and wiping off the dust. I'm 13 and in seventh grade. My subjects are English, arithmetic, world history, Ghana history, study of plants and animals, civics, geography, and hygiene.

*"Ashanti Boy of Ghana" by Kojo Ahensah, as told to Stephanie Dinkins, reprinted by permission from Junior Scholastic, ©1959 by Scholastic Magazines, Inc.

As my uncle has already built a house in the new Offinso, I go there for lunch. Generally we have such foods as soup, rice, and beans. In the evening I prepare father's supper. I boil plantain, yam, and cassava, and serve them with soup. Then I wash father's dishes, make his bed and my own, and study for a while. Bedtime is at 9. We do not have servants in our house. Mother does the washing and cleaning, and grows crops of corn and cocoa.

Every 43 days, we have an important festival called addae. At that time we pray to our ancestors and to God, and promise to be loyal to our chiefs. At important times such as this, father is surrounded by 16 attendants, such as sword bearers, umbrella bearers, court criers, and drummers. The evening before the addae festival begins, and again on the morning of the festival, drummers beat their drums. Father takes some wine, made from a special palm tree that grows in Ghana, and pours it on the ground. This is done in honor of God and our ancestors. Then the less important chiefs come forward to pledge their loyalty and support to father. Food is placed in front of stools on which dead chiefs used to sit.

I plan to be an engineer like my older brother, who is studying at a university.

Leealura and Maleyato*

There was once a beautiful girl whose name was Leealura. She lived with her grandmother in a small igloo at the edge of a village. Because the two women had no man to hunt for them, they were poor and had to beg for food from the village people. Leealura's clothes were old and tattered, and when the girls of the village went to the community hut to sing and dance, and to meet the young men who would some day be their husbands, Leealura stayed in the igloo with her grandmother. She mended their old clothes with pieces of seal skin which the village people gave her.

The son of the village chief was a young man whose name was Maleyato. He was the best hunter in the village. Whenever he killed a reindeer, he would take the hide for himself and then cut the meat into pieces and give it to the people. Poor women always came to his igloo with sealskin bags for meat, and Maleyato made sure that they were given plenty.

One day, Maleyato's parents came to him and said, "Maleyato, we are old and have not long to live. It is our wish that you take a wife so that we may see your children before we die."

Maleyato wanted to please his mother and father, and he decided to choose a wife. First he went to the little igloo in which he stored his possessions and took many deerskins from it. Then he called all the unmarried women to the community hut. He gave each woman a deerskin. When they were all seated, he said, "I want each of you to make a parka for yourself. I will marry the girl whose needle makes no sound while she sews."

Each girl wanted to become Maleyato's bride, and each sewed with her greatest skill. Maleyato listened carefully, as he walked around the hut, and he heard each girl's needle as it weaved in and out of the deerskin.

Like all girls when they sew, these girls gossiped. Soon, they talked about a young girl who lived at the edge of the village. One girl said that she was lazy, while another added that she had an ugly face, and all of them agreed that her needle was quite noisy. Maleyato heard the girls talking and wondered why they were so mean to the girl who was not there. But he asked no questions. Instead, he told the girls that he could not find a wife among them, since he heard their needles while they sewed. And he gave to each the deerskin she had sewn.

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*From R. Melzack, The Day Tuk Became a Hunter and Other Eskimo Stories (New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co., 1967). Copyright, 1967. Reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead and Co.

Several days after the contest, Maleyato went hunting. As he climbed the snow-hills and searched for reindeer, he saw a little igloo that he had never noticed before. This, he thought, must be the home of the girl the other women had talked about. He wanted to see if they had spoken the truth, so he walked towards the igloo. Just as he was about to enter, the door opened and the most beautiful girl he had ever seen came out. When she saw him, she turned and went back indoors, and Maleyato followed her.

Inside the igloo, the girl sat down beside her grandmother. Maleyato recognized the old woman, because she often came to his igloo for the food he offered to all the poor villagers. Then he told the two women of his parents' wish and of his offer to the young women of the village. He asked the girl if she would sew for him. She seemed eager to take the test, so the young hunter ran home and soon returned with some beautiful deerskins.

Leealura began to sew. Maleyato listened intently but he heard no sound as her needle glided in and out of the skins. He was delighted, because she was so beautiful, and he knew his parents would be pleased. Leealura's grandmother gave her consent to the marriage, and that night Leealura became Maleyato's wife.

How The Rhinoceros Got His Skin

Once upon a time, on an uninhabited island on the shores of the Red Sea, there lived a Parsee from whose hat the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendour. And the Parsee lived by the Red Sea with nothing but his hat and his knife and a cooking-stove of the kind that you must particularly never touch. And one day he took flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things, and made himself one cake which was two feet across and three feet thick. It was indeed a Superior Comestible (that's magic), and he put it on the stove because he was allowed to cook on that stove, and he baked it and he baked it till it was all done brown and smelt most sentimental. But just as he was going to eat it there came down to the beach from the Altogether Uninhabited Interior one Rhinoceros with a horn on his nose, two piggy eyes, and few manners. In those days the Rhinocero's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Art Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then, and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said, 'How!' and the Parsee left that cake and climbed to the top of a palm tree with nothing on but his hat, from which the rays of the sun were always reflected in more-than-oriental splendour. And the Rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn of his nose, and he ate it, and he went away, waving his tail, to the desolate and Exclusively Uninhabited Interior which abuts on the islands of Mazanderan, Socotra, and the Promontories of the Larger Equinox. Then the Parsee came down from his palm-tree and put the stove on its legs and recited the following Sloka, which, as you have not hear, I will now proceed to relate: -

Them that takes cakes
Which the Parsee-man bakes
Makes dreadful mistakes.

And there was a great deal more in that than you would think.

Because, five weeks later, there was a heat-wave in the Red Sea, and everybody took off all the clothes they had. The Parsee took off his hat; but the Rhinoceros took off his skin and carried it over his shoulder as he came down to the beach to bathe. In those days it buttoned underneath with three buttons and looked like a waterproof. He said nothing whatever about the Parsee's cake, because he had eaten it all; and he never had any manners, then, since, or henceforward. He waddled straight into the water and blew bubbles through his nose, leaving his skin on the beach.

Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times. Then he danced three times around the skin and rubbed his hands.

Then he went to his camp and filled his hat with cake-crumbs, for the Parsee never ate anything but cake, and never swept out his camp. He took that skin, and he shook that skin, and he scrubbed that skin, and he rubbed that skin just as full of old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs and some burned currants as ever it could possibly hold. Then he climbed to the top of his palm-tree and waited for the Rhinoceros to come out of the water and put it on.

And the Rhinoceros did. He buttoned it up with the three buttons, and it tickled like cake-crumbs in bed. Then he wanted to scratch, but that made it worse; and then he lay down on the sands and rolled and rolled and rolled, and every time he rolled the cake crumbs tickled him worse and worse and worse. Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold underneath, where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoiled his temper, but it didn't make the least difference to the cakecrumbs. They were inside his skin and they tickled. So he went home, very angry indeed and horribly scratchy; and from that day to this every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin and a very bad temper, all on account of the cake-crumbs inside.

But the Parsee came down from his palm-tree, wearing his hat, from which the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendour, packed up his cooking-stove, and went away in the direction of Orotazo, Amygdala, the Upland Meadows of Anantarivo, and the Marshes of Sonaput.

The Story of Keesh

From Jack London's "Stories of The North"

Keesh lived long ago on the rim of the polar sea, was head man of his village through many and prosperous years, and died full of honors with his name on the lips of men. So long ago did he live that only the old men remember his name, his name and the tale, which they got from the old men before them, and which the old men to come will tell to their children and their children's children down to the end of time. And the winter darkness, when the north gales make their long sweep across the ice pack, and the air is filled with flying white, and no man may venture forth, is the chosen time for the telling of how Keesh, from the poorest igloo in the village, rose to power and place over them all.

He was a bright boy, so the tale runs, healthy and strong, and he had seen thirteen suns, in their way of reckoning time. For each winter the sun leaves the land in darkness, and the next year a new sun returns so that they may be warm again and look upon one another's faces. The father of Keesh had been a very brave man, but he had met his death in a time of famine, when he sought to save the lives of his people by taking the life of a great polar bear. In his eagerness he came to close grapples with the bear, and his bones were crushed; but the bear had much meat on him and the people were saved. Keesh was his only son, and after that Keesh lived alone with his mother. But the people are prone to forget, and they forgot the deed of his father; and he being but a boy, and his mother only a woman, they, too, were swiftly forgotten, and ere long came to live in the meanest of all the igloos.

It was at a council one night in the big igloo of Klosh-Kwan, the chief, that Keesh showed the blood that ran in his veins and the manhood that stiffened his back. With the dignity of an elder he rose to his feet and waited for silence amid the babble of voices.

"It is true that meat be apportioned me and mine," he said. "But it is ofttimes old and tough, this meat, and, moreover, it has an unusual quantity of bones."

The hunters, grizzled and gray, and lusty and young, were aghast. The like had never been known before. A child that talked like a grown man, and said harsh things to their very faces!

But steadily and with seriousness Keesh went on. "For that I know my father, Bok, was a great hunter, I speak these words. It is said that Bok brought home more meat than any of the two best hunters, that with his own hands he attended to the division of it, that with his own eyes he saw to it that the least old woman and the least old man received fair share."

"Na! Na!" the men cried. "Put the child out!" "Send him off to bed!" "He is no man that he should talk to men and graybeards!"

He waited calmly till the uproar died down.

"Thou hast a wife, Ugh-Gluk," he said, "and for her dost thou speak. And thou, too, Massuk, a mother also, and for them dost thou speak. My mother has no one, save me; wherefore I speak. As I say, though Bok be dead because he hunted over-keenly, it is just that I, who am his son, and that Ikeega, who is my mother and was his wife, should have meat in plenty so long as there be meat in plenty in the tribe. I Keesh, the son of Bok, have spoken."

He sat down, his ears keenly alert to the flood of protest and indignation his words had created.

"That a boy should speak in council!" old Ugh-Gluk was mumbling.

"Shall the babes in arms tell us men the things we shall do?" Massuk demanded in a loud voice. "Am I a man that I should be made a mock by every child that cries for meat?"

The anger boiled to a white heat. They ordered him to bed, threatened that he should have no meat at all, and promised him sore beatings for his presumption. Keesh's eyes began to flash, and the blood to pound darkly under his skin. In the midst of the abuse he sprang to his feet.

"Hear me, ye men!" he cried. "Never shall I speak in the council again, never again till the men come to me and say, 'It is well, Keesh, that thou shouldst speak; it is well and it is our wish.' Take this now, ye men, for my last word. Bok, my father, was a great hunter. I too, his son, shall go and hunt the meat that I eat. And be it known, now, that the dividion of that which I kill shall be fair. And no widow nor weak one shall cry in the night because there is no meat, when the strong men are groaning in great pain for that they have eaten overmuch. And in the days to come there shall be shame upon the strong men who have eaten overmuch. I, Keesh, have said it!"

Jeers and scornful laughter followed him out of the igloo, but his jaw was set and he went his way, looking neither to right nor left.

The next day he went forth along the shore line where the ice and the land met together. Those who saw him go noted that he carried his bow, with a goodly supply of bone-barbed arrows, and that across his shoulder was his father's big hunting spear. And there was laughter, and much talk, at the event. It was an unprecedented occurrence. Never did boys of his tender age go forth to hunt, much less to hunt alone. Also were there shaking of heads and phophetic mutterings, and the women looked pityingly at Ikeega, and her face was grave and sad.

"He will be back ere long," they said cheeringly.

"Let him go; it will teach him a lesson," the hunters said. "And he will come back shortly, and he will be meek and soft of speech in the days to follow."

But a day passed, and a second, and on the third a wild gale blew, and there was no Keesh. Ikeega tore her hair and put soot of the seal oil on her face in token of her grief; and the women assailed the men with bitter words in that they had mistreated the boy and sent him to his death; and the men made no answer, preparing to go in search of the body when the storm abated.

Early next morning, however, Keesh strode into the village. But he came not shamefacedly. Across his shoulders he bore a burden of fresh-killed meat. And there was importance in his step and arrogance in his speech.

"Go, ye men, with the dogs and sledges, and take my trail for the better part of a day's travel," he said. "There is much meat on the ice - a she-bear and two half-grown cubs."

Ikeega was overcome with joy, but he received her demonstrations in manlike fashion, saying: "Come, Ikeega, let us eat. And after that I shall sleep, for I am weary."

And he passed into their igloo and ate profoundly, and after that slept for twenty running hours.

There was much doubt at first, much doubt and discussion. The killing of a polar bear is very dangerous, but thrice dangerous is it, and three times thrice, to kill a mother bear with her cubs. The men could not bring themselves to believe that the boy Keesh, single-handed, had accomplished so great a marvel. But the women spoke of the fresh-killed meat he had brought on his back, and this was an overwhelming argument against their unbelief. So they finally departed, grumbling greatly that in all probability, if the thing were so, he had neglected to cut up the carcasses. Now in the north it is very necessary that this should be done as soon as a kill is made. If not, the meat freezes so solidly as to turn the edge of the sharpest knife, and a three-hundred-pound bear, frozen still, is no easy thing to put upon a sled and haul over the rough ice. But arrived at the spot, they found not only the kill which they had doubted, but that Keesh had quartered the beasts in true hunter fashion, and removed the entrails.

Thus began the mystery of Keesh, a mystery that deepened and deepened with the passing of the days. His very next trip he killed a young bear, nearly full-grown, and on the trip following, a large male bear and his mate. He was ordinarily gone from three to four days, though it was nothing unusual for him to stay away a week at a time on the ice field. Always he declined company on these expeditions, and the people marveled. "How does he do it?" they demanded of one another. "Never does he take a dog with him, and dogs are of such great help, too."

"Why dost thou hunt only bear?" Klosh-Kwan once ventured to ask.

And Keesh made fitting answer. "It is well known that there is more meat on the bear," he said.

But there was also talk of witchcraft in the village. "He hunts with evil spirits," some of the people contended, "wherefore his hunting is rewarded. How else can it be, save that he hunts with evil spirits?"

"Mayhap they be not evil, but good, these spirits," others said. "It is known that his father was a mighty hunter. May not his father hunt with him so that he may attain excellence and patience and understanding? Who knows?"

Nonetheless, his success continued, and the less skillful hunters were often kept busy hauling in his meat. And in the division of it he was just. As his father had done before him, he saw to it that the least old woman and least old man received a fair portion, keeping no more for himself than his needs required. And because of this, and of his merit as a hunter, he was looked upon with respect, and even awe; and there was talk of making him chief after old Klosh-Kwan. Because of the things he had done, they looked for him to appear again in the council, but he never came, and they were ashamed to ask.

"I am minded to build me an igloo," he said one day to Klosh-Kwan and a number of the hunters. "It shall be a large igloo, wherein Ikeega and I can swell in comfort."

"Ay," they nodded gravely.

"But I have no time. My business is hunting, and it takes all my time. So it is but just that the men and women of the village who eat my meat should build me my igloo."

And the igloo was built accordingly, on a generaous scale which exceeded even the dwelling of Klosh-Kwan. Keesh and his mother moved into it, and it was the first prosperity she had enjoyed since the death of Bok. Nor was material prosperity alone hers, for because of her wonderful son and the position he had given her, she came to be looked upon as the first woman in all the village; and the women were given to visiting her, to asking her advice, and to quoting her wisdom when arguments arose among themselves or with the men.

But it was the mystery of Keesh's marvelous hunting that took chief place in all their minds. And one day Ugh-Gluk taxed him with witchcraft to his face.

"It is charged," Ugh-Gluk said ominously, "that thou dealest with evil spirits, wherefore thy hunting is rewarded."

"Is not the meat good?" Keesh made answer. "Has one in the village yet to fall sick from the eating of it? How dost thou know that witchcraft be-concerned? Or dost thou guess, in the dark, merely because of the envy that consumes thee?"

And Ugh-Gluk withdrew discomfited, the women laughing at him as he walked away. But in council one night, after long deliberation, it was determined to put spies on his track when he went forth to hunt, so that his methods might be learned. So, on his next trip, Bim and Bawn, two young men, and of hunters the craftiest, followed after him, taking care not to be seen. After five days they returned, their eyes bulging and their tongues atremble to tell what they had seen. The council was hastily called in Klosh-Kwan's dwelling, and Bim took up the tale.

"Brothers! As commanded, we journeyed on the trail of Keesh, and cunningly we journeyed, so that he might not know. And midway of the first day he picked up with a great he-bear. It was a very great bear."

"None greater," Bawn corroborated, and went on himself. "Yet was the bear not inclined to fight, for he turned away and made off slowly over the ice. This we saw from the rocks of the shore, and the bear came toward us and after him came Keesh, very much unafraid. And he shouted harsh, words after the bear, and waved his arms about, and made much noise. Then did the bear grow angry, and rise up on his hind legs, and growl. But Keesh walked right up to the bear."

"Ay," Bim continued the story. "Right up to the bear Keesh walked. And the bear took after him, and Keesh ran away. But as he ran he dropped a little round ball on the ice. And the bear stopped and smelled of it, and then swallowed it up. And Keesh continued to run away and drop little round balls, and the bear continued to swallow them up."

Exclamations and cries of doubt were being made, and Ugh-Gluk expressed open unbelief.

"With our own eyes we saw it," Bim affirmed.

And Bawn - "Ay, with our own eyes. And this continued until the bear stood suddenly upright and cried aloud in pain, and thrashed his forepaws madly about. And Keesh continued to make off over the ice to a safe distance. But the bear gave him no notice, being occupied with the misfortune the little round balls had wrought within him."

"Ay, within him," Bim interrupted. "For he did claw at himself, and leap about over the ice like a playful puppy, save from the way he growled and squealed it was plain it was not play but pain. Never did I see such a sight!"

"Nay, never was such a sight seen," Bawn took up the strain. "And furthermore, it was such a large bear."

"Witchcraft," Ugh-Gluk suggested.

"I know not," Bawn replied. "I tell only of what my eyes beheld. And after a while the bear grew weak and tired, for he was very heavy and he had jumped about with exceeding violence, and he went off along the shore ice, shaking his head slowly from side to side and sitting down ever and again to squeal and cry. And Keesh followed after the bear, and we followed after Keesh, and for that day and three days more we followed. The bear grew weak, and never ceased crying from his pain."

"It was a charm!" Ugh-Gluk exclaimed. "Surely it was a charm!"

"It may well be."

And Bim relieved Bawn. "The bear wandered, now this way and now that, doubling back and forth and crossing his trail in circles, so that at the end he was near where Keesh had first come upon him. By this time he was quite sick, the bear, and could crawl no farther, so Keesh came up close and speared him to death."

"And then?" Klosh-Kwan demanded.

"Then we left Keesh skinning the bear, and came running that the news of the killing might be told."

And in the afternoon of that day the women hauled in the meat of the bear while the men sat in council assembled. When Keesh arrived a messenger was sent to him, bidding him come to the council. But he sent reply, saying that he was hungry and tired; also that his igloo was large and comfortable and could hold many men.

And curiosity was so strong in the men that the whole council, Klosh-Kwan to the fore, rose up and went to the igloo of Keesh. He was eating, but he received them with respect and seated them according to their rank. Ikeega was proud and embarassed by turns, but Keesh was quite composed.

Klosh-Kwan recited the information brought by Bim and Bawn, and at its close said in a stern voice: "So explanation is wanted, O Keesh, of thy manner of hunting. Is there witchcraft in it?"

Keesh looked up and smiled. "Nay, O Klosh-Kwan. It is not for a boy to know aught of witches, and of witches I know nothing. I have but devised a means whereby I may kill the ice bear with ease, that is all. It be headcraft, not witchcraft."

"And may any man?"

"Any man."

There was a long silence. The men looked in one another's faces, and Keesh went on eating.

"And...and...and wilt thou tell us, O Keesh?" Klosh-Kwan finally asked in a tremulous voice.

"Yea, I will tell thee." Keesh finished sucking a marrow-bone and rose to his feet. "It is quite simple. Behold!"

He picked up a thin strip of whalebone and showed it to them. The ends were sharp as needlepoints. The strip he coiled carefully, till it disappeared in his hand. Then, suddenly releasing it, it sprang straight again. He picked up a piece of blubber.

"So," he said, "one takes a small chunk of blubber, thus, and thus makes it hollow. Then into the hollow goes the whalebone, so tightly coiled, and another piece of blubber is fitted over the whalebone. After that it is put outside where it freezes into a little round ball. The bear swallows the little round ball, the blubber melts, the whalebone with its sharp ends stands out straight, the bear gets sick, and when the bear is very sick, why you kill him with a spear. It is quite simple."

And Ugh-Gluk said "Oh!" and Klosh-Kwan said "Ah!" And each said something after his own manner, and all understood.

And this is the story of Keesh, who lived long ago on the rim of the polar sea. Because he exercised headcraft and not witchcraft, he rose from the meanest igloo to be head man of his village, and through all the years that he lived, it is related, his tribe was prosperous, and neither widow nor weak one cried aloud in the night because there was no meat.

Body Ritual Among The Nacirema*

by Horace Miner

The anthropologist has become so familiar with the variety of ways in which different peoples behave in similar situations that he is not apt to be surprised by even the most exotic customs. In fact, it all the logically possible combinations of behavior have not been found somewhere in the world, he is apt to suspect that they must be present in some yet undescribed tribe... In this light, the magical beliefs and practices of the Nacirema present such unusual aspects that it seems desirable to describe them as an example of the extremes to which human behavior can go.

Professor Linton first brought the ritual of the Nacerima to the attention of anthropologists twenty years ago, but the culture of this people is still very poorly understood. They are a North American group living in the territory between the Canadian Cree, the Yaqui and Tarahumare of Mexico, and the Carib and Arawak of the Antilles. Little is known of their origin, although tradition states that they came from the east. According to Nacirema mythology, their nation was originated by a culture hero, Notgnihsaw, who is otherwise known for two great feats of strength--the throwing of a piece of wampum across the Pa-To-Mac and the chopping down of a cherry tree in which the Spirit of Truth resided.

The fundamental belief underlying the whole system appears to be that the human body is ugly and there is a natural tendency to be ill. Every household has one or more shrines devoted to preventing and curing these illnesses. The focal point of the shrine is a box or chest which is built into the wall. In this chest are kept the many charms and magical potions without which no native believes he could live. These preparations are secured from a variety of special people. The most powerful of these are the medicine men, whose assistance must be rewarded with substantial gifts. However, the medicine men do not provide the curative potions for their clients, but decide what the ingredients should be and then write them down in an ancient and secret language. This writing is understood only by the medicine men and by the herb makers who, for another gift, provide the required charm.

Beneath the charm-box is a small font. Each day every member of the family, in succession, enters the shrine room, bows his head before the charm-box, mingles different sorts of holy water in the font, and proceeds with a brief rite of cleansing. The holy waters are secured from the Water Temple of the community, where the priests conduct elaborate ceremonies to make the liquid ritually pure.

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* Excerpted and reprinted with the permission of the American Anthropological Association and the author, Horace Miner, from: "Body Ritual Among The Nacirema," American Anthropologist, vol. 58, 1956

Of all the magical practitioners, the people are most afraid of the "holy-mouth-men." The Nacirema have both a horror of and fascination with the mouth, the condition of which is believed to have supernatural influence on all social relationships. Were it not for the rituals of the mouth, they believe that their teeth would fall out, their gums bleed, their jaws shrink, their friends desert them and their lovers reject them. They also believe that a strong relationship exists between the mouth and moral characteristics. For example, there is a ritual cleansing for the mouth of children which is supposed to improve their moral fiber.

The daily body ritual performed by everybody includes a mouthrite. Despite the fact that these people are so picky about care of the mouth, this rite involves a practice which strikes the uninitiated stranger as revolting. It was reported to me that the ritual consists of inserting a small bundle of hairs into the mouth, and then moving the bundle in a highly formalized series of gestures.

In addition to the private mouth-rite, the people seek out a holy-mouth-man once or twice a year. These practitioners have an impressive set of equipment, consisting of awls, probes and prods. The use of these objects in driving out the evils of the mouth involves almost unbelievable ritual torture. The holy-mouth-man opens the client's mouth and, using the above mentioned tools, enlarges any holes in the teeth. Large sections of one or more teeth are gourged out so that the supernatural substance can be applied. In the client's view, the purpose of these ministrations is to arrest decay and to draw friends. This ritual is enacted once a year.

The Nacerima also practice several forms of body torture, which in most cases is believed to heighten physical attractiveness and make them handsome. The men practice scraping and lacerating the surface of the face with a sharp instrument. Special women's rites are performed only four times during each lunar month, but what they lack in frequency is made up in self-torture. As part of this ceremony, women bake their heads in small ovens for about an hour. Nacerima women also apply magic paint and powders to their face and body which is supposed to give them powers over Nacerima men. The men, after scraping their faces, apply magic liquids which are reported to give them power over women.

The medicine men have an imposing temple, or latipso, in every community of any size. The more elaborate ceremonies required to treat very sick patients can only be performed at this temple. These ceremonies involve not only the medicine men but a permanent group of maidens who move quietly about the temple chambers in distinctive costumes and headresses.

The latispso ceremonies are so harsh that it is phenominal that a fair proportion of the really sick natives who enter the temple ever recover. Small children whose indoctrination is still incomplete have been known to resist attempts to take them to the temple because "that is where you go to die." Despite this fact, sick adults are not only willing to go but eager to undergo the ritual purification, if they can afford to do so. No matter how ill the person is or how grave the emergency, the guardians of many temples will not admit a client if he cannot give a rich gift to the custodian. Even after one has gained admission and survived the ceremonies, the guardians will not permit the healed one to leave until he makes still another gift.

Becoming A Man in Africa*

by Marianne Goldstein

Boys must show that they are brave and know how to act before anyone will consider them grown men. This is true in the United States and it is true in Africa. I have heard that in America young men must prove themselves all the time in everything they do. There is no one way of proving you are a man.

My people are called the Kikuyu, we live next to the Masai in East Africa. Like them we herd cattle to get our food. For us there is just one big test of manhood. All boys must pass the test of initiation when they are about eighteen years old. Each year, boys who are eighteen years old go with the elders to the river. They must get into the river and wait for the elders to take out their knives and cut the boys on the face. While the boys wait they sing songs to keep up their courage. The cutting is very painful, but the boys do not call out. They show that they are now brave men.

Boys could refuse to go through with the initiation, but then they would be treated like children all their lives. Until a boy is initiated, he cannot get married, build his house or go to battle.

At the time of the initiation, the young men are given a name that has to do with something that happened the year of their initiation. It is like giving a class in school the name of the year it graduates. The names of some groups are: "Drought", and "Victory over the Masai". My age group name is "Cattle Died". We got the name because there was sickness among the cattle that year.

After initiation, young men get to be first junior warriors, and then senior warriors. We fight in the regiment of men we were initiated with. When a warrior gets married and he builds a house and his wife has her first child he becomes an assistant elder. The elders are the ones who run the village. The young elder learns from the old men how to judge and make decisions for the village. When a man's children are grown up, he becomes a senior elder and makes decisions for a whole group of Kikuyu tribes. I just became a senior elder, when my son was initiated. His initiation was the biggest even in my life next to my own initiation. I am still close friends with the other men who stood with me in that cold river waiting to be cut, even though it was thirty years ago.

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WORKSHEET for "Becoming a Man in Africa"

1) Where do the Kikuyu live?________________________

2) How do they and the Masai get food?____________________

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3) Initiation is the thing done to bring a new person into a group. Kikuyu boys are brought into the group of grown men, when they are initiated. What happens during initiation?

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4) What happens to a boy if he refuses to be initiated?

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5) What do young men do after initiation?________________

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6) What do older men do when they have children, and those children grow up?________________________

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Life on the Savanna*

My people are the Masai, we live on the savanna of East Africa. During the summer, the savanna land is very dry, but we have enough to eat and drink. That is because we keep cattle. We drink the milk of our cattle mixed with some of their blood. We do not kill the cattle to get their blood, we just take a little at a time. The cattle give us blood, the way a person might give blood to help an injured person.

We move with our cattle from place to place so that we can find new grass for them to eat. We have so many cattle that soon they eat the grass in one area down to the roots. Just the men go with the cattle usually. The women stay behind to tend the crops we plant. In the summer we men take the cattle to the mountains where it rains more. But if the cattle do not find enough to eat in the summer, they can live off the hump of fat on their backs. Our cattle are sort of the camels of the savanna.

Our cattle are very important to us. Not only do we get much of our food from them, but they are also a sign of wealth among our people. It is with cattle that we must pay for our brides. We give cattle not to buy our women, but to make up for the loss of her parents. Because after a woman gets married she no longer works in the fields for her parents; she works instead for her husband.

While we do not usually kill cattle, we use them once in a while for religious sacrifice. When boys are young they get an animal of their own. They take great pride in taking care of this animal. They decorate its horns and put bells on its neck. This animal is like a copy of the boy himself. From it he gets his name-of-honor, his ox-name.

We believe that God gave cattle only to our people. If other tribes now have cattle, they must have gotten them from us. Sometimes we try to steal some of these cattle back. Because of cattle raiding, fighting sometimes breaks out between our tribe and other tribes. We, Masai, are great warriors. Our tribe is divided into military regiments. Those men who were boys together and went through the ceremonies which make them men at the same time, are in one regiment. We are very close to those men, who are our age, because of the ceremonies we went through together. These ceremonies are the most important event in our lives.

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WORKSHEET Name________________

Section______________

1) Where do the Masai live?____________________

2) What do they drink?____________________

3) Do the men or the women take care of the cattle?__________

4) Why are cattle important to the Masai?____________________

5) What one thing is important to you the way cattle are important to the Masai?____________________

6) Why do the Masai steal other tribes' cattle?____________________

7) What happens when cattle are raided?____________________

8) What is the most important event in the lives of the Masai?

Nigeria*

by Marianne Goldstein

Nigeria has more people than any other country in Africa. It is one of the most important countries on the continent. It has the same hopes and problems as many other African nations.

Nigeria has many natural resources which will help it become a rich nation where people have plenty of food, good clothes, cars and houses. Now it produces palm oil, peanuts and cacao on large farms called plantations. In the ground of Nigeria there is valuable minerals. There is especially tin and oil. Columbite is used to make stainless steel and most of it is found in Nigeria. Many young men in Nigeria are learning how to build and run mines to get the minerals out of the ground, and factories so that the minerals can be changed into useful products. Some of these young people stay in Nigeria and study at the university in the city of Ibandan. Many also come to the United States and Europe to study how to build factories and mines.

But Nigeria has one big problem keeping it from becoming rich. There are many peoples in Nigeria, each with their own customs and languages. In the North are the Hausa, a Moslem people; they are the largest people in Nigeria. In the south, there are several peoples, among them are the Yoruba in the West, the Edo in the middle and the Ibo in the East. The Ibo in the East want their own country. They feel that the other people are prejudiced against them. They want to be an independent nation, that would not have to obey the Nigerian government. They called the nation Biafra. The Nigerians feel that it would be better for all of Nigeria, if Biafra was part of Nigeria. Nigeria would be stronger, just like the United States is stronger for staying together after the Civil War. The fighting in Biafra has meant little food has been grown in the area, and little food can get in the area, so many people, especially children are dying of starvation. How can a country become rich and strong, when it is fighting within itself and so many people are dying?

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Koshian, Boy of the Kalahari Desert*

My name is Koshian, I am part of the small group of Kung Bushmen, who live in the Kalahari Desert. Our desert is not just sand, there are patches of grass and bushes. Our great great grandfathers lived over much of southern Africa. Now European and Bantu people use most of our old land for farming, and we live in the deserts, where no one can farm. We, Kung, do not farm to get our food.

The fathers hunt animals like rabbits and porcupines that live in the Kalahari. They also go off in groups and hunt gib animals, like giraffes and ostriches. The big animals are killed with poison arrows. The poison makes certain that no animal we wound will get away. We must be sure not to lose wounded animals, because it is hard to find animals in such a dry place. It is a big event when our fathers come back with a giraffe. Our band of about twenty-five people gets together, and each family gets some meat. We share all big animals, even with families whose fathers did not hunt for it. In such a dry place, our people could not survive unless we shared. Imagine what would happen if the men who killed an animal kept all the meat. Some of the people in other families might starve to death. If these hunters were unlucky later, and didn't kill any animals, no one would help them. We must all help each other.

We also share the water we get from the few water holes in our land. We must travel to look for animals and plants to eat, but we travel over the same land each year so we know where to find the water holes. We would probably die of thirst if we had to search for water, but we find it in the same places each year. Sometimes our water holes dry up. The fathers know where water is near the surface of the ground. They dig until the ground is wet. Then we suck the water, through a reed with a grass filter to keep the dirt out of our mouths..

While my father hunts, my mother goes with the other women to a place where there are groups of plants with berries and roots that are good to eat. These plants are cooked by our mothers every evening.

I spend my day hunting for small animals. I am learning to aim arrows very well. Soon I will go with my father on hunting trips. I hope to be a great hunter for my people someday.

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I Am Karung*

by Marianne Goldstein

My name is Karung, I am Koshian's cousin. I have just come to live with Koshian's band. The land that my old band traveled has been dry for several years. Most of the water holes have dried up completely. We could not get enough water for all the twenty people in our band. So my parents decided to move. We came to this band because my mother grew up with this band. She moved to father's band when she got married.

Another family from our band decided to move to the grassland to the East. There they will live on the land of a Bantu farmer. Their father will work on the farm to earn the family's food and clothing. I am glad my father decided to stay in the Kalahari desert and continue to hunt. I would rather hunt than go to school. It is more exciting to hunt than to live on a farm I think.

When we moved to Koshian's band, they welcomed us. They understand that families must change bands when one area dries up. We Bushmen believe we will have bad luck in finding food if we do not share our food and water. We must also protect ourselves against sorcery by evil men if we wish to be successful hunters. There are ceremonies that overcome evil sorcery. I will learn to follow these ceremonies, to make hunts successful and to cure people's illnesses next month. Next month is when I will be initiated, after that I will be considered a man, not a boy. I hope some day I will be the great wise man of my band. They will come to me for help in hunting, or when they are sick.

At night I tell Koshian how I will be a great wise man and he tells me of how he will be a great hunter. I hope when we grow up we will be in the same band, but there is no way of knowing if that will be. If this land has a dry spell, my family or his family may have to move.

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The Marriage of an African Girl*

by Marianne Goldstein

I live in West Africa. I am now fourteen years old. In a few more years, I will get married. American women often say that they would not like to share a husband with other wives, like many African women do. They do not see the many good things about the African way. When I get married, I may join my sister as her husband's second wife. She will help me learn to take care of my children.

Her husband is becoming a rich man. If I were to become his wife he would have to give my parents a great deal of money or cattle. He would also have to have enough money to take care of me and my children. I hope my sister and I would not fight about whether he treated our children the same. I do not think we would. We get along well together. But some co-wives do fight because of their children. Every woman wants the best for her children. Even if she likes her co-wife, she will get mad if she thinks her co-wife gets more for her children.

It would be easier to be a co-wife. When I have a new baby, I would not have to take care of my husband. His other wife would do that. When she has a new baby, my child would be older, then I will care for my husband.

Some people wonder how there are enough women for men to have more than one wife. Men do not marry as young as women do in Africa. One reason is that a man must gather the wealth to give the parents of his bride. This takes several years for many men. A man's first wife may be nearly his age but he will be older before he can afford a second wife, and still older when he has the money for a third wife. His second and third wives are usually much younger than he is. But do not feel sorry for these young wives, with an old husband; he will take good care of them. And if he dies they will become the wives of his younger brother. Maybe if he has a grown son by an older wife, they may become his son's wives. In America, a widow may have to wait a long time before she can find a new husband. In Africa, it is easy for a widow to find a husband, since any man with enough money can marry her, even though he has a wife.

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Introduction:

It was cool for October. Sun washed the leaves still left on the trees; the wind rustled those on the ground. Two figures dressed in old clothes jogged slowly through the park: Hubert--thirteen, black, a student; Dan—twenty-six, white, a teacher.

After a mile they slowed down and began to walk. Dan was breathing much harder than Hubert and admitted he was in poor condition. Hubert smiled quietly.

"Have you ever read Dick Gregory's autobiography, Nigger?"

"No..."

"Do you know who he is?"

Hubert thought for a moment. Then, softly, "He works for civil rights."

"Right. He ran for President, too, and was in the marches in Selma and Milwaukee. He was also a great track star in high school."

They kept walking. Then Hubert, still looking straight ahead, whispered, "I'm gonna be a track star someday."

"As good as Gregory?"

"I doan know," Hubert replied. Then he turned toward Dan, "Was he good?"

"He was great. But it was hard work; he almost quit. He tells about it in his book. Would you like to read it?"

Hubert stared ahead. "Yeah," he said, "I guess so."

Hubert read Nigger that afternoon and evening. It was the first book he had ever read straight through. The next morning he announced to Dan that he was going to train hard in preparation for the 1972 Olympics. There was no question in his mind that he could make it.

"It's like Gregory," he said. "He got things just by working at them."

Like many people his age, Hubert was in the process of establishing an adult identity. Dick Gregory had become Hubert's hero, a person against whom he could measure his own life, at least for several days.

The readings and films suggested in this unit are about people—some real, some fictional—who faced difficult and challenging situations in their lives. A study of these characters, and their responses to the situations in which they find themselves, can be an interesting and enlightening lesson in human beliefs and behavior. Some teachers may wish to use the material in this way. Others may wish to go further, using the characters, their situation, and their responses as one means of studying contemporary American culture or of investigating how and why people develop choices and make decisions.

Ultimately, however, these people provide relevant models against whom students can measure their own lives—their values, their choices, their actions. The emphasis is not on the memorization of the names and achievements of selected heroes, but on helping the student to develop a more constructive image of himself through the recognition that people with whom he can identify have contributed constructively to the society to which he belongs. Thus, the activities developed in this unit are attempts to use other people as a means by which students can come to grips with the way they themselves feel, choose, and act.

These suggestions may be helpful in two ways: First, they provide some specific ideas and material for a unit based upon an examination of oneself through the study of other people. Second, they contain information about the learning process and classroom environments. Thus, the suggestions can be viewed as reflecting an attitude toward teaching and learning and offering techniques which can expand a teacher's repertoire of teaching methods. In a sense, then, these are (a) some ideas about curriculum content (in this case, other people and oneself) and (b) some ideas about the teaching and learning processes. These latter ideas are explained more fully in the pamphlet, "Process Techniques," which we urge you to read before continuing with these suggestions for a unit on people.

The major purpose of this presentation is to help each teacher develop and teach his own unit. Accordingly what follows is not a finished curriculum but a "curriculum of suggestions," a collection of materials and ideas to be organized and taught according to each teacher's own objectives. To use the material effectively a teacher should determine his own objectives for the unit as a whole and for each lesson he plans to teach, then examine the ideas offered here and revise or organize them to meet those objectives.

Dick Gregory:

Dick Gregory's autobiography, Nigger, is available in hard cover and paperback editions (New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., 1964). In addition, an excerpt (section IV of the chapter "Not Poor, Just Broke") describing his early high school years is available in the Xerox The Way It Is series (available from Xerox Corporation, 600 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022). The Xerox materials include both reprints of the excerpt and a recording of it.

Gregory's is a story of a young man of fantastic personal determination; his life presents a remarkable example of actions based upon personal values. Thus, one of the principal purposes of this section is to have students examine the connection between what they say they value and how they act by comparing aspects of their lives with Dick Gregory's. Underlying many of these suggestions are ideas and techniques drawn from the Raths-Harmin-Simon book Values and Teaching (see the pamphlet on "Process Techniques" for further information).

1) The best way to introduce Dick Gregory is through his comedy recordings. This introduction can take several days, perhaps as end-of-the-period "fillers" or, if appropriate, as relevant, humorous social comment on issues being dealt with in a previous week's classes. The introduction might be followed with some discussion of Gregory as a comedian and social critic (as compared with Bill Cosby or Jonathan Winters). The students should be encouraged to share any information they might have about Gregory's background. A brief sketch of his life can be pieced together including some of the following information: He grew up in St. Louis. After establishing himself as a comedian, he turned to civil rights and was especially active as a leader of the Milwaukee open housing marches. He became active in politics, first as a Eugene McCarthy supporter and then a Presidential candidate himself. He has been both wounded and jailed in civil rights work.

2) The following voting questions serve to "key" students in terms of their own feelings to some of the events and decisions of Gregory's life as they are described in the "Not Poor, Just Broke" excerpt:

1) Do you drink more than a glass of milk a day?

2) Do you usually miss more than five days of school in a month?

3) When you eat a tangerine, do you pick all of the white stringy stuff off before putting the section in your mouth?

4) Have you read a newspaper (other than the funnies) in the last week?

5) Have you ever stopped a fight between two boys your own age?

6) In the last two weeks have you bought a new item of clothing? In the last month?

7) Do you like to go barefoot in the summer?

8) Have you ever forced yourself to endure pain just to prove to yourself that you could do it?

9) Do you usually take a bath or a shower every day?

10) Do you have a regular job for which you are paid?

11) Do you like being given a shot with a needle?

12) Does your mother work to help support the family?

13) In addition to your regular school work, do you study anything? For instance do you take art or music lessons, receive tutoring, have religious instruction, etc.?

14) Have you ever asked a girl for a date?

15) Have you ever been ashamed of your mother or father?

16) Would you rather write with a pencil than a pen?

17) Do you kiss your mother good night?

18) Have you ever turned down a gang fight?

19) Have you ever been away from your family for a month or more at a time?

The students are asked to respond to each question in one of four ways:

(i) If you answer the question, "Yes," raise your hand. (ii) If "No," leave your hand down. (iii) If you feel very strongly in favor of something, raise your hand and wave it around wildly. (iv) If you are very strongly opposed to it, sit on your hand. These questions give students a chance to make very simple, nonthreatening value judgments publicly. That the students vote honestly is of less importance than that they at least consider the questions in relation to themselves, and later be able to relate elements of Dick Gregory's life to that consideration. Some innocuous questions unrelated to the Gregory material have been added to preserve the nonthreatening aspect of the activity.

3) The voting procedure can be followed immediately with either a reading (by the teacher) or a playing of the tape of the "Not Poor, Just Broke" excerpt. During the reading the teacher may wish to interrupt in order to repeat some of the previous voting questions in their proper context in Gregory's life. Another possibility is to interrupt the narration to ask other questions keyed to appropriate points of the narrative (see the reprint of the "Not Poor, Just Broke" excerpt provided for this purpose in the appendix):

Page 1:

a. How many of you think you are somebody?

b. How many of you would like to be somebody?

c. Which would you most, next, least like to be: rich, handsome, important?

d. Which would you most, next, least like to have: a book, a baseball, a paint set?

e. What does that tell us about the kind of person you are (voluntary discussion)?

Page 2:

a. Which would you most, next, least like to be able to do: talk, run, fight?

b. Which would you most, next, least rather be: an athlete, a rich boy, a "brain," a "big wheel."

Page 3:

a. How many of you would like someone to care enough about you to hit you?

b. How many of you have seen someone die?

Page 4:

a. How many of you have ever lied?

b. How many of you have ever lied to make yourselves look better?

Page 5:

a. How many of you have ever made fools of yourselves over a girl?

b. How many of you know you can do something really well? What?

Page 9:

a. Have you ever been afraid that you would not be able to do something you tried to do?

Page 10:

a. How many of you have "something inside of you that makes you go"?

b. How many of you would like to have it?

It is probably not a good idea to use each and every one of these questions since they would severely interrupt the narrative. Those questions should be selected or made up which are appropriate for a particular class. When using these value-clarifying questions, it is a good idea to establish a ground rule that anyone is free to pass on any question at any time without having to explain. This rule helps to preserve the nonthreatening atmosphere of such exercises.

Since some of the students will want to learn more about Dick Gregory, it is a good idea to have several paperback copies of Nigger available for to borrow. The teacher might want to introduce the book by telling the class why Gregory titled it Nigger—so that whenever his mother (to whom the book is dedicated) heard that name again, she would know "they are advertising my book."

4) The narration can be followed with such a question as, "Why was Gregory leading such a busy life?" This question should initiate a discussion about the kinds of responsibility Gregory felt to others and to himself or about the meaning of "values" (Gregory did certain things because he valued certain things). The discussion of values and actions can be made very concrete by having the students construct on the board a chart depicting Gregory's daily schedule in half-hour intervals. Such a chart makes it immediately obvious that he pushed himself extremely hard for what he wanted. How and why he did this can be discussed.

In order to help the students relate themselves and their own valuing/acting process to Dick Gregory, they can be assigned as homework the construction of their own hour-by-hour daily schedule. The schedule should cover a twenty-four hour period for a typical weekday and should be completed for every hour of the day, including all activities— eating, sleeping, working, playing, in school and out, etc. The assignment can be followed with an in-class worksheet such as Worksheet #1 (see Appendix). A related discussion can analyze what various students would like to do and are not now doing, how they might be able to adjust their schedules to do it, etc. Students might be encouraged to share their insights into how such "life-style" changes can be made. One technique for accomplishing this is to divide the students into pairs. Ask each pair to exchange their time-charts and statements of what they would like to be doing that they are not doing. Each then tries to find the time (or other necessary resources) which would enable his partner to do what he wants. (See the Human Development Lab's "Group Interaction Unit" for other "mini-group" activities which might be used in conjunction with such an exercise).

Terry Malloy:

Terry Malloy, as portrayed by Marlon Brando, is the hero of the movie On the Waterfront. This feature-length film is available for rental from Brandon Film Co., 221 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. at $22.50.

The film offers a superb example of the process by which a man changes his basic beliefs, clarifies his values, and then acts upon them. The story depicts Terry's conversion from a corrupt union flunky to a man willing to fight the union rather than remain "D + D" (deaf and dumb) like the other workers.

1) It is best to spend a day in introductory activities before showing the film. Since the first reel of On the Waterfront sets the terms of the moral crisis Terry faces, it is important that students understand exactly what is happening in order to understand later the dilemma confronting Terry. Also, if students commit themselves to their own points of view early in the film, the class can direct some of its attention toward measuring their own attitudinal changes as Terry's situation, values, and actions change. The introduction might begin with a series of voting and ranking questions keyed to situations in the film. The following are some examples (see the Human Development Lab pamphlet, "Process Techniques" for a more detailed discussion of such value-clarifying techniques):

1) In general, do you think people are basically good or bad?

2) Have you ever committed any kind of a crime?

3) If you saw a crime being committed, which would you be most, next, least likely to do: pretend you didn't see to stay out of trouble; call the cops later; try to help the victim?

4) Would it make any difference if you knew the person committing the crime? ...if you knew the victim?

5) Have you ever been in love?

6) Does either of your parents belong to a union?

7) Have you ever been afraid of someone who was bigger and stronger than you?

This introductory class might be concluded with a discussion of "squealing" or "diming," one of the key issues of the film. The class could be asked what a "stool pigeon" is. Then another voting question might be raised: Would you "dime" (squeal) on a friend? Some students should be asked to explain why or why not. From the reasons given it should be possible to develop the idea that both friendship and fear can persuade a person not to dime. In On the Waterfront, the union operates through fear. The class should understand that the first scene shows Terry receiving instructions (which we cannot hear) from Johnny Friendly; and the next scene shows Terry setting up Joey Doyle for his murder. The students should note that Terry acts on orders here, not knowing Joey would be killed, and that he is surprised Johnny would go to such an extreme.

2) Before rolling the film, it may be helpful to explain briefly who the main characters are:

Terry Malloy—a young member of the union mob, an ex-fighter once backed by Johnny Friendly (played by Marlon Brando).

Charlie Malloy—Terry's older brother and Johnny Friendly's right-hand man (played by Rod Steiger).

Johnny Friendly—the mob leader and union boss (played by Lee J. Cobb).

Joey Doyle—Terry's friend, who has squealed to the Crime Commission about union activities.

The Catholic Priest.

Edie Doyle—Joey's sister (played by Eva Marie Saint).

Running the union enables Johnny and his friends to take a cut from the pay for unloading each ship. They in turn control the union by giving out jobs only to those guys who are faithful and cooperative. If you aren't loyal to Johnny, you don't work.

The film is complex. Like any film, it should be previewed before being used in class so that the teacher can pick out those situations and relationships he feels need emphasis. Once those points in the film have been decided upon, talking over the film as it runs is one way to make sure students understand them. Another way is to stop the film from time to time in order to discuss key scenes. Either method of emphasizing points in the story should be used sparingly since, overdone, they can interrupt the continuity of the film. Of course, if time permits, the movie could be shown twice: the first time for the enjoyment and understanding of the story, who the characters are, where they stand, etc.; the second time for more detailed study of some of the subtler issues such as Terry's development as a decision-making man.

The following are some of the key relationships and points which the teacher may wish to bring out:

a) Terry's relationship with his brother, Charlie, is very close. Charlie got Terry his job with the union. He tries to protect Terry when Johnny Friendly wants to rough him up so he won't squeal. In turning on Johnny, Terry is also having to turn on his brother; his dilemma is especially difficult because he is so close to Charlie.

b) There is a great deal of symbolism which, when understood, serves to heighten the suspense. The central question is whether Terry's doubts about how the union mob operates will become strong enough to prompt him to actively fight Johnny Friendly through testifying before the Crime Commission. Joey Doyle has already done so and has been murdered. He kept pigeons, as does Terry. The pigeons are, in a sense, a symbol of being a "stool pigeon." Then Dugan testifies, after being given Joey's coat. Dugan is murdered, and the coat is given to Terry. Will Terry, now the wearer of the coat, testify as Joey and Dugan did? If he does, will he also die?

c) At the end of the film, see if students understand the importance of Terry's having lost the battle with Johnny (when he is badly beaten up) but still winning the war. By walking up the plank to the warehouse, Terry is demonstrating a moral courage and conviction that is greater than the power of fists or guns. It is a type of challenge which Johnny cannot overcome, one which prompts the men to follow Terry and, presumably, fight with him for an honest union. This last act could be compared with others of a similar nature in such books as Profiles in Courage.

d) The underlying question, "Is Terry more of a man, or a better man, at the end of the film than in the beginning?" might be asked outright. The students defend their positions by pointing to the aspects of Terry's personality and character which change. What are his values in the beginning of the film, and in the end? How do they change? What causes them to change?

3) "Soliloquy role playing" is an excellent way to get students to check their understanding of the film's characters. In this activity a student pretends to be, say, Johnny Friendly and is told to "tell the world your side of the story" in the Shakespearean fashion. Several students take turns at the same character and then the rest of the class compares them according to how well they played the role, whether the character would have said the kinds of things they said, etc. When students try to defend their roles in the face of their classmates objections, everyone gains a more fundamental understanding of the person depicted in the film. To introduce this sort of activity, it would be well for the teacher to illustrate by briefly playing a sample role, incorporating as many of the character's gestures and other characteristics as possible. When a film is being shown over several days, soliloquy role playing can begin the class, freshening the students' memories of incidents or characters in a previous day's showing. The activity also enables students to "get inside" the characters to discuss such issues as whether Johnny really thought he was doing wrong or how Charlie really feels about killing.

One final way of involving the students in the world of the film is to enable the class to go to the Philadelphia waterfront to see the "muster" and to talk with the longshoremen about their lives and work. A poll of several classes will likely net at least one student with a father, uncle, or friend who works on the waterfront and would be willing to visit the class to discuss the waterfront and the development of the unions.

Duff:

Duff, as portrayed by Ivan Dixon, is the main character of the movie Nothing But A Man. Duff's wife is played by Abbey Lincoln. This feature-length film is available for rental from Brandon Film Co., 221 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. at $50.00.

This is a difficult and an extremely worthwhile film for the same reason: it confronts a very uncomfortable issue rather directly. It depicts Duff's successful and unsuccessful attempts to live up to his responsibilities as a son, a husband, a father, a man. Like most men's, Duff's struggle is undertaken in both personal and social terms. However, because he is black, Duff must sacrifice society's recognition of him as a man (a person with a regular job, a nice home, two or three children, etc.) in order to win his struggle for identity as a man in his own terms. Indeed, if Duff were not black, he would not have to establish himself in the same way. In the end, while jobless, in trouble with the white community, and having to accept his wife's economic support, Duff discovers and molds true manhood. Hence, the title Nothing But A Man.

At various points throughout the story Duff is faced with clear-cut choices in the direction his life can take. For this reason Nothing But A Man provides an opportunity for students to examine the process by which choosing among alternatives affects the shape of one's whole life. Again, it is important that the film be previewed before class use so that those points which the teacher wishes to emphasize may be located. The following suggestions are intended primarily to clarify the decision-making process and give it meaning in the students' own terms. Stopping the film at various points allows for clarification of what is happening and for pointing up the choices Duff faces throughout the story. It may also be helpful to prepare students for each reel with "voting" questions (see the "Dick Gregory" and "Terry Malloy" sections above and the "Value Clarifying" section of the "Process Unit of the Human Development Lab") or a brief discussion keyed to the reel about to be viewed.

1) Reel I:

The film can be stopped after the scene in which Duff speaks with the girl's father. Discussion can center around the following question: "Duff seems to have several alternatives here; he can (a) play along with the father, (b) contradict the father and keep seeing the girl, (c) give up the girl because of her father, or (d) (Students may be able to suggest other options open to Duff). Which of the choices do you think Duff will take? Which would you take?...Does Duff really like the girl? How can you tell how he feels about her?...If he really likes her, why doesn't he play along with the father? How does Duff seem to feel about the father? What is is about the father that Duff doesn't agree with? Do you think Duff has accurately 'pegged' the father so soon? What 'clues' about the father was Duff picking up?"

At the end of the first reel it may be helpful to discuss Duff's role as both a father and a son. The following question helps to clarify Duff's role as a father at this point in the film: "Duff had the choice of

(a) forgetting his son, (b) paying for him, or (c) taking him with him. Which did he do? Which would you have done? Do you think Duff did the right thing? Why did he make the choice that he did? Why would you have done what you said you would if you had been in the situation?" The following questions can help to generate a discussion of Duff's relationship with his own father (a character many students have difficulty understanding): "What did Duff want from his father? Why couldn't Duff's father receive him lovingly and happily? What kind of a father do you think Duff's father had been to Duff? Do you think Duff learned anything about how to treat his own son from this meeting with his father? How do you think Duff's actions toward his son ought to change if he is to own up to his responsibilities as a father (which his own father seems unable to do)? Do you think he will do this? What kinds of things will have to happen to Duff to bring about this change?"

2) Reel II:

Stop the film at the scene showing Duff and his wife together, happy, just after the wedding: "What were the forces working against the marriage (her father, Duff's own family experience, fellow workers on the railroad, his having to take a lower-paying job, etc.)? With all these things working against him, why do you think he got married? Do you think he made a good choice in marrying the girl? Does this move affect Duff's view of himself, his courage to be himself and to face up to his responsibilities?"

Stop the film at the scene in the sawmill locker room where the foreman has just told Duff to lie to the men or be fired (just before he turns away from the foreman and toward his locker, indicating his decision not to lie): "In this situation, would you (a) lie to the men and keep your job, (b) lie to the men but keep working to get them to stand up against white supremacy as a group, (c) refuse to bow under the foreman's pressure and get fired, or (d) (Some other alternative suggested by a student)? Do you think the other men in the locker room will stand up with Duff? Can you think of a name for them (Uncle Toms?) Are the pressures on them any different from the ones on Duff? If Duff stays at the sawmill, do you think he is being honest to himself?"

At the end of the second reel the following discussion might be generated: "What was the meaning of Duff's saying to his father-in-law, 'You're only half a man?' How does the father-in-law, a minister, compromise himself? Why does he do this? Don't you think he was really smarter than Duff?... He has a good job, a nice home, a peaceful relationship to the rest of the community. If you were looking for a job like Duff was, would you (a) take the first job you could get, (b) take only the kind of job where you were not placed in a subservient position, (c) move away to the North? Why did Duff turn down all of those jobs? If you were Duff, would you have turned them down? Have you ever been dishonest in order to get something? How did you feel afterwards?"

3) Reel III:

Stop the film after Duff walks out on his wife: "Why is he doing this? Why can't he be happy with his marriage any more? Do you remember what he had decided his marriage meant to him--that he was a man? What is happening in his life now to make him feel that he is not a whole man, that he is not worth as much as a 'real' man? Do you remember what he called his father-in-law at the end of Reel II? (Duff feels that he cannot be a whole man unless both he is treated like one and he feels honest with himself, not compromising his beliefs.) Where do you think he will go now; is he finally quitting and running away from it all?"

At the end of the film a discussion can be suggested with the following questions: What effect did his father's death have on Duff? How had Duff's father spent his life in relation to his responsibilities? After his father died, Duff could have (a) given in and played the white man's game, (b) kept on running away from the problem and his son and his pregnant wife, or (c) gone back to his wife with his son to continue the fight. Why did he choose the third alternative? What will that choice mean to Duff's future life? Have you ever gone back on a choice after discovering that you had made a mistake? Were you glad you had admitted having made a bad choice? Were you happier after discovering that the choice had been wrong for you? Do you think this is what happened with Duff? What were the bad decisions that Duff tried to change toward the end of the film by making new choices? Share an experience with the group in which you refused to accept the responsibility for something you did. How did you feel afterwards? Did you ever 'go back' on the decision later? How do you feel about the whole thing now?"

4) One of the central themes of Nothing But A Man is, of course, Duff's realization of his manhood and his struggle for that realization. This struggle is reflected throughout the film by the use of two terms, "boy" and "man." The class or a couple of its members might be asked to keep a running tally of how many times each word is used, by whom, under what circumstances. At the conclusion of the film's showing the report of these facts can spark off a discussion of the prevalent "manhood" theme, how Duff's handling of his responsibilities relates to his realization of manhood, what the title Nothing But A Man signifies, who calls whom "boy" and why, whether Duff's struggle would have been any different had he been white, etc. In order to relate themselves to Duff's struggle for manhood, the students might be encouraged to locate themselves on the following continua:

"Boy" /______________________________/ "Man"

Duff /______________________________/ Duff's father-in-law

Again, role playing can be one of the most effective ways for students to "get inside" and understand the characters of the film and their actions. For example, having students re-enact the locker room scene in which Duff is confronted by the foreman can be especially effective if a white student plays Duff while a black student takes the role of the foreman. The rest of the class act as critics and tell whether the actors portrayed the characters as they would really have acted. Also, the same scene can be re-enacted more than once so that the class can compare performances. A variation of the "soliloquy role playing" mentioned in the "Terry Malloy" section above can also be tried: One student is asked to portray Duff as he appeared at the beginning of the film while another is assigned the role of Duff at the end of the story. Or the same student might do both. The class' comparison of the "before" and "after" versions of a character is an excellent way to open a discussion of the kinds of changes undergone by the character and of the factors which shaped those changes. Discussions of the "believability" of someone's role playing often lead students to important insights into both

Gordon Parks:

Gordon Parks is a famous photographer whose photographs and photographic essays frequently appear in Life magazine. He has written an autobiography, A Choice of Weapons (New York: Harper & Row, 1965), which is available in an abridged, paperback edition (New York: Noble and Noble, 1968). In addition, a short (28 minutes) documentary, The Weapons of Gordon Parks is available from the Regional Film Center, 114 North 19th Street, Philadelphia. The film presents a counterpoint of Parks' past and present lives, balancing scenes of his life as a successful artist and family man against his narration of events out of his youth in the Midwest, his arrival in Harlem, and his struggle for survival. The film is also available from P.A.S.*

Excerpts from Parks' A Choice of Weapons, such as those included in the Appendix, can be used to introduce students to both autobiographical writing and to Parks' notion of "weapons." Worksheet #2 (see Appendix) has students explore what Parks' means by "weapons" and has them begin to relate this notion to their own "autobiographies." The analogy between actual weapons and other survival tools is drawn even more tightly in the documentary The Weapons of Gordon Parks, in which Parks movingly relates having pulled a knife on a trolley driver as a youth in St. Paul while visually the film shows the grown Parks wielding his camera in New York. Another worksheet can be prepared which asks students to explore the "weapon" analogy as it arises in the film or to compare the "weapons" mentioned in the story and in the film. Students might also be introduced to some of Parks photographic essays (e.g., "The Cycle of Despair," Life, LXIV, No. 10 (March 8, 1968), 47-63) and asked to comment on their effectiveness as "weapons"—in fighting poverty or apathy or bigotry, etc.

After an introduction to autobiography through the Gordon Parks material, students can be challenged to write five or six pages about themselves. Although the teacher may wish to suggest several topics or periods of their lives they might write about, it is not necessary that much direction be given to the students' autobiographical writing at this point (see the "Claude Brown" section below for activities aimed at shaping students' autobiographies more fully).

*A number of resources materials by, or about, Gordon Parks are available if the teacher wishes to develop a longer unit on Parks. Amoung these resources are: the film and story, "The Learning Tree," photographs taken by Parks for Life magazine, an issue of Scope magazine about Parks, and several books of photographs. For more information, contact Mr. Charles Krimmel at P.A.S.

Claude Brown:

Claude Brown's autobiography, Manchild in the Promised Land (New York: Macmillan, 1965), is available in a paperback edition (New York: New American Library, 1965) and in a thirty-two page abridgement (from the Pennsylvania Advancement School, see appendix). Manchild in the Promised Land is Claude Brown's recollection of growing up in Harlem, his struggle to escape the limitations of that environment, and his later realization that he must return. The primary purpose of this section is to get students to begin to articulate some aspects of their own lives through comparison with Claude Brown and the people he knew and through writing their own autobiographies.

1) This sequence of activities is best introduced through a discussion of what an autobiography is and how one might go about writing one, and through a brief discussion of who Claude Brown is: The students can be encouraged to come up with their own ideas of what an autobiography is either by looking it up or by induction (Dick Gregory's and Gordon Parks' books are autobiographies), or they can simply be told that an autobiography is a log of the important points of a person's life. Once students understand what an autobiography is, a lively discussion can be generated to deal with the problem of deciding what things from one's life should be included in an autobiography: "Let's all assume we're going to be famous someday and that we must put our lives down in writing for posterity. What events would you want to be sure not to leave out of your autobiography?" After this discussion Claude Brown might be introduced in the following manner: "We will be reading Claude Brown's autobiography for the next few days. Claude Brown grew up in Harlem, made it big in Harlem street life, but discovered his life there to have no future and left. He went to college and a very good law school and then returned to New York to become involved in anti-poverty and civil rights work."

The thirty-two-page Advancement School abridgement of Manchild in the Promised Land consists of four sections, each about eight pages long. Each section can form the basis for a single class and related homework assignment. It is best to have enough copies of the abridgement to enable each member of the class to read along with the teacher and to have a copy to use in doing the homework. Perhaps the most effective way to use the material is for the teacher to read an eight-page section to the class each day, stopping the reading for clarification and discussion at appropriate points. The following outline suggests several points for clarification and discussion as well as possible homework assignments:

2) Section I—Coming Out of the House: This section of the narrative describes Claude Brown's early childhood and his initiation into the life of the street. Points for discussion: "What were Claude Brown's parents like? What effect did they have on him? Was he loved and wanted at home? Did either his mother or his father understand him? Did he have any alternatives to playing hookey, stealing, and catting?" It might be necessary to point out that he "played hookey to avoid getting into trouble in school," stole "to save the family money and avoid arguments or scoldings whenever I asked for money," and catted to avoid his father's beatings. It can be interesting to have students compare Claude and Bucky. "Which of the two boys had more choices, more freedom, more control over his life? Does anyone know someone like Bucky?"

For homework the students can be assigned to use their copies of the reading to answer a series of questions such as those on Worksheet #3 (see Appendix). While the worksheet may be difficult, it will help the students to think back over the story and to remember some of the more salient points. Since the worksheet is difficult, some students may be unable to complete it for homework and the teacher may wish to allow time for students to finish it in class the next day. Having the students work in pairs to complete this task may stimulate some worthwhile discussion of the story and of the topics covered by the worksheet.

3) For variation from the teacher's reading of the entire abridgement, as each student completes the worksheet, he can be encouraged to start reading Section II—Reform School—on his own. This section describes Claude's life in several reform schools and the effects several adults in those schools had on him. As each student finishes the reading (usually in twenty-five minutes), he can be given Worksheet #4 (see Appendix) explaining the homework assignment due the following day. If it is possible to do so, the teacher can explain that all of the essays will be published in a class anthology. Seeing their stories in "print" (even if they are merely typed up and dittoed or rexographed) can be a tremendous incentive to reluctant writers.

Five or ten minutes before the end of the period, the class can be asked to stop reading or writing so that the following points can be discussed and clarified: "What kinds of things does Claude learn at the Youth House?" The analogy of the Youth House as a sort of "prep school" for Harlem street life might be pointed out. "What kind of effect did Papanek and Mrs. Meitner have on Claude? Papanek's sincerity and honesty with everyone and Mrs. Meitner's acceptance of Claude for what he was did great things for Claude's self-image. How were these people different from his parents?" The importance of books in expanding Claude's horizon and giving him a feeling for what is possible can be pointed out. "What was it about people like Einstein and Schweitzer that impressed Claude?" Upon returning to Harlem the exigencies of street life would force themselves upon him and he would have no time for books and little opportunity to exercise the kind of control over his life that an Einstein or a Schweitzer exercised over his.

4) Section III—Pushing: This section describes Claude's life after leaving Warnick and his experiences hustling narcotics in Harlem. Points for discussion: In the first few pages a number of things Claude "had to" do are mentioned—get and keep a job, "stay straight with the cats I knew," get a gun, use drugs, etc. He had little choice about these things and felt "there was no place to go, and it seemed like all life was just closing in on me and squashing me to death." "What pressures were acting on him to make him feel he 'had to' do these things? Peer group? Parents? Society-at-large? Can you do what you believe you should do, or do you have pressures forcing you to do what is expected of you—like Claude or the sawmill workers in Nothing But A Man or the longshoremen in On the Waterfront?" In this state of mind (no place to go, life closing in) Papanek seems to have served Claude as a haven from the world of no choice. Perhaps having someone like Papanek available saved Claude from total engulfment by the life of the street. "Do you have someone like Papanek you can go to when things begin to 'close in' on you?"

The episode involving Limpy is a crucial one. Claude had no choice but to go after Limpy with a gun if he wanted to "stay straight." However, if he had succeeded in killing Limpy, he would have ruined his chances of changing direction and of getting out of Harlem later on. It was a close call, but it woke Claude up to where he was headed if he continued pushing: "I knew that the next time somebody stung me, I was going to have to kill him. I started thinking about it." Claude's decision to quit hustling and leave Harlem is comparable to Duff's decision (in Nothing But A Man) to return to his wife and Terry Malloy's decision (in On the Waterfront) to fight Johnny Friendly. Some students may be able to relate Claude's struggle to aspects of their own lives or to those of people they know or know of. Needless to say, there is much to discuss in this section and many tangents that the discussion can follow. Students should be encouraged to raise as many points as possible during this reading. It is important that they understand Claude's vision of his past and future at this juncture of his life: He was only seventeen and had not yet made a "big mistake" which would completely close off his options by landing him in prison or hanging him up on drugs (like Danny and most of the others over twenty-five had done).

At the end of the period or as the discussion runs out, Worksheet #5 (see Appendix) can be handed out as a homework assignment. Again, what is written can be included in an anthology of the class' autobiographical sketches.

5) Section IV—Getting Out: This section describes Claude's successful attempt to pull away from "the dead life so many people lived in Harlem." Points for discussion: It is important to emphasize again Claude's discovery of the freedom permitted by his not having a record or having been to prison. He could move out of Harlem and discover many choices open to him. In this regard, Claude's brother, Pimp, can be viewed as an example of one whose life is restricted, lacking in freedom. Students should be encouraged to discuss freedom, having choices of what to do with one's life, and control over one's own direction in terms of their own situations.

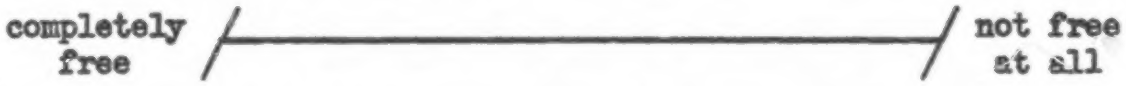
The change in direction Claude made required courage; he was leaving a life he knew extremely well for one he knew almost nothing about. His risk in undertaking a challenge whose terms were virtually unknown can be compared and contrasted with those of Duff and Terry Malloy. Perhaps one of the most significant themes running through Claude Brown's autobiography is that of the "manly thing" which every boy in Harlem had to deal with at some point in his life. By the age of seventeen, Claude had passed through the "manly thing" and had managed to avoid the prison and drug traps into which many of his older friends were forced because of their age. Students might be asked, "What was the 'manly thing' and how was it different for people like Claude and Turk as compared with people like Tony and Pimp? How did becoming a man differ for Claude and for Duff (in Nothing But A Man)? What did Claude mean when he said, 'I think Tony was beginnin' to feel as though he wasn't doin' anything, Mama, and he was kind of closin' his eyes for a long time. You know, tryin' to fight that useless feelin'. I don't think he died all of a sudden. Young people don't die that easy, Mama.' Why did he feel that way about Tony's life but not about his own and Turk's? Why did Claude feel that 'despite everything that Harlem did to our generation, I think it gave something to a few'?

"Where is your life headed right now? Do you think you compare favorably with Claude, or are you closer to Tony and Pimp? Write a brief resumé of what you think you want to do with your life and how you think you'll be able to do it. How will you put yourself in a position where you can choose what you want?"

Measuring Yourself:

The following activities are aimed at getting students to articulate their own self-images by comparing themselves with various people they have studied:

1) Put the following continuum on the board (students may also be asked to draw the diagram on paper at their desks):

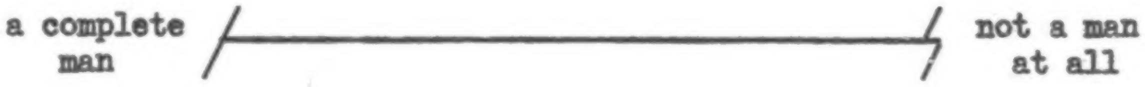

completely free
not free at all

Ask various students to locate one of the following along this "freedom line" where he thinks it belongs (they can be asked to locate all eight on the continua on their papers):

1. laboratory mouse
2. elephant at the zoo
3. an elementary school student
4. a student in your school
5. Duff in Nothing But A Man
6. Terry in On the Waterfront
7. Claude Brown in Manchild in the Promised Land
8. one of your teachers

After each has placed his animal or person, ask him to place himself on the line and to explain his location of the animal or person and of himself.

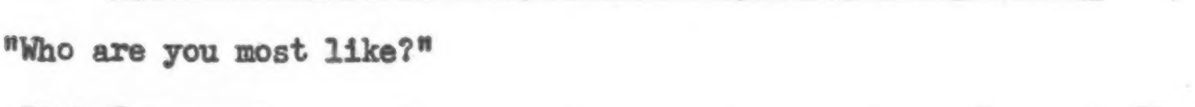
2) In a similar manner, students can be asked to locate the following people on a "manhood line":


a complete man
not a man at all

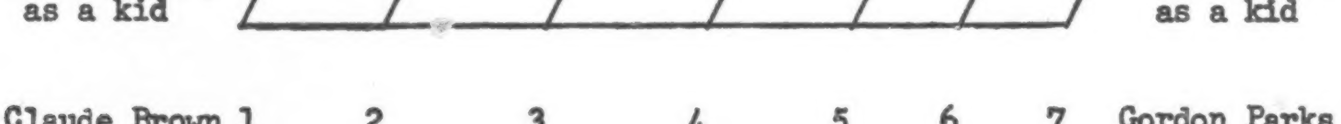
1. Dick Gregory
2. Duff
3. Terry Malloy
4. Gordon Parks
5. Claude Brown
6. Johnny Friendly

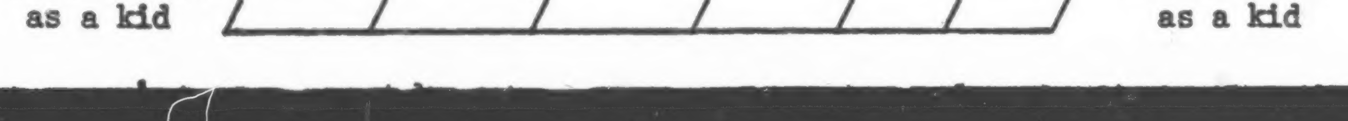
3) Likewise, have each student circle a number which answers the following questions:

a) "How much of a man do you think you are right now?" (Needless to say, this task is best completed on individual worksheets):


Man
1
2
3
4
5
6
Boy

b) "Who are you most like?"


Dick Gregory as a kid
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
Claude Brown as a kid


Claude Brown as a kid
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
Gordon Parks as a kid

Gordon Parks 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Dick Gregory
as a kid /____/____/____/____/____/____/ as a kid

4) Another interesting technique would be to have students compare various characters they have studied and themselves through role playing. One student might take the role of Duff while another plays Claude Brown and each tries to explain his problem to the other. A third student might enter this dialogue as himself, trying to relate some of the problems he faces in Philadelphia to those of Duff in Alabama and Claude in Harlem. Similar situations can be set up with other people studied. How would Duff, for instance, explain his situation to Terry Malloy? Students might latch on to the "organizing" jobs each man attempted—Duff with the sawmill workers, Terry with the longshoremen—and see these jobs as a common ground shared by the two men from very different backgrounds. The students might enter the discussion themselves in terms of the kinds of "organizing" they would like to do in relation to school, gang, community, etc.

5) Teachers are encouraged to come up with their own techniques and devices for getting their students to relate the people and situations they study to their own lives. The following list suggests additional materials which might be used in this process:

Additional Suggested Material:

1) The following films are available from Brandon Film Co., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y.:

Bridge on The River Kwai (Alec Guiness and William Holden). The conflict between two men's sense of duty: - A captured British Officer's passionate sense of duty leads him to perform an almost impossible feat of bridge construction for his Japanese captors, while an American saboteur's duty is to destroy it. - rental $50.00

The Caine Mutiny (Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer). When does an individual's conscience permit him to rebel against the authority of a superior officer? - rental $25.00

The Guns of Navarone (Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn). A band of commandos must destroy a German gun emplacement, yet they are torn between their task, on abhorrence of war, and a traitor - rental $37.50

The Treasure of Sierra Madre - See the HD Unit, Group Interaction

King Rat - See the HD Unit, Group Interaction

All the Young Men (Sidney Poitier, Alan Ladd). A Marine company in Korea must trust a young Negro sargeant who takes command in battle from his superior officer - rental $22.50

Body and Soul (John Garfield). A prize fighter who has battled his way up from the slums must decide whether to risk his personal integrity for profit in his last fight - rental $22.50

High Noon (Gary Cooper, Grace Kelly). A marshall is left alone in his defense of the town against four ruthless gunmen - rental $20.00

A Raisin in the Sun (Sidney Poitier). The dreams and frustrations of a Chicago family striving for a better life - rental $25.00

The Wild One (Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin). A group of young motorcyclists, who can express themselves only through violence, terrorize a small community - rental $20.00

We Shall Overcome - A film using civil rights songs, speeches, and photographs to capture the spirit and hope of those engaged in the struggle against racial injustice - rental $5.00

Wargames - A dramatization of people's warlike spirit, as seen in the games and quarrels of Japanese youngsters on the seashore

2) The following readings are available in the Xerox series, The Way It Is:

James T. Farrell, "Young Convicts" - Xerox, on stencils at PAS.

A "gang" of 6 kids (ages 8-12) of immigrant families - how they turn to crime because of poverty, family situations, etc. In summary style, almost newspaperish. Boys go to court and are sent to reform school. Seems inevitable. Overstates its case, but would be a good foil to the "personality" theme (what effect does environment have - some, all, none?)

Langston Hughes, "Thank you, M'am" - Xerox, on stencils at PAS.

Light-hearted, gently comic sketch about a big woman who takes a young purse-snatcher (failure) home with her instead of to the police. A real clash of value systems - but no real reconciliation. Story is encouragingly short. Could be used well as an introduction to Hughes and his work (see Springboards for short biography sketch).

Claude Brown, "That Saturday Night in Harlem" from Manchild in the Promised Land - Xerox, on stencils at PAS.

Excerpted episodes, concerning Claude's brother "Manny" and his addiction process. No real beginning or end or movement to the story, but would be a very effective foil to the H.D. abridgement of the book - this shows a boy who didn't "make it" in Harlem. Could also be used with "Young Convicts" in a continuing investigation of problems resulting from the slum environment.

Jack London, "A Piece of Steak" - Xerox, on stencils at PAS (a very effective version available on tape)

A longer story than most, about an old prizefighter trying to get money by beating a youngster who's fighting for glory. The story weaves back and forth between the fight itself and Tom King's memories of his own days of youthful success in the ring. It's emotionally involving without playing on the emotional side of the story. The treatment is crisp and straight-forward. There are a couple of good moments in the fight when either man could win; kids like to try to guess and explain the ending. It raises all the issues of young vs old, the morality of professional boxing, the sport itself as a physical activity, as well as exploring one man's personality in an effective youth-and-age, before-and-after crises way. One of the most involving stories I've used with kids.

3) The following readings are available in books of the Gateway English series:

Oliver La Farge, "The Loss of a Hero" - from Who Am I?, Gateway English -

Set in the 1918 "Old" West, this story involves two strongly-drawn personalities. One is Pino, 16-year-old rancher's son, full of the adolescent's unsureness and dreams. The other is the dashing local baron of the horse thieves, Pascual. The story shows how the man wins the boy's respect, and then loses it through animal cruelty. It raises the issues of heroes, senseless killing, mastery over one's environment, status of professional criminals, and the network of relationships that can build between two people.

Dorothy Sterling, "Tender Warriors" from Coping, Gateway English -

This is a rather brief, pieced-together sort of descriptive interview with a Negro mother who dared to send her children to a white school in the South. The focal point is her decision - the factors that led to her making it, and its consequences. Pros and cons are lined up, facts as well as emotions. The process by which a small decision comes to affect one family, then more, and then a whole community should be useful in connection with other stories centered around decisions.

Richard Wright, "Valedictorian" from Coping, Gateway English -

The first of two short stories taken from Wright's autobiography. This one is about his refusal, as valedictorian of his high school class, to accept and give a speech written for him by the principal. His motives, and the principal's, aren't really clear, but their clash raises a certain excitement of youth rebelling against authority.

Richard Wright, "The Streets of Memphis" from Coping, Gateway English -

A more promising story, though at first glance less appealing. This is Wright as a youngster, puzzled by his father's leaving home and by his mother's new harshness. Knowing that she will be unable to care for him as she used to, his mother forces him to win acceptance and safety on the streets. Though it happened 50 years ago, the incident will be immediately recognizable to most urban kids today. Wide possibilities for drawing parallels with life, role-playing, values questions, etc. Autobiographical work, perhaps?

Hugh M. Hefner, "Dick Gregory Laughs It Off" from Coping, Gateway English -

Could you imagine 2 better names to grab our kids? The piece is a perfect tie-in/intro for "Not Poor, Just Broke" from Xerox. It even explains that title! It's briefly and breezily biographical, jumps around with samples of Gregory wit, and even lands on civil rights. Some of the statements could really lead to probing of issues, or you could concentrate on the man's character, in first-person quotes and in the youth of the Xerox story.

Althea Gibson, "I Always Wanted to Be Somebody" from Coping, Gateway English

O.K. if someone already has the books - otherwise, much too long for a short story, and a better version available in short book form.

Alan Paton, "Ha' penny" from A Family Is A Way of Feeling, Gateway English -

Not sure why I'm including this one - except that it appealed to me; it's wistful, haunting, and even cruel. The story is told by an official in a South African reformatory of a boy who dies when a woman he admires refuses to take him into her family. I think some of this sentimentality really affects kids, and this could really be used as a contrast in family-life with other stories. It raises questions about families and their importance that could be very helpful in getting kids to writing autobiographically. Also, this is a boy-woman clash much like Hughes' "Thank you, m'am," but in a strikingly different mood.

Helen Eustis, "A Locking A Boy Could Be Proud Of" from Family, Gateway English -

A very warm story - told by a funny, human bad-boy about his run-in with his kind-but-stern benefactos. The problem was candy, and so is this story. A recommended change-of-pace for any series in personality studies.

4) The following reading materials are available from various sources:

Daniel de Paola, "The Returning" from Prep Program: Short Stories (George A. Pflaum, Dayton, Ohio, 1966)

A young Indian, born too late, is fleeing for his life after killing a white on the reservation. He stops at a deserted ranch and saves a woman and baby from diptheria. He is unsure of his reasons; kids should be able to get great arguments going on this. The husband returns, gives Darkcat a horse and a head start and promises to hunt him down. Which one will survive? Great possibilities for role-playing in this one; both characters are virile and determined.

Harry Sylvester, "Going To Run All Night," from Prep. Program: Short Stories -

Another track man, but this one is a failure. Until he's needed to run with a message through enemy lines to headquarters. The story is rather predictable, but it gives a good account of the thoughts of a failure as he faces himself and a task he thinks he cannot do, but must. The physical descriptions tie in well with those of Gregory's races. And somehow, this Corporal Wilson helps make Gregory's almost magical victories seem more real and attainable.

C.E. Montague, "Action" from Great Tales of Action and Adventure, ed. George Bennett (Dell, N.Y. 1959) -

This story is really too long and difficult to be a realistic, easy suggestion, but it's about a compelling character at the other end of his life, and he's still making decisions! It would tie in well with London's "Piece of Steak." A man is threatened by a slight stroke after a vigorous life, and decides to end it quickly by attempting something that is supposed to be impossible. To the author, the story was how he came to go on living. I prefer to see the story in his thinking about life as a choice. The mountain climbing aspect is catching, too.

John Durham, "A Woman's Place" from Take the Short Way Home and Other Stories (McGraw-Hill, N.Y., 1968)

A long story, but recommended as a female counterpart to Brown, Gregory, etc., and therefore well worth its length. A Spanish-American girl in the years of decision. College, marriage, stay-at-home? It's not the gutsy realism of Brown, but the issues are valid, and the deaths and romances are tastefully done. The girl has some depth; the mother is almost the only other "real" person. It has a nicely vague ending, with lots of room for speculation on decisions and reasons.

Appendix A

People Unit   Name________________________

Worksheet #1

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

1. On each of the three scales, mark the point on the line which represents your position.

A)	Hardwork Harry, sticks to a job until it is done.	├──────────┤	Goofoff Gabriel fools around on most jobs.
B)	Individual Irving, always does things which are different from other kids.	├──────────┤	Conformist Charlie, always does exactly what other kids do. He even looks like them.
C)	Big Plans Bernie, has lots of things he is going to do.	├──────────┤	Confusion Chester, does not really know what to do with his time.

2. All of us have things we would like to do, if we only had the time. Think for a moment, and then write down what you would like to do most if you had the time to do it in your day.

____

____

____

3. Below are different ways we spend our time. Using your homework sheet, add up how many hours you spend on each of these activities in a typical weekday.

Relaxing at home (TV, reading, etc.)	________
Hobby (stamps, musical instrument, models)	________
Classes in school	________
Transportation to and from school	________
Fun with friends (at home, sports, gang, fooling around)	________
Eating meals	________
Sleeping	________
Washing, getting dressed	________

..........now turn the page thataway.

4. Now, look at those figures on the first page. What do you spend your time doing? Is that really how you want to spend your time? Can you make room in your day for that thing you wish you had time to do? Can we help you find time? If you want to, write us a note or ask us.

5. Now go back to the first page and look at where on the three scales you placed yourself. Is that really where you belong? Would you like to be somewhere else? Draw a dotted line in the place on each scale where you wish you were.

Thank you!

People Unit

Name__________________________
Worksheet #2

The Weapons of Gordon Parks

1. Where did Parks get a job at the beginning of this passage?

2. What was the name of the song he wrote and why did he write it?

3. What were some of the "weapons" that Parks used during this first spring and sommer in St. Paul?

4. Why did Parks have to stay in bed most of the winter?

5. What happened to Parks which made him want to become a photographer? Why do you think that Parks chose photography as a "weapon"? (use the back if you need it)

6. Do you have any "weapons" now? Do you know of any that you could have? Explain your answer.

People Unit

Name__________________________

Worksheet #3

Manchild in The Promised Land - by Claude Brown

1. Where was Claude born and raised?

2. What can you tell about this place from what we've read so far? (What were the people like, what condition do you think the houses were in, what did the streets look like?)

3. What was Claude's mother like?

4. Could Claude do whatever he wanted to do, or did his parents force him to do certain things? What was he forced to do?

5. Who taught him to play hooky, steal and go catting? Why do you think Claude did these things? What else was there to do for a boy his age? Did he have the chance to do some of the things you can do, like play baseball, go camping, ride your bike in the park, go to the Advancement School or join the boy scouts? If he did not have the chance to do these things, would you say that Claude was sort of forced into playing hooky, stealing and catting? If you think he was forced, why do you think that?

6. Would you say that Claude had very few, some, or a lot of choices of what to do with his life?

7. Did he have more or fewer choices than Bucky? Was he freer to do what he wanted than Bucky?

8. What did Claude learn at the Youth House? What does he mean by "git by"? Do you think he'll be better off in Harlem after he gets out of the Youth House? Why?

9. Do you know anybody like Claude?

People Unit

Name___________________________
Worksheet #4

Part of My Autobiography

Write a true story about one of the following:

1. a person who has meant a great deal to you, how you came to know this person and why he or she means something to you. (like Papanek and Mrs. Meitner meant a lot to Claude)

OR 2. how you get along with your friends and the people around your way. What do you have to do in order to be accepted and respected in your group of friends (Claude had to fight, then deal in drugs, steal, have a girl, etc.) What kind of reputation do you have around your way?

People Unit

Name______________________________

Worksheet #5

Another Part of My Autobiography

Write a true story about an event in your life where you have had a close call with something dangerous (like Claude's close call with killing Limpy) which has made you think back over the way you act and caused you to change the way you act so that you will avoid that danger (the way Claude quit the dope business and went to school so he wouldn't ever have to kill someone, or even get arrested). Put in all the details you can.

Appendix B

Excerpts from A CHOICE OF WEAPONS*

by Gordon Parks

That spring and summer were good times for me. Many of my family came to live in St. Paul: my sisters Lillian, Gladys, and Cora; my brother Jack; and later my father. It was good to be part of a family again. Also, I got an evening job as a bellboy at the Minnesota Club, a first-class club for the wealthier men of St. Paul. And finally, I fell in love with Sally Alvis.

The world inside the Minnesota Club was one of richness, big rooms, thick carpeting, fine wines and food. I was never hungry during those days. An ignorant black boy from Kansas could learn a lot at the Minnesota Club. The things I learned I tucked away deep inside me, so I could use them when I got a chance. Also, I began to read more. I slipped newspapers, novels, and books of poetry from the club library. A whole new world was opening up for me.

My life outside the club taught me a lot, too. My new friends at school did things I had never tried back in Kansas. They smoked, drank, shot pool, played cards—some even drove automobiles. They were more easygoing about being Negroes than we had been back in Kansas. Negroes in Minnesota lived better, so they had less to fight for.

July brought my first quarrel with Sally, which separated us for a long, long time. I was very blue, and I set down my feeling in a song that I called "No Love."

Besides working at my music, I read a lot. That first awful winter taught me I would have to fight with every weapon I could get. I knew that learning was a weapon. So I read. I wrote short stories and poetry. I tried painting and sculpture. I did everything I could to protect myself against another such winter.

I also was going to school, of course, and I was playing basketball. It was just too much for one boy to do. One day during a basketball game, I fainted. The doctor said I was just about ready for a breakdown. I had dropped from 165 pounds to 124 in less than three months.

"There's only one way to get his health back," the doctor said. "He'll have to leave school. He's got to stay in bed for the rest of the year."

There was no chance of graduating with my class. In fact, I knew I would never go back to school.

For the next five months I sat in the dark in my room at Cora's. I just stared at the wall opposite my bed. I wanted to forget about light, time and reason.

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During all that time I never heard from Sally. It was my sister who helped me while I was slowly getting my strength back. She tried to get me to read, write, or anything that would take my eyes off that blank wall. One rainy afternoon, I finally opened a book.

Little by little, I began to read, think, and hope again. One thing was clear. I had been running too fast, trying to get away into a better life. I'd have to take things slower that were meant to be slower.

Spring was back again, but I was afraid to be happy about it. Spring had fooled me once too often.

* * *

When I got back my weight and strength, I began looking for work. I took my turn as a busboy, waiter, two-bit piano player, short-order cook, and forester. Then my Uncle Pete got me a job as a waiter with the Northern Pacific.

One day in December, my train was making a stopover in Chicago. I didn't know what to do with myself, so I wandered into a museum, the Chicago Art Institute. I didn't expect to stay more than a few minutes. But I was thrilled by the beautiful paintings, and I stayed for hours. I saw what great power there was in a good picture.

That afternoon, I went to a movie. The newsreel showed Japanese war planes bombing a United States gunboat, the Panay. The photographer had stayed in the midst of danger. He filmed the last burst of steam and smoke when the Panay sank. I had read about this in the papers and heard it on the radio. But it was the newsreel that brought me face to face with the real horror of war.

When the picture ended, a voice announced, "And here he is in person, Norman Alley, who made this remarkable film!"

Alley stepped out on the stage in a white suit. The audience cheered. Then Alley talked about what he had lived through to make that film. He held me in a magic spell. He didn't know it, but he had just completely changed my life. I sat through another show. Before I left the theater, I had made up my mind to become a photographer.

My train went on to Seattle. As soon as we got there, I went hunting for a camera. The price of good ones came as a shock. In a pawnshop I saw a camera that looked good to me. It was called a Voigtlander Brilliant, and I liked the name. When the pawnbroker told me it was only $12.50, I pulled out the money.

"You want film, too?" the pawnbroker asked.

I hadn't thought of that. "Why, of course," I said. "Three rolls."

"What kind of film?" he asked.

"The best you've got," I answered. I didn't know enough to give him any other answer.

The pawnbroker smiled. He must have known I didn't know how to put the film in the camera. Neither did he. We spent half an hour figuring out how the camera worked. Then he wished me luck, and I left.

I walked toward the waterfront, "shooting" pictures of buildings, people, signs, and anything else that interested me. Then, down by the water, I tried to get pictures of seagulls. I fell in head first, and some firemen had to pull me out with a long pole. I was wet and shivering, but I still had my camera.

Later I got more film and a book on photography, and I shot pictures until the sun went down. From then on, every night when the other waiters went to bed, I sat studying my camera and looking at photographs.

The Eastman Kodak Company developed my first roll of film. Surprisingly, it had not been spoiled by getting wet.

"These are very good pictures," the man said as he gave them to me. "Keep it up and we'll show them in the store."

"Are you kidding?" I said.

"No, I mean it," he answered. "You have a good eye,"

Six weeks later, Eastman Kodak showed my pictures in the window of their store in downtown Minneapolis.

Manchild In the Promised Land*

by Claude Brown

An Abridged Version

I: Coming Out of the House

I was born in Harlem, New York. My mother was a religious woman and brought me and my sisters and brothers up under a tight control. My father wasn't a church-goer at all. Even though Dad didn't care for preachers, and churches, he had a lot of religion in his own way. Most of the time, his religion didn't show. But on Saturday night, those who didn't see it heard it. Sometimes Dad would get religious on Friday nights too. But Saturday night was a must. Because it always took liquor to start Dad to singing spirituals and talking about the Lord, I thought for years that this lordly feeling was something in a bottle of whiskey. To me, it was like castor oil or black draught. You drink it and the next thing you know, you're doing things.

I was introduced to religion on Saturday night. I don't recall just when, but as far back as I can remember, Saturday night was the Lord's night in our house. Whenever Dad was able to make it home on his own two feet, he would bring a recording of a spiritual, a plate of pigs' feet and potato salad from the corner delicatessen or a plate of fish-and-chips from the wine joint around the corner, and whatever was left of his last bottle of religion. He usually got home about three o'clock in the morning, and the moment he hit the block I could hear him singing (or yelling) the record he had. By the time he got upstairs, everybody in the building knew the song and hated it. Before Dad was in the house, I could hear him calling me.

By the time he finished unlocking and relocking the door at least six times, kicking on it, cursing out the lock and the neighbors who had tried to quiet him down, I was up and had already turned on the phonograph. On her way to the door, Mama would say, "Boy, turn that thing off and git back in that bed." While Mama told Dad how disgusting he was, I would be busily picking out the pigs' feet or fish-and-chips with the least amount of hot sauce on them. When Mama had gotten tired of competing with Dad's singing, she went back to bed. As Dad gave me the record-usually by Sister Rosetta Thorpe, the Dixie Hummingbirds, or the Four Blind Boys - he would tell me how somebody I had never heard of sang it in the cotton fields or at somebody's wedding or funeral "down home." After listening to the record at least a dozen times, Dad would turn the phonograph off, and we would sing the song a few times. Before dawn started sneaking through the windows, Dad and I had gone through his entire repertoire of spirituals. By daybreak, we were both drunk and had fallen on the floor, and we stayed there until we awoke later in the day.

When Dad awoke on Sunday, it was usually around eleven or twelve o'clock. If he had half a bottle of religion around, we would continue our Sunday singing. If there was less than a half a bottle around, Dad would just ignore Mama's protests and take me with him to a King Kong joint. I recall one of their Sunday morning arguments.

Abridged with permission of the Macmillan Company from:

*Manchild in the Promised Land, copyright, 1965, by Claude Brown.

Mama said, "Ain't no six-year-old child got no business drinking that King Kong*."

Dad said, "I was drinking it when I was five, and I'm still here working hard and steady five and six days a week."

The King Kong joint was usually in a basement apartment and operated by a friend of Dad's or a relative. Dad knew where most of the joints in the neighborhood were and many times we had to go from one to another for what seemed like hours. Sometimes the cops would get there before we did, and at other times the stuff hadn't finished cooking. But eventually, we would find a bottle and enough drunks to make a quartet and would sing some spirituals.

My childhood was exciting. Living in Harlem meant that I was brought up playing hooky, stealing and catting. Since I was a skillful and quick-witted boy, I learned how to get along in the streets very fast, and easily became a veteran of Harlem life by the age of eight.

Mama's favorite question was, "Boy, why you so bad?" I tried many times to explain to Mama that I wasn't "so bad." I tried to make her understand that it was trying to be good that generally got me into trouble. I remember telling her that I played hookey to avoid getting into trouble in school. It seemed that whenever I went to school, I got into a fight with the teacher. The teacher would take me to the principal's office. After I had fought with the principal, I would be sent home and not allowed back in school without one of my parents. So to avoid all that trouble, I just didn't go to school. When I stole things, it was only to save the family money and avoid arguments or scoldings whenever I asked for money.

Mama seemed silly to me. She was bothered because most of the parents in the neighborhood didn't allow their children to play with me. What she didn't know was that I never wanted to play with them. My friends were all daring like me, tough like me, dirty like me, ragged like me, cursed like me, and had a great love for trouble like me. We took pride in being able to hitch rides on trolley, buses, taxicabs and in knowing how to steal and fight. We knew that we were the only kids in the neighborhood who usually had more than ten dollars in their pockets. There were other people who knew this too, and that was often a problem for us. Somebody was always trying to shake us down or rob us. This was usually done by the older hustlers in the neighborhood or by storekeepers or cops. At other times, older fellows would shake us down, con us, or Murphy us out of our loot. We accepted this as the way of life. Everybody was stealing from everybody else. And sometimes we would shake down newsboys and shoeshine boys. So we really had no complaints coming. Although none of my sidekicks was over twelve years of age, we didn't think of ourselves as kids. The other kids my age were thought of as kids by me. I felt that since I knew more about life than they did, I had the right to regard them as kids.

I had a friend named Danny. I remembered sitting on the stoop with Danny, when I was five, when a girl came up and started yelling at him. She said that her mother didn't want her brother to hang out with Danny any more, because Danny had taught her brother how to play hookey. When the girl had gone down the street, I asked Danny what hookey was. He said it was a game he would teach me as soon as I started going to school.

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*King Kong - home-brewed liquor.

Danny was a man of his word. He was my next-door-neighbor, and he rang the doorbell about 7:30 A.M. on the second day of school. Mama thanked him for volunteering to take me to school. Danny said he would have taught me to play hookey the day before, but he knew that Mama would have to take me to school on the first day. As we headed toward the backyard to hide our books, Danny began to explain the great game of hookey. It sounded like lots of fun to me. Instead of going to school, we would go all over the city stealing, sneak into a movie, or go up on a roof and throw bottles down into the street. Danny suggested that we start the day off by waiting for Mr. Gordon to put out his vegetables; we could steal some sweet potatoes and cook them in the backyard. I was sorry I hadn't started school sooner, because hookey sure was a lot of fun.

Before I began toing to school, I was always in the streets with Danny, Kid, and Butch. Sometimes, without saying a word, they would all start to run like hell, and a white man was always chasing them. One morning as I entered the backyard where all the hookey players went to draw up an activity schedule for the day, Butch told me that Danny and Kid had been caught by Mr. Sands the day before. He went on to warn me about Mr. Sands, saying Mr. Sands was that white man who was always chasing somebody and that I should try to remember what he looked like and always be on the look-out for him. He also warned me not to try to outrun Mr. Sands, "because that cat is fast." Butch said, "When you see him, head for a backyard or a roof. He won't follow you there."

During the next three months, I stayed out of school twenty-one days. Dad was beating the hell out of me for playing hookey, and it was no fun being in the street in the winter, so I started going to school regularly. But then spring rolled around, hookey became my favorite game again.

The older guys had been doing something called "catting" for years. That catting was staying away from home all night was all I knew about the term. Every time I asked one of the fellows to teach me how to cat, I was told I wasn't old enough. As time went on, I learned that guys catted when they were afraid to go home and that they slept everywhere but in comfortable places. The usual places for catting were subway trains, cellars, unlocked cars, under a friends' bed, and in vacant newsstands.

One afternoon when I was eight years old, I came home after a busy day of running from the police, truant officer, and storekeepers. The first thing I did was to look in the mailbox. This had become a habit with me even though I couldn't read. I was looking for a card, a yellow card. That yellow card meant that I would walk into the house and Dad would be waiting for me with his razor strop. He would usually be eating and would pause just long enough to say to me, "Nigger, you got a ass whippin' comin'." My sisters, Carole and Margie, would cry almost as much as I would while Dad was beating me, but this never stopped him. After each beating I got, Carole, who was two years older than I, would beg me to stop playing hookey. There were a few times when I thought I would stop just to keep her and Margie, my younger sister, from crying so much. I decided to threaten Carole and Margie instead, but this didn't help. I continued to play hookey, and they continued to cry on the days that the yellow card got home before I did.

Generally, I would break open the mailbox, take out the card, and throw it away. Whenever I did this, I'd have to break open two or three other mailboxes and throw away the contents, just to make it look good.

This particular afternoon, I saw a yellow card, but I couldn't find anything to break into the box with. Having some matches in my pockets, I decided to burn the card in the box and not bother to break the box open. After I had used all the matches, the card was not completely burned. I stood there getting more frightened by the moment. In a little while, Dad would be coming home; and when he looked in the mailbox, anywhere would be safer than home for me.

This was going to be my first try at catting out. I went looking for somebody to cat with me. My crime partner, Buddy, whom I had played hookey with that day, was busily engaged in a friendly rock fight when I found him in Colonial Park. When I suggested that we go up on the hill and steal some newspapers, Buddy lost interest in the rock fight.

We stole papers from newsstands and sold them on the subway trains until nearly 1 A.M. That was when the third cop woke us and put us off the train with the usual threat. They would always promise to beat us over the head with a billy and lock us up. Looking back, I think the cops took their own threats more seriously than we did. The third cop put us off the Independent Subway at Fifty-ninth Street and Columbus Circle. I wasn't afraid of the cops, but I didn't go back into the subway - the next cop might have taken me home.

In 1945, there was an Automat where we came out of the subway. About five slices of pie later, Buddy and I left the Automat in search of a place to stay the night. In the center of the Circle, there were some old lifeboats that the Navy had put on display.

Buddy and I slept in the boat for two nights. On the third day, Buddy was caught ringing a cash register in a five-and-dime store. He was sent to Children's Center, and I spent the third night in the boat alone. On the fourth night, I met a duty-conscious cop, who took me home. That ended my first catting* adventure.

Dad beat me for three consecutive days for telling what he called "that dumb damn lie about sleeping in a boat on Fifty-ninth Street." On the fourth day, I think he went to check my story out for himself. Anyhow, the beatings stopped for a while, and he never mentioned the boat again.

Before long, I was catting regularly, staying away from home for weeks at a time. Sometimes the cops would pick me up and take me to a Children's Center. The centers were located all over the city. At some time in my childhood, I must have spent at least one night in all of them except the one on Staten Island.

Stealing was the most risky game we played. Mostly we rang cash registers. Butch had taught me how to ring cash registers. He must have told it to me a hundred million times and had me tell it back to him just as many times before I tried it. I had to stoop down below the counter and reach up to the cash register. I would push down real slow on one key and hold the drawer with my other hand, letting it come out as quiet as I could. When I got the drawer

*catting - spending the night away from home without permission out far enough to get my hand in it, I would let the key up real slowly, grab a handful of bills from three slots, and push the drawer back in. The first cash register I ever rang was in a drugstore on Broadway. There was one man at a long counter. Butch had picked this spot out for me because it was so easy and I hadn't done it before. Butch told me to wait until he did something to make the man come down to the far end of the counter. I watched Butch from inside the telephone booth. He walked up the aisle until he got to the candy display, then he stumbled forward, knocking over the candy and chewing gum display. The man came running out from behind the counter. As he came out, I came out of the telephone booth, went behind the counter, and within a matter of seconds was at the other end of the aisle helping Butch and the counterman pick up the stuff. Butch would pick it up and drop it again until he saw me coming. After we had picked up everything, the man thanked us and went back to his duties, and I walked out with his money.

Butch had warned me many times to never ring a cash register when there was nobody around to keep the person on the counter busy. But sometimes when I needed some money and there was no one around, I would go and do it alone. When I told Butch what I had done, he would tell me that I was dumb and would probably end up in jail before I was ten. His putting me down didn't stop me from ringing cash registers alone. It just stopped me from telling him about it.

Butch was pretty serious about stealing. That's probably why he was so good at it. I had a lot of respect for him and his ability to steal. I once had hopes of getting to be as good a thief as Butch, but every time I got good at something, he would teach me something else. After a while, I realized that I could never get to be as good as Butch — he knew too much. But I could still be the second-best thief in the neighborhood.

My friends were, like me, skillful in overcoming the hardships of life in Harlem. Take Bucky, for example.

Bucky was about my age, had curly hair, was always dirty, like most of us, and had buck teeth. Of all the dirty kids on the block, Bucky was the dirtiest. He had just moved to our neighborhood around the first of the year.

Bucky had lots of sisters and brothers, and his mother was still having more sisters and brothers for him. He also had some sisters and brothers who, he said, lived with their aunts. These I had never seen. Bucky didn't have a father, and his mother was on relief. All the kids in Bucky's family knew when the relief check came. On that day, they would all follow Miss Jamie around until she cashed it. Then they would beg her to buy some food before she started drinking up the money. Every month when check day rolled around, Bucky and his brothers and sisters would always be arguing with their mother. Miss Jamie was forever telling them to wait some place until she cashed the check, that she would come back and buy some food. But they all knew that if they ever let her out of their sight with that check, they wouldn't see her for days. When she did show up, she would tell them how she got robbed or how her pocket was picked or how she lost the money. So she would spend half of the day trying to duck the kids, and they would stick with her. If there was only one kid around, or even two, she could easily get away. She would usually go into a bar, where she knew the kids couldn't follow her, and she would leave the bar by another exit. When the kids got wise to this, one of them would start looking for the other exit as soon as she entered the bar. But even then, she could get away if there was only one at the exit she used. She would give him fifty cents as a bribe and jump into a cab.

Bucky was the only guy I knew who could stay out all night and not be missed. Sometimes he would go out and stay for days and still get home before his mother. Sometimes Bucky would go home and there would be nobody there. The lady next door always had the low-down. The usual reason for the house being empty was that welfare investigators had come by and taken all the kids to the Children's Shelter. Whenever this happened while Bucky was away from home, he would go to the police station and tell them what had happened. After the policeman had gotten to know Bucky and were familiar with his home situation, he only had to walk in and they would send him to the Shelter without asking him anything. The Shelter was a second home to Bucky. He liked it more than his first home. At the Shelter, he always got three meals a day, and three meals beats none any way you look at it. Whenever I missed Bucky from around the block, I had a pretty good idea where he was, but he would always say that he was staying with his aunt in Brooklyn. That aunt was the great mystery in Bucky's life.

When Bucky moved into the neighborhood, I sort of adopted him. He had his first fight in the neighborhood with me, and since he was pretty good with his hands, we became friends after three fights. I used to take him home with me and feed him. After a while Bucky got to know what time we usually ate supper, and if he didn't see me on the street, he would come to my house looking for me. If I wasn't in, he would ask if he could come in and wait for me. He knew that somebody would offer him something to eat if he was there at suppertime. Dad started complaining about Bucky coming up to the house for supper every night. So Mama would tell Bucky to go downstairs and look for me if I wasn't there when he came by. When I brought him home with me, sometimes the family would slip into the kitchen one at a time to eat without his knowing it, or they would try to wait until he left. Bucky would never leave as long as he thought that we had not eaten supper. When Bucky was finally gone, Dad would start telling me how stupid I was and threatening to give my supper to Bucky the next time I brought him home with me. Dad said that Bucky had a roguish look about him and that he didn't trust him. Some of the fellows didn't like him either. They said he looked too pitiful.

One day I went up to Bucky's house to show him a homemade* that I had found a week before. I didn't have any bullets for it yet, but that wasn't important - I knew somebody I could steal them from. As I walked through the door - which was always open because the lock had been broken and Miss Jamie never bothered to have it fixed - I saw Bucky on the floor with his arm around his little sister's throat. He was choking her. Meanwhile, his big sister was bopping him on the head with a broom handle and they were all screaming. After I had watched the three-way fight for a minute or less, I started toward Dixie to grab the broom. Before I could get close enough to grab the broom handle, everything stopped. For a whole second, everything was real quiet. Dixie threw down the broom and started crying. Debbie was already crying, but I couldn't hear her because Bucky was still choking her. He let her go and started cursing. When Debbie got up, I saw what she and Dixie were crying over and what Bucky was cursing about. The three of them had been fighting over one egg, and the egg was broken in the scuffle.

This was my life; this is what I grew up with. Every one of us learned to live the Harlem life just the way boys everywhere learn the ways of their communities. Part of Harlem life was facing the risk of getting into trouble with the law.

II: Reform School

As a young boy and before the cops knew me, I was often sent down to the Children's Center for hookey or stealing. But after I became well-known to the cops, they began getting serious. One afternoon, I got shot trying to steal some money from a supermarket. They sent me to the Youth House for that.

There was something good about being in the Youth House. It made me feel big, as if I had outgrown the Children's Center. That was for kids. For one thing, you couldn't get out of the Youth House. The windows had iron gates on them, and the doors were always locked. But after a while, I didn't want to go anyway. In the Youth House, they showed movies twice a week, and you could play pool, basketball, checkers, go swimming, fight, and do a lot of other things. The Youth House was clean too. It wasn't as clean as the Center, but it was cleaner than most of the places I had been to. What I didn't like about the Youth House was that I had to clean my room every other day. Then they gave me a roommate I could beat, and I stopped cleaning it and started learning how to do what Danny used to call "git by."

Once I learned how to get by, the Youth House became one of the nicest places I had ever been. I really liked it there. I became a member of the Council on my floor. Toto was a member too, and we both were getting by real good. The people in the Youth House trusted the Council members more than they did the rest of the boys. So Toto and I could steal a lot of things and nobody would even think we did it. Sometimes when we took something and thought somebody might find out, we would bully some punky guy and make him say that he did it. And if things really got bad, like everybody on the floor losing play privileges for a while, we would take whatever we stole and put it in somebody else's room. Then when the searching started, either me or Toto would find it, and the person whose room we found it in would get in trouble. As time went on, the floor supervisor started getting wise to us, but this didn't mean that we had to stop. We just had to find a new way to do what we wanted to do, and we always found one. I was getting by real good, and I didn't care if I never left the Youth House.

I was learning to shoot pool real good. Before I came to the Youth House, I never had a chance to learn. I wasn't big enough to go in the poolroom on 145th Street. Mama came to visit me every Saturday or Sunday, so it was just like being out on the street, only better, because I could do everything I wanted to do - steal, fight, curse, play, and nobody could take me and put me anywhere. I was already in the only place they could put me. I had found a way to get away with everything I wanted to do. When I got out, I was going to tell Knoxie and Bucky and everybody what a good time you have in the Youth House. And I was going to find Danny and tell him that I had found out how to do all the things we wanted to do and get away with it. The only thing you had to do was go to the Youth House first, then you didn't have to worry about anything after that.

Around Christmas time, Toto started saying that I was changing and that he wasn't going to hang out with me any more when we got out of the Youth House. He said that I was bullying everybody and that sooner or later somebody was going to kick my ass. So I got mad and kicked his. Before that time, I had never been in a fight with Toto; but I always knew I could beat him, and he knew it too, so there was nothing for us to fight about. We wouldn't have had that fight if I hadn't said something about his mother. He had to fight after that, because a guy who won't fight when somebody talks about his mother is the worst kind of punk.

Toto was right in what he said. I guess that's why I got mad. Just about everybody on the third floor of the Youth House was scared of me, and I liked it. This was the first time I had ever been anyplace where nearly everybody was scared of me, and before I knew anything, I was liking it. And I didn't care what anybody said or how right what they were saying was. I was having more fun than I'd ever had in my whole life. I knew I was doing things to people that I never would have done out on the street, but I didn't care. It didn't make sense to be in the Youth House if you were only going to do the things you did out on the street.

One Sunday, Mama and Dad came to visit me, and while we was sitting in the visiting room talking, a boy came over to us with his mother, pointed at me, and said, "He's the one who's always hittin' on me." I jumped up, swung at him, and missed, and while Dad was holding me, I called him a lying faggot. Dad slapped me in the mouth. It didn't hurt much, but I got mad and I cried. I wanted to kill him for hitting me in front of those people — and in front of some of the guys I was bullying too.

I said to myself, "That's all right, 'cause when I git big enough to kill him, I'll jis have one more thing to kill him for." So I stopped crying. Dad was going to make me kill him. Sometimes I was only going to kick his ass real good when I got big, but then he would do something like that, and I would start planning to kill him again.

There was no question that the Youth House had taught me a whole new life — one of fighting, heavy stealing and maybe killing. By going to the Youth House, I had graduated into a new style of life in Harlem.

I hadn't been out of the Youth House long when I ran into trouble again and found myself in court. Before I knew it, I had been sent off to a school for hard boys, called Wiltwyck. Wiltwyck turned out to be one of the most important experiences in my life because of two people I met there.

At first, most of the cats up at Wiltwyck thought Papanek was kind of crazy. And I think some of the counsellors felt that way too. But Papanek wasn't anything like crazy. He was probably the smartest and the deepest cat I had ever met. Before long, we all found out that Papanek was the best thing that had ever happened to Wiltwyck and maybe one of the best things that could ever happen to any boy who got into trouble and was lucky enough to meet him.

I remember the first day Papanek came to Wiltwyck. Everybody was told to come to the auditorium that afternoon. For a long time, we had heard rumors about getting a new director, and it seemed that this was the day. The counselors usually had a lot of trouble getting guys to go to the auditorium for anything other than a movie. But the day Papanek showed, it was different. Everybody, boys and counselors, was real anxious to see what this cat looked like, if he knew anything, if he was big or small, mean or kind, colored or white, young or old. We wanted to know what kind of changes were in store for us...for Wiltwyck. Every boy and every counselor knew that the man we were going to meet that afternoon would be the one to handle all our troubles at Wiltwyck for a long time to come. Just the thought of a cat being able to do that was enough to make us really wonder about him. Some of us wanted to know mainly if he was as mean as the outgoing director. All I ever knew about that cat was that he was mean as hell, and I think that's all a lot of cats ever knew about him. He looked like one of those mean old preachers who would think nothing of killing somebody in the name of the Lord. I hated to be around the cat. He never smiled, and he was too quick to take off his belt and beat

After Stilly told us that the new director was going to introduce himself to us and say a few words, most of us were still looking for the cat when he started talking. I remember Papanek saying, "My name is Ernst Papanek," I just watched him. He wasn't tall or short, and he was real straight, with a bald head and a kindly face. He didn't look real bold, but he seemed to have a whole lot of confidence, as if he knew he could handle Wiltwyck. Like everybody else, I was more interested in him than in what he was talking about. To me, he just didn't look like the kind of cat who could handle Wiltwyck. The poor guy looked like somebody even the counselors could run over. After a while, Papanek stopped talking and asked if there were any questions. After the first question, it seemed that Papanek was talking with everybody, not to us.

As we left the auditorium after hearing Papanek tell us who he was, where he was from, and what he wanted to do at Wiltwyck, I had the feeling that the rule of the staff was over. It was a good feeling. I knew that the boys were going to run Wiltwyck now. And I was going to be the one in charge. I was going to be the director of Wiltwyck, thanks to that poor old nice Mr. Papanek.

I tried to joke about Papanek's accent with K.B. and Horse, but they seemed to be kind of lost. Tito said, "Man, he sure can't talk." J.J. said something about how shiny Papanek's bald head was. A few guys tried to laugh, but I could tell they were faking. Some of the counselors were trying to make fun of Papanek, but they were faking it too. I couldn't understand this. I started talking to everybody about the new director, counselors and boys; everybody was lying and trying to hide it, but I could tell that they liked him and thought he was a nice guy. I got kind of scared of this guy Papanek. He had come to Wiltwyck and talked for a little while. And in that little while, with just talk, he had won every living ass in the place - just took over everything with a few words that we couldn't even understand too well. No, I didn't like this cat. He was slick... real slick. Papanek was so slick that he didn't have to be mean. He could take anyplace right on over in less than a day and never fire a shot. I had never met anybody that slick before. He scared me a little bit, but I had to get to know this cat and find out just how smart he was.

I went looking for Papanek. I had to talk to him and find out about him. I saw him coming out of the dining room, talking with a couple of kids. He had his arm around their shoulders, and a lot of guys were crowding around him and walking with him. I wondered if he thought he was Jesus or somebody like that. Papanek stopped and started answering questions asked by some of the cats crowding around him. He was leaning forward with his neck stuck out and his hands folded behind his back. I used to be afraid of people who kept their hands behind their back, because I once had a teacher who used to slap me right after she put her hands behind her back.

When I came up to Papanek and his crowd, I just stood on the outside and listened for a while. I don't know if I was scared or just wanted to get a better idea of what I was up against before I declared war. Floyd Saks was telling Papanek about all his ills and troubles. Papanek was listening, but he seemed to know that Floyd was a little crazy and just liked to mess with people by talking a lot of nonsense for a long time. Papanek knew Floyd had him, but he didn't seem to know how to get away. He kept looking over the crowd and all around him, as if hoping to see somebody who would call him and save him from Floyd. Every time Papanek would look away, Floyd would call his name and make him pay attention to what he was saying, crazy though it was. I think too many people were trying to pick Papanek's pocket at the same time, so nobody was getting anything. But it didn't really matter, because they would have just given whatever they took back to him. They liked this cat.

I didn't say anything to Papanek that first day, but after he took over, we were warring until I went home for good. After I got to know Papanek, I found out how to really bother him; but I had to keep finding new ways, because the cat was slicker than anybody else at Wiltwyck. It was hard to bother him the same way twice. Papanek brought a whole new way of doing things to Wiltwyck. He made a rule that boys were not to be beaten or even slapped by counselors any more. I expected Stilly to leave the day that Papanek passed that rule, but he didn't. He stayed on for nearly a year. Then I guess he just couldn't take it any more.

Papanek might have been a little crazy, but he meant all the crazy things he said to the boys and counselors. This was one of the things that made Papanek so hard to fight. I could never catch him in a lie, and he would never hit anybody. And as time went by, nobody could make him mad. At least he never showed it. He would look real sad sometimes, but he wouldn't get mad. But you could always tell when he got excited, because his accent would get stronger but his words would be real clear. I had never met anybody before who never got mad, and I had never met anybody who was always telling the truth like Papanek. But that's the way he was. If you asked him the hard Wiltwyck questions like, "When am I going home?" or, "Why are you keeping me here so long?" and Papanek couldn't tell you, he wouldn't lie about it. He would tell you something that left you knowing no more than before you asked him the question, but you would feel kind of satisfied about it. Sometimes he would have you talking about something else altogether different from what you asked him, and most of the time you would never know it. He was smarter than social workers, that was for sure, because he knew how to answer the hard questions without lying. So nobody could ever be mad at him for lying to them. And even though cats up at Wiltwyck lied a whole lot, like me, we didn't like the hard questions. Sometimes I used to get real tired of all that damn truth Papanek was telling, but I couldn't get mad at him for it.

For the next year or more, I tried to make life real sad for Papanek. This became harder and harder as time went by, because I grew to like him more and more, just like everybody else.

A few months after I moved into Aggrey House at Wiltwyck, a lady moved in. She was a white lady with white hair. She was kind of old, but her hair wasn't white because she was old, and it wasn't dyed white. It looked like it was supposed to be white and always had been. I was standing with some other guys around the quadrangle post at the end of the walk leading to Aggrey House on the afternoon the lady moved in. It was a hard thing to understand, a lady moving into Aggrey House. At first we thought that she was going to be living there but not working there. Some of the guys were helping her take her stuff up to the third floor, where most of the counselors lived. This lady had a real hard-looking face, and she smoked a cigarette without putting her hands on it and talked while she was smoking. I had never seen a white lady do that before.

K.B. was pulling on me to come with him and get a dime. The lady was giving out dimes to all the guys who had helped her take her things upstairs. K.B. hadn't carried a thing upstairs, but he said the lady didn't know who had. He said he had gotten one dime, gone in the house through the back way, come to the front, gone up to the lady with his hand out, and had gotten another dime. He was all set to go for a third one, but he wanted me to come with him because this was too good to miss.

K.B. said, for about the third time, "C'mon, Claudie."

I said, "Man, I'll bet she smokes a lotta cigarettes."

K.B. said that she talked funny and must be from another country.

Horse said, "Man, they must be crazy puttin' her in here wit us."

Jake Adams said, "Why, Horse? What you gonna do to her?"

Somebody said they should have put her in Robeson House with the little guys. But it looked as though she was going to be a counselor in Aggrey House. All the cats were betting that she wouldn't stay more than two weeks. But I wasn't so quick to bet. I had never seen a lady who smoked cigarettes like this lady. She looked like she knew something.

The lady who lived in Aggrey House was Mrs. Meitner. She was from Germany and sounded like it. Mrs. Meitner once had a big house in Germany, and her family used to grow a lot of grapes and make a lot of wine. I guess she was kind of rich. When Hitler took over the country, he took Mrs. Meitner's house, put her in a concentration camp, killed her husband and most of her friends. She told me and some more cats about it one day, real fast, smiled, and started talking about something else. That was the only time I ever heard her talk about it.

Mrs. Meitner was not out of place in Aggrey House. The first week she was there, she showed us a lot of judo and won a whole lot of friends. Guys tried to make her leave by walking past the stairs naked when they heard her coming down, but that didn't work either. Mrs. Meitner would just stop whoever it was and make him stand there and talk to her. The cat who was naked would get embarrassed long before she did. After a while, people just stopped messing with Mrs. Meitner and faced the fact that she was there to stay. Little by little, everybody started liking Mrs. Meitner. She was real smart and could do a lot of things. I started liking her more than anybody else at Wiltwyck.

Every day I saw Mrs. Meitner, I liked her more and more. One day I asked her how old she was. She wouldn't tell me, not even when I said I was in love with her and wanted to know if she was too old for me. I told her I wasn't playing, that I really loved her. She told me she had a grown son who was an architect. After she told me that, she looked at me for a long time. I guess I was supposed to say I was sorry or something like that. But I didn't. I told her again that I was in love with her. She kept smiling, just looking at me and smiling.

These two people, Papanek and Mrs. Meitner, taught me a great deal about caring for people and being loved by people. Nobody had ever cared for me and loved me as they did, both in their own ways, and to know that somebody cared about my life made me begin to wonder about where it was all going.

I went back to Harlem, I was taken away from these people I had just begun to know and thrown back into the life that had gotten me into Wiltwyck in the first place. No sooner had I returned to the streets, than I got busted again, this time for robbing a store. Instead of going back to Wiltwyck, I was sent to another reform school, for tougher kids, called Warwick. My stay there was not enjoyable.

I only met a few people who had any impression on me there. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Cohen. Mrs. Cohen took a real interest in me and did some very good things for me.

One time she got Mr. Cohen to talk to me about staying at Warwick, going to high school in the town there until I finished and then going back to New York after I had gotten my high-school diploma. He just suggested it. He tried to show me that it wasn't being forced on me. I said, "Yeah, Mr. Cohen; like, that's nice," but I think he understood that I wasn't interested in this stuff. He wasn't really going to try too hard, because if I wasn't interested, there was nothing he could do.

All I wanted to do was get back to Harlem. I wanted to get back to my girl Jackie and pot and the streets and stealing. This was my way of life. I couldn't take it for too long when I was there, but this was all I knew. There was nothing else. I wouldn't have known how to stay at Warwick and go to school. I didn't tell him that. When he asked me about staying and going to school, I just said, "Yeah, that would be nice." He saw that I wasn't what you could call excited about it.

One day, Mrs. Cohen gave me a book. It was an autobiography of some woman by the name of Mary McLeod Bethune. When she gave it to me, she said, "Here's something you might like to read." Before that, I had just read pocketbooks. I'd stopped reading comic books, but I was reading the trashy pocketbooks, stuff like Durke, The Golden Spike, that kind of nonsense.

I just took it and said, "Yeah, uh-huh." I saw the title on it, but I didn't know who the woman was. I just took it because Mrs. Cohen had given it to me. I said, "Yeah, I'll read it," and I read it because I figured she might ask about it, and I'd have to know something. It wasn't too bad. I felt that I knew something; I knew who Mary McLeod Bethune was, and I figured I probably knew as much about her as anybody else who knew anything about her, after reading a book about her whole life. Anyway, I felt a little smart afterward.

Then Mrs. Cohen gave me other books, usually about people, outstanding people. She gave me a book on Jackie Robinson and one on Sugar Ray Robinson. She gave me a book on Einstein and a book on Albert Schweitzer. I read all these books, and I liked them. After a while, I started asking her for books, and I started reading more and more and liking it more and more.

After reading about a lot of these people, I started getting ideas about life. I couldn't talk to the cats in the cottage about the people in the books I was reading. I could talk to them about Jackie Robinson and Sugar Ray Robinson, but everybody knew about them, and there was nothing new to say. But this Einstein was a cat who really seemed to know how to live. He didn't seem to care what people thought about him. Nobody could come up to him and say, "Look, man, like, you're jive," or "You're not down," or any stuff like that. He seemed to be living all by himself; he'd found a way to do what he wanted to in life and just make everybody accept it. He reminded me a lot of Papanek, somebody who seemed to have a lot of control over life and knew what he was going to do and what he wasn't going to do. The cat seemed to really know how to handle these things.

Then I read a book by Albert Schweitzer. He was another fascinating cat. The man knew so much. I really started wanting to know things. I wanted to know things, and I wanted to do things. It made me start thinking about what might happen if I got out of Warwick and didn't go back to Harlem. But I couldn't really see myself not going back to Harlem. I couldn't see myself going anyplace else, because if I didn't go to Harlem, where would I have gone? That was the only place I ever knew.

I kept reading, and I kept enjoying it. Most of the time, I used to just sit around in the cottage reading. I didn't bother with people, and nobody bothered me. This was a way to be in Warwick and not to be there at the same time. I could get lost in a book. Cats would come up and say, "Brown, what you readin'?" and I'd just say, "Man, git the hell on away from me, and don't bother me."

July 12, 1953, I went home for good. There was hardly anybody else out. Just about all the people I used to swing with were in jail. They were in Coxsacki, Woodburn, Elmira, those places. The only ones who were left on the street were Bucky and Turk. Tito was in Woodburn, Alley Bush was in Elmira, Danny was in Woodburn, and Mac was in Coxsackie.

I felt a little bad after I left, because I knew that the Cohens would find out sooner or later that I wasn't the angel that they thought I was. Actually, I would have had to be like a faggot or something to be the nice boy that Mrs. Cohen thought I was. I think Mr. Cohen knew all the time that although I acted nice in the house and did my work, I still had to raise a little bit of hell down at that cottage and keep my reputation or I wouldn't have been able to stay there as his houseboy. Those cats would have had me stealing cigarettes for them and all kinds of stuff like that. I just had to be good with my hands, and I had to let some people know it sometimes.

I guess Mrs. Cohen learned to live with it if she found out. It didn't matter too much, because I was back on the Harlem scene now. I was sixteen years old, and I knew that I'd never be going back to Warwick. The next stop was Coxsackie, Woodburn, or Elmira. I came back on the street and got ready for it. I started dealing pot. I had all kinds of contacts from Warwick.

III: Pushing

Butch, Danny, and Kid were all strung out. They were junkies all the way. They had long habits. Kid had just come out of the Army. Danny had been out all the time. Butch had gone into the Army to try to get away from his habit, but they had found the needle marks and had thrown him out. Now they were all out there, and they were just junkies. I used to feel sorry for them, especially Danny, because he had tried so hard to keep me off the stuff.

I was hanging out with just Turk from the old crowd. A guy I hadn't known before but had heard about was on the scene. This was Reno, another of Bucky and Mac's brothers. Reno was slick. He was about twenty-one, and he'd just come out of Woodburn when I came out of Warwick for the last time.

He used to kid me about being a better hustler than I was and said he would show me how to make twice the money. He'd heard about me, and we were sort of friends already when we first met. He told me, "If you gon be a hustler, you gon have to learn all the hustlin' tricks." I agreed with him.

When I first came out, I had to get a job in the garment district, because I was on parole, and I had to keep that job for a while to show my parole officer that I was doing good. I kept the job, and I kept dealing pot. I had the best pot in town. Word got around; after a while, I was making a lot of money. I used to always have about two hundred dollars on me. I started buying hundred-dollar suits and thirty-five-dollars shoes and five-dollar ties and dressing real good.

A whole lot of cats in the neighborhood started admiring me, and they wanted to get tight with me; but to me, even though these guys were my age, they were the younger boys. These were good boys who had been in the house for a long time. They were just coming out, and I didn't feel as though they were ready for me, so I couldn't hang out with anybody but Turk.

Turk was a nice cat, but he was slow. He didn't want to make any money, or he didn't know how. He just wasn't down enough. He had come out of the house kind of late, and the older hustlers didn't know him from way back like they knew me. Nobody would do business with him, so he couldn't really get started. I used to give him some money once in a while, but he couldn't really get started in the hustling life. So I just started hanging out with Reno. Reno had said he was going to show me all the hustling tricks.

After a few months, I quit my first job and just dealt pot. I decided I was going to be a hustler. We were going to start from way back, from all the old hustling tricks, and come up to the modern-day stuff. About three months after I'd been out of Warwick, I was going downtown with Reno to learn how to play the Murphy.*

And I began to build a large reputation around Harlem. I was growing up now, and people were going to expect things from me. I would soon be expected to kill a nigger if he mistreated me, like Rock, Bubba Williams, and Dewdrop had.

Everybody knew these cats were killers. Nobody messed with them. If anybody messed with them or their family or friends, they had to kill them. I knew now that I had to keep up with these cats; if I didn't, I would lose my respect in the neighborhood. I had to keep my respect because I had to take care of Pimp and Carole and Margie. I was the big brother in the family. I couldn't be running and getting somebody after some cat who messed with me.

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*Murphy - a con game.

I knew that I was going to have to get a gun sooner or later and that I was going to have to make my new rep and take my place along with the bad niggers of the community. Johnny D. was always talking stuff about men in Harlem, saying that the only way men could be friends was that each one had to stay off his friend's toe, but that if a friend got on a friend's toe, you had to be able to tell each other about it and go on being friends. If you couldn't do that you'd have to go to war, and war certainly ends friendship.

It made life seem so hard. Sometimes I just wanted to give it up. The bad nigger thing really had me going. I remember Johnny saying that the only thing in life a bad nigger was scared of was living too long. This just meant that if you were going to be respected in Harlem, you had to be a bad nigger; and if you were going to be a bad nigger, you had to be ready to die. I wasn't ready to do any of that stuff. But I had to. I had to act crazy.

I had to stay straight with the cats I knew because I didn't have anybody else, and I didn't have any place else to go, unless I hung out over in Brooklyn, and in Brooklyn it was the same thing. You had to get into this thing with the whores, and sooner or later you had to use drugs, and sooner or later you had to shoot somebody or do something crazy like that. And I didn't want to. I used to carry a knife, but I knew I couldn't kill anybody with a knife. I couldn't cut... the sight of blood used to do something to me. Dad used to carry a knife. Maybe that was why I was so scared of him. Every time I looked at that big scar on his neck where somebody had tried to cut his throat, it scared me. I never wanted a scar like that. But there was no place to go, and it seemed like all life was just closing in on me and squashing me to death.

Sometimes I used to get headaches thinking about it. I used to get sick. I couldn't get up. And sometimes I'd just jump up out of the bed and run out and say, "C'mon, man, let's go steal somethin'!" I'd get Turk, I'd get Tito, I'd get anybody who was around. I'd say, "C'mon man, let's go pull a score." It seemed like the only way I could get away.

Sometimes I'd just play hookey from school and go down to the Wiltwyck office and see Papanek. And when he saw that I was feeling kind of bad about something, he used to tell me little stories.

Once I told him, "I don't think I'm gonna stay on the street, Papanek, not for much longer. I don't think I'll see Christmas on the streets."

I knew he really believed me, but he was trying to act like he didn't. He said, acting jovial, "Claude, oh, you're just being too pessimistic about it. If any boy from Wiltwyck can stay on the streets, if any boy is ready to come home and to get along in New York City in the school system and in the society of New York, it's Claude Brown."

He kept looking at me, and I got the feeling all the while that he was trying to see if I believed it and was going to gauge his belief by just how much of it I seemed to be believing. It made me smile at him, and I felt self-conscious about smiling at him, because at one time I'd thought he was funny or crazy, but I didn't feel that way about him any more. I couldn't afford to; he was all I had then.

He was the first person I ever wanted to do anything for. I wanted to stay out there so that Papanek would be right. I wanted to do this for him. I wanted to stay in the streets.

He would tell me things like, "Claude, you're being pessimistic, and this is one way to lose out on anything. Did I ever tell you about two frogs who were sitting up on a milk vat and fell in?"

I said, "No, you never told me."

He went on looking jovial and said, "Well, there were two frogs sitting on a milk vat one time. The frogs fell into the milk vat. It was very deep. They kept swimming and swimming around, and they couldn't get out. They couldn't climb out because they were too far down. One frog said, 'Oh, I can't make it, and I'm going to give up." And the other frog kept swimming and swimming. His arms became more and more tired, and it was harder and harder and harder for him to swim. Then he couldn't do another stroke. He couldn't throw one more arm into the milk. He kept trying and trying; it seemed as if the milk was getting hard and heavy. He kept trying; he knows that he's going to die, but as long as he's got this little bit of life in him, he's going to keep on swimming. On his last stroke, it seemed as though he had to pull a whole ocean back, but he did it and found himself sitting on top of a vat of butter."

I'll always remember that story.

Not long after I saw Papanek, something happened to me that had an enormous effect on my life. One night, I was uptown on 149th Street. I had gone to see some cute little girl up that way. She was a beautiful little brown-skinned girl with long, jet-black hair. She looked like an Indian, so everybody called her Cherokee. I had come out of Cherokee's house about twelve-thirty or one o'clock, and as I started into the hall leading to the outside, somebody from behind the stairs called my name.

"Sonny!"

I said, "Yeah," and turned around. The first thing I saw was a gun in a hand. Then I saw a cat. I'd seen him around. They called him Limpy. I don't know why. He had a sort of hunched back, but he didn't have a limp.

He just said, "Sonny, I want all your stuff*. I don't want to have to kill you."

I knew he was a junkie, and I knew about junkies. When their habit comes down on them, you can't play with them. It's kill or be killed. I didn't have a gun at the time, because last time I'd gotten busted, I'd lent my gun to Danny.

"Look, Sonny, I don't want to kill you man. All I want is your stuff, now. It's like, I gotta have it." He started talking real fast. He seemed to be nervous but not scared. His habit was down on him, and he was trying to say all this before anything happened. He wanted to explain.

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*stuff - drugs.

I liked the way he respected me, and I thought maybe he was a little "religious." He must have seen a look in my eye, and he said, "Now, look, nigger, I'm not scared - a you, and I'll kill you if I have to. But I don't want to. All I want is what you got on you."

I didn't say anything, and he started toward me. I said, "Man, I ain't got nothin'."

"Look, Sonny, I don't want to hear that." He put the gun up to my face.

"If that's all you want, man, go on and take it."

"Where is it, man? Don't get crazy and try anything, because my habit's down on me; I got to have some drugs. And I'll kill you, nigger, if you make me."

I told him where the drugs were. I had them in an eyeglass case in my inside jacket pocket.

He reached in there, got it, and looked in it. He said, "Okay, like, you stay here, man. You in my neighborhood now, and I know the backyard; I know the people and everything around here, so don't try and act like you crazy."

He told me to just stay there for about two minutes, and he ran in the backyard. He just took the drugs and was gone. He took about a hundred and ten dollars' worth of coke and pot from me. He'd sell it for horse.

I felt bad. Nobody had ever stuck me up or like that. I knew that this would get around, and you couldn't deal any drugs if you were going to be letting cats stick you up and take it. I knew that I'd have to get a gun, and that when cats heard about it - cats like Bubba Williams, Big Freddie, Reno, and Tommy Holloway - they would also want to hear that the guy had been killed. This was the way the people in our set did things. You didn't go around letting anybody stick you up. If you let somebody stick you up and go on living behind it, you didn't have any business dealing drugs. Everybody who wanted some free drugs would come by and try to stick you up. I didn't want to, but I knew I had to get another piece* and find that cat.

The cat pulled a fadeaway. Danny heard about it. Danny and I were still tight. He was coming around. Cocaine couldn't do much for Danny, because Danny was strung out** on smack***. When you're using heroin, nothing else is going to do but so much for you. I used to always give Danny money to cop, or if I came by some horse by accident - somebody might have given me some for some cocaine - I used to give it to Danny. Danny was a cat who appreciated this sort of thing.

I saw him the day after Limpy had stung me in the hallway on 149th Street. I went up to him, and I said, "I got to get me a piece, baby."

He said, "Yeah, I heard about it, Sonny, but I want to ask you somethin', and I mean it from the bottom of my heart."

*piece - gun.
**strung out - using a drug heavily.
***smack - heroin

"Sure, Danny, you know, speak your piece, baby."

Then Danny said, "Look, Sonny; like, I know you, man, from way back. We came outta the house together, you know?"

"Yeah, so, what you want to ask me, Danny?"

"Do you really want to burn this cat, man? I mean, you want to waste Limpy?"

I said, "Look, man, it's like you said; we came the street way together, and you know how it is. You know if I don't kill that mother, I can't come out on the street any more with any stuff in my pocket talkin' about I'm gon deal drugs. Niggers will be laughin', comin' up in my collar, and saying', 'Give me what you got'. I mean, if I did that, if I let the cat go on livin', mothers would be tryin' to rob me without a gun. That would be the end of it all."

He said, "Yeah, I know how it is, Sonny. But like, look, man, you got a whole lot goin' for you. You got a lot on the ball. I never told you this before, but I think you're smarter than all these niggers out here, Sonny. And I think if anybody on Eighth Avenue ever makes it, I think it could be you."

I said, "Danny, what you talkin' about?" That surprised me. This wasn't supposed to be coming from Danny. This just wasn't him, and it wasn't the stuff we used to talk about. I said, "What's wrong with you?"

"Look, Sonny, I got a piece, but I'm not gon let you have it. What I want you to do is forget about Limpy, not just forget about him, but let me take him, man, let me worry about him."

Danny had been strung out for about four years. I guess he felt that he didn't have much going for him. His folks had cut him loose; he couldn't go home. None of his relatives wanted him coming by. He was ragged all the time. He'd been in and out of jail. He'd been down to Kentucky a couple of times for the cure. He'd been to a place called Brothers Island. He'd been a whole lot of places for a cure. He'd caused everybody a whole lot of trouble. He felt that life was over for him.

"Look, Sonny, I'm already through. Like, I'm wasted. You got somethin' to live for, but me, I can't lose no more. So let me take care-a the nigger for you, and we'll be squared away. You did a whole lot for me, man. I remember the times I was sick and you gave me some drugs. I couldn't go anywhere but to you. I feel if there's one nigger out here on the street who I owe somethin' to, one nigger I should give my life for, man, it's you. And, besides, I'm not really givin' my life. I'm already messed up. I gave my life the first time I put a little bit-a horse in my nose."

"Look, Danny, thanks a lot, man, but we're not back in the short-pants days. If somebody stings me out here, it's not like somebody bigger than me messin' with me in school or something like that. We're out here man for man and playin' for keeps, baby. Everybody's gotta be his own man, you know?"

"Okay, Sonny, like I dinda understand it, but I'm still not gon give you my piece, man, because I don't want you to do it. And if I see the nigger before you do, I'm gon beat you to him."

"Yeah, Danny, like, thanks a lot, baby," and I walked. I went up to Robby Ohara. Robby Ohara was a stickup artist, and he used to sell all the guns in the neighborhood. He lived in my building. Just about all the criminals lived in my building.

Robby had heard what happened to me, and when I came up to his crib and said, "Robby, I need a piece right away," he asked me what kind of piece I wanted. I told him I wanted something small but effective, like a .25 automatic.

He said, "All right." He went into another room, came out, and threw me a .25. He said, "You know how to use it?"

It was a Spanish-make gun, and he showed me some things about it. I took out some money. He said, "Forget it, Sonny, that nigger is suppose to be dead. That's a gift from me."

Robby was a killer, and he understood this sort of thing. I took the piece and left.

I looked for Limpy for about a week or more, and I couldn't find him. After a while, I heard that he had gotten busted trying to stick up a doctor in his office. Somebody said he'd gotten shot about four times. This took me off the hook and saved my face, but I still had the piece. I knew that the next time somebody stung me, I was going to have to kill him. I started thinking about it. It didn't seem right for me to be killing a junkie, because these cats were usually harmless. And when they weren't harmless, it wasn't really them, it was smack that was at fault.

I started talking to Tony. I said, "Look, Tony, I'm gonna give up dealin' pot."

He said, "Yeah, I'm gon give it up too," but I knew he couldn't because he didn't have a job.

I told my customers I was going out of business, and I started sending them to Tony and other people who were dealing. A lot of cats who were dealing stuff would ask me, "Look Sonny, you need some money? You can't get any good stuff?" I guess they just didn't want to see me stop dealing. I told them I didn't need anything and didn't want anything.

IV: Getting Out

I started going to night school. I went to Washington Irving, because that was the first one I had heard about. When I'd come uptown, I'd see the cats on the corner at night. They were still making that money, teasing me, and laughing. They called me Schoolboy and said that I must be dealing pot downtown someplace, that I was pulling everybody's leg about school. Some of the cats I knew said I wouldn't go to school even when I had the truant officer after me, so why should I be going now.

But after a while, they saw that I was serious, and everybody stopped teasing me about it. I hadn't felt too bad when they were teasing me, because I knew they couldn't call me square or lame. Most of the cats who were out there on the corners dealing stuff now were the newcomers. Most of the cats I came up with were in jail or dead or strung out on drugs. I'd been out in street life long before these cats even knew how to roll a reefer. I could do what I wanted. I could turn square now, even straighten up if I wanted too, and not worry about anybody naming me a lame. I'd been through the street-life thing. At seventeen, I was ready to retire from it. I'd already had ten or eleven years at it.

The decision to quit dealing pot and go to school was part of a whole shift inside me that said, "Sonny, the only way you're ever going to escape the life of these Harlem niggers is to go straight and get yourself out of Harlem, into the bigger world beyond." So I got myself a job so I could earn some money.

After working at Hamburger Heaven for a year, I got tired of that. I just couldn't take it any more. I got tired of being the old-style nigger with the rag around his head. I didn't have any kind of skill or trade, so the only job I could get was doing some labor. It was beginning to bother me. I knew I didn't want to do this all my life.

I was pulling further away from the Harlem scene. I didn't swing with the old cats any more. I'd go up to Harlem and party, things like that, but I wasn't for going to jail any more. One thing began to scare me more than anything else about jail. This was the fact that if I went to jail and got that sheet on me, any time I decided that I didn't want to go the crime way, that I wanted to do something that was straight, I'd have a lot of trouble doing it behind being in jail. I didn't want that sheet on me, and I knew if I kept hanging around Harlem I was going to get busted for something jive, something like smoking reefers. And it would be shame for anybody to get busted for smoking reefers and get a sheet and have his whole life messed up.

I decided to move out of Harlem. I started reading the papers, looking for places down around school, which looked like a nice neighborhood. I was kind of fascinated by Greenwich Village anyway. I moved to a little loft room down on Cooper Square.

It was just the thing that I needed. I'd still go up to Harlem on the weekends and party, because I didn't know any people in the Village. That was one of the reasons why I liked being down there - the cats in the street like weren't coming around, so I got a chance to open a book every now and then. I knew what street life was like, but school and the book and the Village - all this was new. I wanted to get into it and get into it good. I couldn't do it in Harlem. Being down there, I could.

When I moved down to Greenwich Village, it was no big thing. I had come out of the house early. But Mama still kept saying, "Why don't you come on home?" I couldn't make her understand that it just wasn't home for me anymore.

I got a job working for a watch repair shop. Everybody in there except for two cats was Jewish. There was one Japanese guy and one Puerto Rican guy. All the others were Jewish. They were straight-up, nice people. They seemed to be some of the happiest people I had ever been around. Of course, they were all straight. They weren't into any crime or stuff like that, as far as I knew.

I liked it. It didn't pay much, only forth dollars a week, but I didn't need much money. I had all the clothes and stuff I needed, and I was free. For the first time in my life, I didn't have the feeling that I had to go to Coxsackie, to Woodburn, and then to Sing Sing. I had the feeling now that anything could happen, anything that I decided to do. It seemed a little bit crazy, but I even had the feeling that if I wanted to become a doctor or something like that, I could go on and do it. This was the first time in my life that I'd had that kind of feeling, and getting out of Harlem was the first step toward that freedom.

The only reason I wanted to be in Harlem was to spend more time with my brother, Pimp. But I couldn't. There just wasn't enough time. I couldn't take him to live with me. He was still too young. I couldn't have him hang out with me. I couldn't go back home. I'd just see him sometimes and talk to him.

He got in trouble once with some kids, something childish like snatching a pocketbook. It didn't seem too important at the time. I was a little bothered about it, and I spoke to him. He said they'd just done it for kicks. I was trying real hard to keep a check on him from a distance. I knew what he was doing.

He had started shooting craps, but this was nothing, really. All the young boys shot craps and gambled. This was what they were supposed to do. But Mama was worried about it. I suppose she and Dad were getting kind of old. She used to tell me, "Oh, that boy, he stays out real late." It seemed as though they were trying to throw their burden of parenthood on me, and I kind of resented that, but I cared about Pimp. I wanted to do something for him.

The only trouble was that I had set such a high standard for him, such a bad example, it was hard as hell to erase. People knew him as my brother. The boys his age expected him to follow in my footsteps. He was my brother, and I had done so much, I had become a legend in the neighborhood. They expected him to live up to it.

I used to try to talk to him. I'd say, "Look, Pimp, what do you want to do, man?" I tried to get him interested in things. He used to like to play ball and stuff like that, but he wasn't interested in anything outside of the neighborhood. He wasn't interested in getting away. He couldn't see life as anything different. At fourteen, he was still reading comic books. He wasn't interested in anything except being hip.

I was real scared about this, but I knew that I couldn't do anything. He was doing a whole lot that he wasn't telling me about. I remember one time I asked him, just to find out if he had started smoking yet, if he wanted some pot. He said, "No, man, I don't want any, and if I wanted some, I'd have it.

I know where to get it." I was kind of hurt, but I knew that this was something that had to come. He would've known, and I suppose he should've known. When I was his age, even younger, I knew.

I couldn't feel mad about it, but I felt kind of hurt. I wanted to say, "Look, Pimp, what's happenin', man? Why aren't we as tight as we were before?" He still admired me, but something had happened. It was as though we had lost a contact, a closeness, that we once had, and I couldn't tell him things and get him to listen any more the way he used to do. I felt that if I couldn't control him, nobody could, and he'd be lost out there in the streets, going too fast, thinking he was hip enough to make it all by himself.

I'd take him to a movie or something like that. I'd take him downtown to the Village and we'd hang out for a day, but I noticed something was missing. We didn't talk about all the really intimate things that we used to talk about. He wouldn't share his secrets with me any more, and this scared me, because I didn't know how far he'd gone. I wanted to say, "Pimp, what happened to the day that you and I used to walk through the streets with our arms around each other's shoulder? We used to sleep with our arms around each other, and you used to cry to follow me when I went out of the house." I wanted to say it, but it didn't make sense, because I knew that day had gone.

I gave my gun away when I moved out of Harlem. I felt free. This was one of the things that made me feel free, that I didn't need a gun. I didn't need any kind of protection, because I wasn't afraid any more. I had been afraid in Harlem all my life. Even though I did things that people said were crazy - people who thought that I must not be afraid of anything - I was afraid of almost everything.

Fear made me stop and think. I was able to see things differently. I had become convinced that two things weren't for me: I wasn't going to go to jail, and I wasn't going to kill anybody. But I knew I couldn't completely sever all ties with Harlem. My family was there, and just about all my life was there. I didn't know anybody anywhere else. I didn't know anybody in the Village. All I knew was that I had to get away.

I was only seventeen when I moved downtown, but I felt much older. I felt as though I was a grown man, and I had to go out and make my own life. This was what moving was all about, growing up and going out on my own.

Now that I've gone through all that, I can think back clearly on the whole Harlem scene. There was always a push to be a man in Harlem; a boy couldn't grow up and choose for himself: he was always forced to be a "man" in the terms of the street, and not in his own terms.

I think everybody, even the good boys who stayed in the house, started growing into this manly thing, a man's money, a man's family, a man's manhood. I felt so much older than most of the guys my age because I had been in it for a long time before they came out of the house. They were kids, and I felt like an old man. This was what made life easier on me in Harlem in the mid-fifties than it was for other cats my age, sixteen, and seventeen, and eighteen. I had been through it. I didn't have to prove anything any more, because I'd been proving myself for years and years and years.

In a way, I used to feel sorry for the cats coming out of the house at sixteen and seventeen. I knew they were afraid. I'd always been afraid too, and I wasn't afraid of what they were afraid of. I wasn't afraid of not using drugs. I sort of knew that I wouldn't have to kill anybody.

I suppose I was luckier because, when I was young, I knew all the time that I couldn't get in but so much trouble. If I had killed somebody when I was twelve or thirteen, I knew I couldn't go to the chair; I knew they couldn't send me to Sing Sing or anyplace like that.

Then the manhood thing started getting next to cats through drugs. I saw it so many times. Young cats wanted to take drugs because they used to listen to the way the junkies talked, with a drag in their voice. I used to see some of the younger cats on the corner trying to imitate the junkie drag, that harsh "Yeah, man" sort of thing.

It was changing. By 1957 the fight thing had just about gone. A man didn't have to prove himself with his hands as much as he had before. By then, when I met cats who had just come out of jail, out of Woodburn, Sing Sing, Coxsackie, and I asked about somebody, they'd say, "Oh, yeah, man, I think I know the cat," and they would start describing him by features, his height, his voice, that sort of thing. But as late as 1953, if I asked somebody, "Do you know a cat by the name K.B.?" The guy would say "Yeah, he's left-handed, and he always fights with his left hand cocked back?"

This was something that was dying out. Now people would ask if you knew somebody by scars or the way he talked, something like that. The fighting thing didn't seem to be important any more. The only thing that seemed to matter now, to my generation in Harlem, was drugs. Everybody looked at it as if it were inevitable. If you asked about somebody, a cat would say, "Oh, man, he's still all right. He's doin' pretty good. He's not strung out yet."

Only a few of us really made it out. One friend I had, named Turk, made it by becoming a prize fighter. One day I ran into him when I was up in Harlem. It was good to see Turk. I'd see him and he'd tell me about his upcoming fights. He was doing good. He'd started knocking out some pretty good light heavyweights. It did me good to see him around and know that it could be done. He was living proof that we could make it - the cats who had come our way in Harlem and had thrown the bricks that we had thrown in our youth. We weren't all cursed or destined to end up in jail.

I suppose that I was the living proof of it to him too. Whenever I saw him, we talked for a long time. I could tell him my dreams. He was the only one who could accept me as I was, and he wouldn't say, "Well, damn, Sonny, you've changed," or look at me in that peculiar way.

I could accept his dreams. When he told me that he was going to become heavyweight boxing champion of the world, I believed it. I guess I wanted to believe it, because I wanted him to believe me when I told him what I was going to do.

It became a thing. Whenever I started feeling sad or that everybody was losing out in Harlem or that all Harlem was going to pot and nobody was making it any more, I'd go to the Uptown Gym on 125th Street, and I'd watch

Turk work out. I'd talk to him afterward. We'd have a cup of coffee or a glass of wine, and we'd talk about our plans. I always felt good afterward.

The gym was right next to the Apollo Theatre, and one day when I was with Turk, I happened to pump into someone going into the Apollo. As I turned around to apologize I looked right into Rickets' face. It was the first time I'd seen him since I'd left Wiltwyck. I grabbed him, and he grabbed me. We were real excited. I introduced him to Turk, and they said hello. I told him we were going over to a restaurant to have a cup of coffee and asked him to come along.

He said, no, he was going into the Apollo, but give him my address and he'd come around. He asked me if I was working, and I told him that I wasn't. I told him that I was just up there visiting and watching some people.

He asked me what was I doing, and I told him, "Nothing just knocking about." I had gotten out of the habit of telling people I hadn't seen in years that I was going to school. I just didn't think any of them took it seriously enough. Most of the cats would laught at it, and then the word would get around. I couldn't tell anybody that any more.

I told him that I just wasn't doing anything, and I asked him where he had been. He looked at Turk, and I guess he figured he was all right, so he said, "Man, I just got out of Sing Sing. I did three years on a one-to-five bid. Damn man, everybody is up there, and all the cats are lookin' for you, man, askin' about you."

When he said this, Turk sort of laughed, and he said, "Yeah, Sonny, I guess you're missed, man."

"Yeah, well, tell them not to give up hope, Rickets, when you go back, because I may get there yet."

"Yeah, man, cats put out stories about you were doin' time in another state. Somebody said you'd gotten killed. They had a whole lot of stories about you going around up there."

He told me that K.B. was up there, that there were a lot of my friends up there. While he was talking, I said, "Stop it, man, you tryin' to make me homesick or somethin'?"

"It's pretty nice up at Sing Sing."

"Damn, how nice can it be?"

"I mean, you know, just about every cat is up there."

He went on into the Apollo, and Turk and I walked on down the street. Turk said, "You, know, Sonny, sometimes when I think about all the other cats, like Dunny and Toto, and Mac and Alley Bush and Bucky, it's like, man, I feel as though I'm one of the luckiest people in the world. I know that somewhere in my life I must have done something good for somebody, because if I hadn't... I'm walkin' around here free, and all those cats, they didn't raise any more hell than I did... I don't think anybody cared any more for me than they cared for them, but I'm here, man, so it had to be only by luck."

I said, "Yeah, man, I can understand that. You know I can, because I'm alive by luck."

Turk looked at me and smiled. He knew. We had a whole lot in common that I didn't have with other cats. The one time in my life when I was most afraid of dying, Turk was with me. Perhaps it was the most dramatic moment in my life, and maybe it had had a great impact on him too. We had this experience together, and it was a bond.

I finished night school, got my diploma, and then faced the decision of what to do next. I made up my mind that I was going to go to school. I didn't know where or what school or what I was going to study, but I knew that I had to go to school somewhere, and it couldn't be in New York.

I tried talking to Tony. Tony had gotten his diploma. He'd graduated from Washington Irving Evening High too. I don't know what happened to him, but he started dabbling. Tony became more and more frustrated. He tried working, but he said he just couldn't get along with these white folks who were running the world. He would quit one job right after another, mess around uptown, and start dabbling more and more and more. He never got hooked. He was a sort of now-and-then drug user. When he was feeling bad or something was bothering him, he would start using drugs. If nothing was bothering him, he just wouldn't use drugs.

I told him I could cut him into some people who would aid him in going to school if he wanted to go. He said he'd like to meet them. Anytime I wanted to cut him into them, he'd be ready. I didn't live near Tony any more. He was still living in the Village, and I was living up on Ninetieth Street.

I told him to meet me uptown the next Friday night. I was going to take him to meet Reverend James. I'd told him a lot about Reverend James, and he had said, "Man, he sounds like a powerful cat. I'd like to meet him."

I had been working a heavy tour at the post office, ten to twelve hours a night. I came home that Thursday at about three o'clock in the morning. I'd put in some overtime. When I got in the house, I was real tired. As soon as I hit the bed, the phone rang. Mama was on the other end.

I said, "Hi, Mama. How you doin'?" I got kind of leery, her calling me up so early in the morning. I started joking with her. I said, "Little girl, aren't you ashamed of yourself, bein' up so early in the mornin'? Aren't you sleepy?"

She said, "Boy, I been tryin' to get you all night."

"Well, I work, Mama, you know that."

"Oh, I thought you got off twelve o'clock."

"I'm puttin' in some overtime."

She said, "Oh, well, that's good. Sonny Boy..." She stammered and stuttered, "Oh....uh..." She paused.

I said, "What, Mama?"

She just blurted it out, as if she had to spit it out as fast as she could because she didn't know how else to say it. She said "Sonny Boy, Tony is dead."

It hit me just like a bullet. I was stunned. I just couldn't say anything for a long time. I think Mama knew the effect it would have on me because she didn't say anything. The phone was dead for a long time.

I said "Mama..."

"Uh-huh?"

"Did you see him dead?"

"Sonny Boy, everybody on Eighth Avenue knows he's dead. I was over sittin' with his mother tonight, tryin' to get her to relax. The poor woman's almost out of her mind."

"Mama, I'll be uptown... I'll be uptown."

They had the lights on when I got there. Carole and Margie were there. They were all talking about Tony being dead. I just couldn't believe this. I sat there for a long time, and they kept saying it over and over.

Somebody said, "Yeah, he's dead."

And Carole would say, "I guess he is."

I said, "Mama, where? How did they find him? How do you know he's dead? How did he die? Damn, Mama, Tony was only twenty-three or twenty-four."

Mama said, "Well, Sonny Boy, they found him in the backyard."

I said, "They found him in the backyard how?"

"Dead."

"An O.D.*, Mama?"

She said, "Yeah, I guess so. He died from that dope."

"I don't believe that, Mama, not Tony, because Tony knew what he was doin'. He wouldn't have gotten strung out. He knew how to dabble in drugs. I don't believe he died from any O.D."

Then Carole said, "They say he had a lot of bruises on his face, like somebody'd been hittin' him with somethin' or somebody'd kicked him."

I said, "No, not Tony..." I just sat there thinking about it, thinking about wanting to take Tony down to see Reverend James this very evening, thinking about all we'd come through together, and thinking about all the dreams that Tony had had.

---

*O.D. - overdose

Everybody stayed silent, as though they were respecting my thoughts. I got up and said, not to anyone in particular, just to all of them, anybody who happened to be there, "You know, nobody should be so surprised now, because Tony was dyin' for a long time."

Mama said, "What you mean he was dyin' for a long time?"

"Mama, some people look like they're in the best of health. When they start dying, it takes them years and years. I once knew a Japanese guy. He used to work with me. He told me that, in Japan, they don't believe that people die of old age or a natural death. They believe that they just get tired-a-livin', Mama. When they start feelin' useless, they just close their eyes. I think Tony was beginnin' to feel as though he wasn't doin' anything, Mama, and he was kind of closin' his eyes for a long time. You know, tryin' to fight that useless feelin'. I don't think he died all of a sudden. Young people don't die that easy, Mama."

I learned a lot from Harlem -- how to get by, how to do more than get by, and, in the end, how to get out of Harlem and live, rather than lead the dead life so many people lived in Harlem. I go back to Harlem now and see the same old life still there. But now I can see it from the outside and know that it's possible to make it out.

Most of the junkies in Harlem now are young cats; they're younger than Danny and younger than me. I wish I could get out in Harlem in a truck with a loudspeaker on it, like the politicians do around election time, and just tell the story of Danny to some of the cats out there on the streets nodding and scratching -- and maybe tell the story about Turk, the stuff he came through, and the achievements he made despite it all.

I'd like to show them that despite everything that Harlem did to our generation, I think it gave something to a few. It gave them a strength that couldn't be obtained anywhere else.

The last time I walked up 145th Street, I remembered the little boy and the dog with the black spot over his eye, and the boy standing in front of me and saying, "I want to be like you." I thought, Well, maybe now I wouldn't be so embarrassed about it all. But I thought that there were a lot of guys around there who would have been a better example, guys like Turk and Danny. There were a few cats who'd made it pretty big.

The End

"NOT POOR, JUST BROKE"*

by Dick Gregory

There were other fathers along the way, men who reached out and gave me their hands. There was Mister Coleman, principal of the Cote Brilliant Grammar School, where I was transferred when I was thirteen. He called me into his office once when I was in the seventh grade. I walked right up to his big oak desk, and he leaned back in his swivel chair and looked me up and down.

"I've got a problem you might be able to help me with, Richard. It's about your job as a patrol boy."

"Sure, Mister Coleman."

"I've had complaints about how rough you are at the school crossing, Richard. You push the students, you use bad language. Now, I've watched you, Richard, and I know you're one of our best patrol captains. You don't let anybody cross until those trucks stay behind the white line. I don't want to have to take your badge away."

"Well, Mister Coleman..."

"How old are you, Richard?"

"Fourteen." I was embarrassed at being behind.

"You're a leader, Richard, a smart boy, a little older than some of the other students. They'll do just what you tell them if you're kind and strong. You've got to help them out on that corner, you can't be hateful. You're just like a father with a lot of children to watch after. Now go out there and keep those little kids safe."

At three o'clock I ran out on my post and stood out there like a happy traffic cop, as straight as a man could stand, proud because everybody was looking at me, because kids couldn't cross the street without me. Milkmen, laundrymen, they'd pull up their trucks and I'd make sure all the kids were on the sidewalk before I'd wave them through. The drivers would lean out and wave at me and call hello as they passed by. I was somebody.

I changed a lot those years at Cote Brilliant. St. Louis had a segregated school system and that school had been built for white kids. But after the war, when the neighborhood changed, it became a Negro school. It had trees and lawns and a beautiful brick building. I had to walk through a nice neighborhood to get there from North Taylor. I stopped shining shoes that year because I wanted to go to school clean, without polish all over my hands. I started taking books home with me. I still didn't read them because it was too cold at home, but it was a good feeling to have them around. In the three years I went to Cote Brilliant, I only missed school when I didn't have enough warm clothes.

*From the book NIGGER: An Autobiography by Dick Gregory with Robert Lipsyte. Copyright, © 1964 by Dick Gregory Enterprises, Inc. Reprinted by permission of E.P. Dutton and Co., Inc. Paperback edition published by Pocket Books, Inc.

The teachers were different, too. I guess Mr. Coleman set the tone. They talked to me, they listened to me, I got a chance to see Negroes in authority who didn't seem bitter or out to get me. I got up in class and I talked, even if I really didn't have anything to say.

"Miss Carter?"

"Yes, Richard?"

"If two and two is four, then what you're really saying is that you have to subtract two from four two times to get zero. Or you could multiply two times two and then subtract it from four or from two plus two and still get zero. Isn't that right?"

"Uh, I think so, Richard, but perhaps you better say that again, slowly..."

I never read books so I didn't really know things the way the other kids did, but all of a sudden I wanted to know. From all those years on the street I had a feeling that maybe there was more to things than just what was brought out in class. And so I tried to punch holes in the stories the other kids believed in ("I don't think anybody could throw a silver dollar all the way across no river") and show those kids they really weren't as smart as they thought (Did you ever see that gold in Fort Knox, how you know it's really there?").

I didn't know the answers either, but I got to be a big man at Cote Brilliant. I got the reputation of a talker who could go on and on about anything at all. There was a school play about the United Nations, and I was invited to be an actor in it. I started to learn how to read the newspapers, and I could talk about the editorial page. And I was the big negotiator, the guy who broke up all the fights. Teachers would send for me to break up fights. Sometimes the big guys would come after me. A guy twice my size would grab me and push me against a wall and be all ready to knock my face in. I'd roll my eyes and look down at his feet.

"Baby, you better kill me quick. If you don't, I'm gonna steal those cool shoes you wearin'."

Now who could beat up a guy who said that?

Then I went to Sumner High and I was nobody again. There were a lot of wealthy Negro kids at Sumner, doctors' sons who had their own cars. Everyone looked as clean and smart as Helene Tucker. The athletes and the rich boys and the brains and the big wheels at Sumner High School. The only attention I got was in Pop Beckett's gym class. Pop was one of the first Negro graduates of S College, in Massachusetts, probably the greatest physical education school in the country. He was tough. Rich or poor, everybody got hit one time or another in his class. He slapped me a couple of times for messing up, and it felt good to have somebody care enough to beat me for a reason. It got to the point where I started looking for it. Pop would stand up on the platform in front of the gym class, his face stony, his chest bulging out of his T-shirt, and I'd suck on my checks until my lips squeaked.

"Who was that?" Pop would roar.

"Me. It was me, Pop."

Whop.

Or I'd yell out: "Pop, you stink."

"That you, Gregory?"

"Yeah, Pop, it was me."

"Get up here."

Whop.

I became a big man in gym class because I was the only one who would yell at Pop and take my beating. I guess he knew why I was doing it because he never threw me out.

When school ended in June, Boo and Presley and I got jobs with the government flood control project on the leves. We told them we were eighteen years old. At $1.25 an hour, I figured I'd be able to get some nice new clothes for school next fall.

That summer was like a long bad movie. We had to load and pile sandbags up and down the banks of the Mississippi and it was so hot the soles of our boots got sticky and our shirts were like another layer of skin. Always wet, always muddy, and if you took your clothes off you died from sunstroke. We saw a lot of men die. Work all day, all night, puffing on cigarettes to keep the mosquitoes off, sleep where you drop, eat when the Red Cross truck came along with sandwiches and coffee. One of us always kept watch behind in case another man went crazy in the sun and started splitting heads with his shovel. We were loading hundred-pound sandbags one day and I'd been urinating blood for a week when the levee started shaking and the bags began to turn dark brown from the water seeping through. A Negro Army sergeant grabbed my arm.

"See my truck over there, boy? When the levee bust we ain't gonna pick up no whites, hear, but you hang near the truck and jump in."

And suddenly somebody was screaming: "It's breaking, it's breaking," and water and bags and men were spilling and tumbling around us and Boo and Presley and I were running through muddy water, running until we fell down and got up again. Once we were so tired we just fell down and stayed there. The water came seeping up through the ground and we were running again, no place to lie down, nothing to eat. We passed three white men standing on top of a rock eating cheese sandwiches. They wouldn't let us come up with them. One of them threw half a cheese sandwich down. Boo tore it in three parts and we were just about to bite on it when one of the white men grabbed his stomach and pitched over. We started running again. We got separated that night, and we didn't see each other again for a couple of weeks, when the water went down and we all were sent home.

We were heroes when we got home. Momma was so glad to see us because she had read about a truckload of Negroes who had been drowned. Boo and Presley and I strutted around the neighborhood, and people bought us watermelon slices just to sit on their front porches and tell them how bad it was, how many people we saved. We lied our heads off. It was beautiful.

We had a lot of trouble getting our checks for that summer. An old white man with a turkey neck down at the Federal Building came down with us and straightened things out and a few weeks later we got almost $500. For the first time, Presley and I went downtown to shop in the big department stores.

We were treated like dogs. We'd go into a place and a salesman would hurry away from his white customer. "What do you boys want?"

"Hat."

"What color?"

"Brown."

"What's your head size?"

"Don't know."

"You have to know."

"I'll try it on."

"Like hell you will."

Wherever we went in the store, the detective would follow us. Couldn't touch, couldn't try things on. Funny though, they put our money right next to white folks' money in the cash register. We got home and we spread out our clothes on the floor for everybody to see. There were more shirts and socks and underwear on that floor than in the whole wide world.

I felt a lot better going back to high school that year, wearing new clothes, feeling clean on the outside. When I heard that the track team got to take showers every evening after practice, I asked the coach if I could join. Sumner had the best Negro track team in the state and a brilliant coach, Lamar Smith.

"You run before?"

"Sure, coach, I do a lot of running."

"Where?"

"Around the neighborhood."

He shook his head. "We've given out all the lockers and uniforms for this year."

"All I want to do is take a shower in the afternoon."

He looked me over and kind of smiled. "All right. But you'll have to bring your own sweat suit. And stay off the track and out of my boys' way."

That's how I started in sports. Sumner had a fine athletic field. While the team ran inside the field, around the track, I ran outside, around a city block.

Every day when school let out at three o'clock, I'd get into an old pair of sneakers and a T-shirt and gym shorts and run around that block. In the beginning, I'd just run for an hour then go and take a hot shower. And then one day two girls walked by and one of them said, "What's he think he's doing?" And the other one said, "Oh, he must be training for the big races." I just kept running that day, around and around the block, until every time I hit the pavement pain shot up my leg and a needle went into my side, and I kept going around and around until I was numb and I didn't feel anything any more. Suddenly, it was dark and the track team had all left. I could hardly walk home my feet hurt so much, but I couldn't wait until the next day to get out there again. Maybe I couldn't run as fast as the other guys, but I could run longer, longer than anybody in all the city of St. Louis. And then everybody would know who I was.

I kept running all that fall and all that winter, sometimes through the snow, until everybody in school knew who I was, the guy who never took a rest from three o'clock until six o'clock. I don't think I ever would have finished high school without running. It was something that kept me going from day to day, a reason to get up in the morning, to sit through classes with the Helene Tuckers and the doctors' sons who knew all the answers and read books at home, to look forward to going a little faster and a little longer at three o'clock. And I felt so good when I ran, all by myself like a room of my own. I could think anything I wanted while I ran and talked to myself and sometimes I'd write stories on "My Favorite Daddy" and "What I'd Buy with a Million Dollars," and I could figure out why people did certain things and why certain things happened. Nobody would point to me and say I was poor or crazy; they'd just look at me with admiration and say: "He's training." I never got hungry while I was running even though we never ate breakfast at home and I didn't always have money for lunch. I never was cold or hot or ashamed of my clothes. I was proud of my body that kept going around and around and never had to take a rest.

After six o'clock I'd go to White's Eat Shop and wash dishes in return for dinner. Sometimes I'd go downtown and sneak into a white hotel and put on a busboy's uniform and get a good meal in the kitchen. The man never knew the difference. "All niggers look alike." And then I'd go home and go to sleep because I was tired and I needed a rest. I'd be running again tomorrow.

When spring came, the coach called me over one day and asked me if I'd like to run on the track. I ran against the guys on the team, and they were still faster than me, but I could keep going longer after they were pooped out. Every so often the coach would walk by and tell me I was holding my arms wrong, or that my body was at the wrong angle, or my knees weren't coming up high enough. But I was on the inside now and I was getting a little faster every day. By the time school closed in June I was beating the boys on the track team. The coach told me to report for track first thing in September. There would be a locker for me and a uniform.

That summer was the roughest I ever spent. The Korean War was on, and good jobs were opening up at ammunition plants. I lied four years, told them I was twenty-one, and went to work for a company manufacturing 105-millimeter howitzer shells. The unfinished shells weighed forty-five pounds each, and I had to pick up 243 every twenty minutes. I always had stomach trouble, never could wear a belt, and every time I bent over and picked up a shell my insides tore a little. But with overtime I could pull down as much as $200 some weeks. When the other workers found out how old I was, there was a lot of resentment. They'd slip up behind me with crowbars and shove the casings down the belt faster than I could pick them up. I'd be so tired when I came home it was a real effort to get out and practice my running.

Then they put me on the night shift, eleven o'clock to seven in the morning. "Keep the streets a little safer at night, one less nigger running around," the foreman said. Now I did my running in the mornings after work, when the other folks were just going to their jobs. I kind of liked that, but it hurt not being able to be with Boo and my friends in the evening.

And then the foreman told another boss to put me down in the furnace pit. "Nigger can take heat better," he said. Well, the system wasn't going to beat me. I stood up next to that furnace, and I ate their goddamned salt tablets and just refused to pass out. They weren't going to make me quit, and I wasn't going to give them cause to fire me. I'd lean into that blazing pit until my face would sting, and when the lunch whistle blew I'd fall on the floor and vomit blood for half an hour and I'd clean it up myself.

It was all worth it. I could walk home at the end of the week and put money in Momma's hand. We could go shopping with cash instead of the green tablet; we could walk into a super-market instead of Mister Ben's. I could stand at the check-out counter and listen to the cash register and my heart didn't jump with every ring. Momma could pay some back bills and buy some new second-hand furniture and some clothes, and not have to go to the white folks' every day. We had a little money around the house now, but we didn't sign off relief. It was too hard to get back on.

I kept my job when school started. The band had a special music class at eight o'clock in the morning, one hour before regular classes started, and I worked out a deal with the bandmaster, Mr. Wilson, to let me take it. That way I could come to school right from the plant, and finish up classes and track practice early enough to grab a few hours' sleep before leaving for the eleven o'clock shift. In return, I cleaned up the band room every morning, set the music out on the stands for the musicians, and kept out of their way. I liked sitting on the side and watching the band play, everybody working together to make a good sound, the bandmaster, a real sophisticated conductor with his baton, telling everybody when to come in, when to stop. I started watching the drummer. He seemed to be having the most fun, sitting there so cool, beating on that big kettledrum. When he brought those sticks down everybody heard him. He played all by himself, but he kept the whole thing going. I started tapping my hands on my knees along with him, and sometimes I'd get there a little earlier and take some licks on the drum myself. And after a while, when I was home, I'd keep time to the radio, beating a fork on one of Momma's pots.

After school I'd be out on the track, inside the fence with my own uniform. There was a new coach. Warren St. James. And he started spending a lot of time with me, teaching me how to start, how to pace myself, when to make that closing kick. I learned fast because I was hungry to learn, and when the season opened I was running in dual meets, in the mile and the half-mile. I was doing well, finishing third and second, and once in a while I'd win a little race. But I was always tired, sometimes too tired to sleep before I went to work at the plant.

Momma came into the bedroom one evening, about eight o'clock. I was sitting up in bed, thinking about last week's race and the mistakes I made, how I just didn't have it at the end, how I couldn't get those knees up high enough for the stretch sprint.

"Can't you sleep, Richard?"

"No, Momma."

"I don't know why you don't quit that old sport, Richard." She sat down on the bed. She always sighed when she sat down. "I worry about you, Richard, you got so much trouble with your stomach and your mind drifts so."

"Momma?"

"Yes, honey."

"Remember when you took me to that old woman, I was a real little kid, and she said I'd be a great man some day."

Momma took my head in her lap and rocked back and forth.

"She saw a star right in the center of your head, and I knew it, oh how I knew it. You gonna be a great man, Richard."

"Momma, I'm gonna be a great runner, the coach said I could be a great runner. Momma?"

"Yes, honey?"

"I want to quit my job."

And my Momma rocked me in her arms and I guess she thought about the green tablet with the picture of the snuff can on it, and getting up at six o'clock to put sacks on her shoes and she said: "Okay, honey. And don't you worry, my special little man, we're gonna be all right."

That was my last night at work. The next morning I got to the band room and the bandmaster was staring out the window looking mad. There was a concert the next week, and the drummer was in the hospital.

"You read music, Gregory?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I know you been fooling around with the drums. Now I want to try something. Whenever I tip my head toward you like this, see, I want you to hit the drum like this, hear, and when I..."

The drummer never got his job back. We got through that concert, and the one after that, and then it was football season and I was banging the big bass drum in the marching band.

Life really began to open up for me. Everybody in school knew me now, the athletic crowd and the musical crowd, and the girls that hung around both. I didn't go out very much. I didn't have money, and I was pretty shy. I could make quick talk outside the corner drugstore, or at a party, but when it came to that big step of asking a girl to have a date with me, I just couldn't get those words out.

But I was all right, man. The band was taking big trips, to West Virginia and Illinois and Kansas, and we were playing Beethoven and Bach and Mozart, cats I never head of. Once, just once, I invited Momma to a concert. I sat on the stage of the school auditorium, and I got sick and ashamed when I saw her come in wearing that shabby old coat, her swollen ankles running over the edges of those dyed shoes, that dress the rich white folks gave her, a little too much lipstick, the cheap perfume. They asked her to go sit up in the balcony. I should have got up and thrown that kettledrum right into the faces of all those doctors and society people and light-complected snobs sitting in the orchestra. But I didn't. I just was glad she was up in the balcony where she couldn't be seen by too many people.

I never wanted her at track meets. That was mine, all mine. Flagpole Gregory, they called me, Ironman Gregory. I could run all day. I had style. I wore argyle socks in the races and a handkerchief wrapped around my head. I had a little trick. When I came down the stretch I'd look up at the flagpole and make a little salute. Then I'd go into my closing kick and win going away. They thought I was very patriotic, that the flag gave me extra strength. Once in a meet against Vashon High, the other bog Negro high school in St. Louis, some kids took the flag down, figuring that would beat me. I never even knew it.

Most of the meets were on Saturday, and I'd stay out until ten or eleven o'clock Friday night, talking with Mister Ben, or walking with Boo, or hanging around with the guys at the candy store and the poolroom. They'd tell me about a fight they were going to have with another gang... I'd tell them I couldn't make it, I was in training. I didn't tell them I didn't need it, I had something bigger going for me. Then, about eleven o'clock, when I was sure I was so tired I'd fall right to sleep, I'd go home.

I'd wake up early on Saturday mornings with a smirk on my face. I'd walk around the house, look at the peeling linoleum floor, the dirty dishes in the sink, all the raggedy shoes under the bed. I'd punch Garland on the arm and tickle Ronald and maybe pinch the girls. I'd hug Momma. "We're all right, Momma, we're all right." And then I'd take that one big step out of the house, jump the stoop, and I was in another world.

I'd walk to the stadium through the early morning, my uniform bag swinging in my hand, and with each step my stomach would turn over again and the little hairs would start standing up on the back of my neck. When I got to the stadium I'd just wave at the guard and he'd open the gate for me. I didn't even have to show him my competitor's pass. "Good luck, Greg, as if you need it." He'd wink at me and I'd wink back.

And the sun would be coming up high and it would still be cold under my sweater. I could feel the sweat under my armpits and between my shoulder blades and behind my knees. "Hey, Greg, hey, Greg," and I'd never look around, just climb quietly up to the grandstand and sit on a wooden bench like any other spectator. They'd be running off the shot-put and high jump early and I'd just sit up there and watch. Just another spectator at the track and field meet.

The loud-speaker would crackle and snap: "Will all entrants in the one-mile run please report to the official's table. Will all...."

I'd stand up real slow, and feel this thing start to take me over, this monster that started at my toes like hot water flowing upward through a cold body. By the time I got down the steps I'd be on fire. I dressed fast in the locker room under the stands, put on my bright argyles, wrapped a handkerchief around my head. Then I'd walk out on the field and I knew I could crush the world.

"There you are, Gregory, I've been looking all over for you. Where you been?"

"I'm ready, coach."

St. James looked me over. "You better be. I want to talk to you. That big boy from Vashon, he's good, you have to watch his..."

"Don't tell me about him, coach. You go on over and tell him about me."

I got to the line with the other runners, and now, for just a moment, I was scared. God, I'm bringing 118 pounds of bones to this line, been training right, going to bed every night, trying to keep the rules, now...

Bang.

Let the pack get ahead of you for the first quarter, no need to get banged around and elbowed up there with the pace-setters burning themselves out. Take it easy, Greg baby, that's the way, that's the way. At the half they started falling back, the guys who don't know how to run, the guys who smoked, the guys who don't really have it. Take them now at the three-quarter, take one at the curve, get the other one coming off, and come around the straightaway and clean them all up. One by one. Don't play with them, Greg baby, don't play with them, just pass them by like snatching off weeds on the run like you used to do with Boo. Now you feel that thing, the monster, and you're going, man, you're going, ripping and running and here comes that bad dog. There's only two up front now and they're way over their heads, and here comes the flagpole, don't forget to look up and salute, Greg, that's your trademark. Somewhere Coach St. James is saying, "Goddamn. Look at that Gregory, look at that machine." And my knees are coming up higher and higher and I'm running faster and faster and I pass those two like the Greyhound Bus passes telephone poles and the tape snaps against my chest and then, slowly, I'm off the stride, slowly, my head goes down, and, slowly, the thing inside of me lets go. The monster slips out, and I'm left all alone there, Richard Gregory, not Dick, not Flagpole or Ironman, just Richard. I fall on my knees and then on my face, and the grass smells sweet and my stomach explodes. "That... that... my last race, coach...no...more."

"Come on, Gregory, on your feet. They're getting ready for the relays."

And I'm up again and waiting, and it starts all over, the hot water seeping up, the monster slipping back in. I can see our number three man hit the curve and slow down like I told him to and now I'm running and the stick hits my hand like an electric charge. I put my head down and I go and the charge stays with me because everyone else is ahead and they have to settle down and run a race, but I have to go out and catch them all. Now my knees are coming up again, higher and higher and higher than the flagpole, and I salute my knees and then I snap the tape again. This time, when I fall on the grass, I go right to sleep, into a dream world. I'm standing on the back of an open car riding up Fifth Avenue in New York City, ticker tape falling out of the buildings like a Christmas snow and everybody in the world is cheering me as I go by, except Big Pres who's handing his head. I'm asleep in the middle of a stadium and I don't even hear them screaming my name.

I'd wake up screaming sometimes myself, my legs cramped and twisted under me. Momma would come in and sit down and take my legs and rub them gently.

"Anything makes a man like this here, he got to be crazy to go out and do it," she would say. "What is it, Richard, inside of you makes you go out there? I'm really afraid for you, Richard."

Pennsylvania Advancement School
Human Development Lab
Group Interaction Unit

Developed and Written by:
Dan Cheever
Gordy Donaldson

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INTRODUCTION

Our main objective is to help each teacher develop and teach his own unit about groups. Accordingly, this is not a finished curriculum. Instead, it is a curriculum of suggestions, a collection of material and ideas which should be organized and taught according to each teacher's own objectives. To use the material effectively, the teacher should determine his objectives for the unit as a whole and for each lesson he plans to teach. He should then examine the ideas offered here, and revise or organize them to meet those objectives.

These suggestions may be helpful in several ways. First, they provide specific ideas for a unit based on the study of groups. Second, they contain information about learning, teaching, and classroom environments which we hope will expand a teacher's repetoire of teaching methods and styles. This information is explained more fully in our pamphlet on "Process" which we urge you to read before continuing with this unit on groups.

RATIONALE

Our work at the Advancement School has convinced us that the American adolescent is overpowered by pressure to function in groups. Yet there is little formal study of groups in schools. Edgar Friedenberg makes a good case for this view in The Vanishing Adolescent, as does James Coleman in The Adolescent and the Schools. Our thinking has also been shaped by Herbert Thelen's Dynamics of Groups at Work.

Friedenberg claims that American adolescents face a society where "rearing and social experience, that stress being a good guy and getting along with the group, lead to abandonment when the group is threatened or disrupted; togetherness ends in isolation." (p. 213) In other words many youngsters have no firm identity because of the enormous premium on conformity and on belonging to the mainstream culture. In effect, his identity as a member of a group is more important to the adolescent than his identity as an individual.

Thelen draws some distinctions between the classroom group and the training group, or "T" group (the goal of which is the personal growth of individuals in the group by means of healthy group growth and interaction):

> ...the group changes as a result of learning. The amount and kinds of change depend upon what is learned and how it is learned. A classroom group, for example, learns to talk more intelligently about social problems or about chemistry; it learns to solve objectively defined problems in arithmetic or composition with greater skill; and it learns to respond emotionally to many stimuli (e.g., in the arts) that previously left it unmoved. But it may remain just as dependent on the teacher for telling it what problems it is to study next, what skill it needs to develop, how it is to organize for study. In other words, the group

> may show little if any growth as a group, even though there may be considerable development of ease and satisfaction among the students if they have the chance to interact with each other rather than only with the teacher. In contrast, the training group shows very great growth and change because everything it learns rises out of its problems of operation and has implications for what it is to do differently.
>
> It is for this reason that the trainer of the group may consider his major objective to be a 'help the group grow'. Among the signs of growth...are: increasing self-direction; increasing efficiency of working; increasing ability to cope with frustration; increasing skill in avoiding realistically anticipated failure; increasing ability to channel spontaneously expressed emotion into work; increasing flexibility in designing plans to fit changed situations; increasing rapidity in recovering from emotionally destructive periods; increasing meeting of individual needs within group problem-solving activities; an increasing tendency to define group problems realistically and in fundamental or dynamic terms — e.g., in terms of what is 'really' going on.
>
> ...It is interesting that it is the group that grows. Individuals change their roles, their reactions, and their understandings, and the changes are organized around, and occur because of, their own individual needs. Individuals may arrive at quite different ways of explaining what is happening in the group, and they may change their ways of responding to each other. But they do not all change in the same direction or to the same extent. They develop, if anything, more rather than less individuality — because there is great freedom to try out new behaviors and attitudes. They learn how to act, each in his own way, to change the group situation to give themselves more opportunity to be themselves. In the process, they discover a great deal about the 'selves' they are — or, more accurately, the selves they can be in a supportive but demanding situation. (p. 136-7)

POSSIBLE OBJECTIVES FOR A UNIT ON GROUPS

Thelen and Friedenberg stress that the adolescent has both a group identity and an identity as an individual (which may be enhanced and developed as a member of a group.) Our over-all objectives for a unit on groups would focus on these areas:

1) First, we would want students to understand the factors which influence the functioning of a group. This includes knowledge of roles which individuals assume in groups, as well as knowledge of how a group accomplishes the larger purposes or tasks for which it has been organized.

2) Second, we would want students to become able to practice what they learn: to assume different roles in a group, and to be able to guide a group towards successful completion of its task.

3) Third, we would want students to understand more fully their own attitudes and actions as members of groups, and as individuals. This self-knowledge would hopefully then enable students to choose attitudes or behaviors which reflect the identity they would like to have.

These objectives can be approached from two directions. On the one hand, students and teachers can learn about groups by examining themselves as an actual group. This is a direct method of inquiry, where learning is based on one's experience. On the other, they can study groups removed from their own experience (in literature or films, for example) and arrive at generalizations about groups. This is an indirect method. While the proportionate use of each strategy may vary, we feel it is very important to have students actually experience the processes or insights which they are examing. Our feeling is that personal experience is a valuable part of learning, and that the ultimate test of learning is whether the individual can demonstrate it through action or changes in behavior.

The activities suggested here include both "direct" learning (activities I - VIII) and "indirect" learning (activities IX - XI). A teacher can build his unit on whatever combination of these activities he thinks is most appropriate, given the objectives of his unit.

These suggestions can also be incorporated into any other curriculum. If, for example, the class is studying geography or history and having difficulty cooperating with each other, the teacher might want to use some of the activities in section II to solve the problem. If students are about to begin small group projects, the teacher might want to try activities in sections II, III, and VI as preparation for the projects. To sum up, the teacher can use these suggestions for an entire unit on groups, or can insert them when needed into another curriculum.

Finally, we have included some sample lesson plans, objectives, and unit outlines at the end of this pamphlet. Perhaps they will help the teacher in developing his own unit on groups.

SOME GENERALIZATIONS ABOUT GROUPS

Although these generalizations are brief and incomplete, they may provide the teacher with useful information for the design of his own unit. We have drawn these generalizations from Dr. Vitas Cernius and his group dynamics course at Temple University, from Dr. Rod Napier, and from material published by the National Training Labs, especially "Group Development" (Selected Reading Series One, NTL, Washington, D.C.).

1. A group has two concerns, the task and maintenance. A group's task can be almost anything; it is the purpose for which the group was formed. Maintenance refers to the level of feelings and commitment among individuals in the group. Often people in a group are primarily concerned either with the task (getting the job done) or with maintenance (keeping members happy, solving or avoiding conflict). Groups function most effectively, however, when there is concern for both.

2. Members of a group must understand both what their own goals are as well as the goals of others in the group. When the goals of individuals overlap (getting the job done, being happy), then the group has a good chance of working as an effective, cohesive unit. If individual goals do not overlap, there will be no group.

3. A group exists to perform a task, to get something done. Its members presumably know what their task is. But there may also be "Hidden Agendas," or conflicting motives, tasks, and needs which will keep the group from accomplishing its main task. These hidden agendas must be resolved by the group; often they emerge when the group reaches a crisis point with its stated task.

4. It is important for individuals to understand and discuss group norms, the behaviors or beliefs which the group accepts. Norms are usually either imposed from the outside or determined and accepted by the group itself.

5. Another area deals with roles: Who is doing what? An individual may, at times, take on many roles: criticizer, supporter, evaluator, leader, questionner, blocker, helper, task-orienter, etc. The same behavior by an individual may be interpreted in different ways by others in the group. A leader, for example, may be seen as helpful by some and as dictatorial by others.

6. A fifth concern is with membership. That is, who is a member of the group and what is required for an individual to be accepted by others? Marginal members tend not to be as loyal to the group as members who are considered to be more "in".

7. Many forms of communication can occur within a group. These are either verbal or non-verbal. Especially important are forms of non-verbal communications (such as withdrawing from the group, appearing tense, etc.) which often express key feelings.

8. The degree of productivity and cohesiveness for the group is dependent in part on how well the personal needs of individuals are being met. Here the group must deal with reality, with

how members actually do feel as opposed to how the group feels they should feel. If a leader is seen as dictatorial or bossy, it does little good for him to protest that he isn't really that way. The reality is such that he is perceived as a dictator, and that is what must be dealt with. Each member's hidden agenda is often the result of his personal needs not being fulfilled by the group.

9. Three common group problems are (1) conflict, (2) apathy or non-participation and (3) inadequate decision-making. In each case, the members of the group are either confused or uncommitted to the task, or are not dealing with hidden agendas.

SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES FOR A UNIT ON GROUPS

These activities are in no particular order, except that I - VIII are "direct" learning and IX - XI are indirect. Each teacher should select and order the suggestions according to his own unit's objectives.

I. Exchanging information or feelings through Mini-Groups

Mini-groups are simply small groups which have a specific task; namely, the exchange of information among members of each group. Usually mini-groups are used to break up a large group and to engage every member in the activity. Mini-groups are directed, usually by the teacher, and after a few questions, members move from one group to another. The exercise attempts to help students share information or feelings freely and openly.

For a mini-group exercise, divide the class into small groups of three or four people. Then present a question, which each member of each small group must answer within a given time period. Groups discuss each question simultaneously. For example, a mini-group activity designed to help thirty-five kids get to know each other might begin as follows:

1. Tell each person to introduce himself to others in his mini-group. Allow one minute for this.
2. Ask each person to describe, in one minute, what his family is like. (This activity will therefore take a total of three or four minutes.)
3. Tell others in your group, in one minute, about an experience which has greatly influenced you. (Again, a total of three or four minutes.)
4. Two people from each group move on to another group.
5. Each person, in one minute, describe a close friend and why you like him.
6. And so on.....

The mini-group activity can be used with any series of questions. For example, the technique can be used to generate discussion and an exchange of ideas about a film (Tell others in your group, in two minutes, what scene was most important and why"), a story, or some similar resource. In these cases, it is concerned with specific content. Or, as in the example outlined above, mini-groups can be used to help students exchange personal feelings or information. In either case, it is effective to occasionally ask members of each group to talk about how well their group is performing the task, ie - exchanging information.

II. Maintenance Concerns: Helping, Sharing, Trust

There are a variety of helping, trust, or sharing exercises which members of a group can perform. Some require the whole group, others are undertaken by sub-groups. The importance of mutual trust, and a willingness to help or share, cannot be underestimated; it is these maintenance concerns which often influence how well a group performs its task.

1. Blindfold Trust Activities: Blindfold one person and have another, who is not blindfolded, lead him through an obstacle course. Another activity involves placing one person, standing up, in the middle of a small circle of six or seven people. The person in the center, keeping his body rigid, falls towards the edge of the circle where he is caught and then passed around from person to person on the circle's perimeter. A third variation is to then lift that person into the air on his back, and let him feel supported by the hands of the group below him.

2. Place two people about three feet apart, back to back. One person ("the help-seeker") must state a problem to the other person ("the helper") who then tries to help. The helper should not offer his own solution, but instead should help the help-seeker through raising questions which will diagnose the problem and suggest solutions.

3. Tie two peoples' legs tightly together (each has only one leg tied). Ask them to walk around the room. Then add more people, gradually building up to fifteen or twenty people who must cooperate carefully if they are to move at all well.

In each of these activities, it seems important to allow serious reflection or discussion about what was learned from the experience. This will be difficult, especially if the teachers' objectives include such ones as: "Increase trust within the group." This type of objective is very difficult to evaluate. We feel that, in any discussion or evaluation, the teacher should avoid making judgments and only seek to help students express fully what they learned. The value-clarifying techniques developed by Simon, Raths, and Harmin, and explained in our pamphlet on "Process", might provide some useful techniques.

III. Leadership

A common strain in groups concerns leadership struggles among individual members. Sometimes these are open wars, other times they are guerilla actions. In either case, it is important that the problem of competing leadership be discussed and solved.

To help accomplish this, try placing the chairs in a row with one chair for each person in the group. The chair at one end represents the greatest leadership in the group, the chair at the other represents the least amount of leadership. Ask students to sit according to where they feel they belong, in terms of how much leadership they exercise in the group. Jot down the order on the board. Then ask an individual to arrange everyone else according to how he views it, and write these perceptions down. Repeat with several other people. These activities should show the group where leadership is located, and should provide information for discussion. Leadership struggles are a common group maintenance problem, and keep groups from adequately fulfilling their tasks.

IV. Feedback

Feedback is simply obtaining information about yourself from other members in the group. The chairs-in-a-row technique described above is one feedback activity; when Sam is placing students in chairs according to how much leadership he thinks they exert, each student is learning how Sam views him. The same activity can be used with other categories, such as helpful, playful, clown, task-oriented, drop-out from the group, and so on...

Another variation is to have students list members of the group on paper, in the order they feel exists for each category. Then compute the "average" for each student, and list the group's perceptions of its members on the board. For example, if the group has five members and the category is "leader," one person might be ranked #1 by one person, #2 by another, #3 by himself, #4 by another, and #5 by the last. His group average would therefore be #3 (15÷5=3).

A third feedback technique is to use a highly structured mini-group activity with such questions as:

1. Tell each person in your group something you like about him.
2. Tell each person something they do which irritates you.
3. If you had to give one piece of advice to each person in your group, what would it be?
4. And so on...

A fourth feedback technique is to ask members of a group to exchange roles, by having each person role play another person in the group. This is a difficult technique; there is danger of cruelty and mockery since it is often easier to ridicule than to praise. When done well, the technique enables one person to see how another views him, through that latter person's role play.

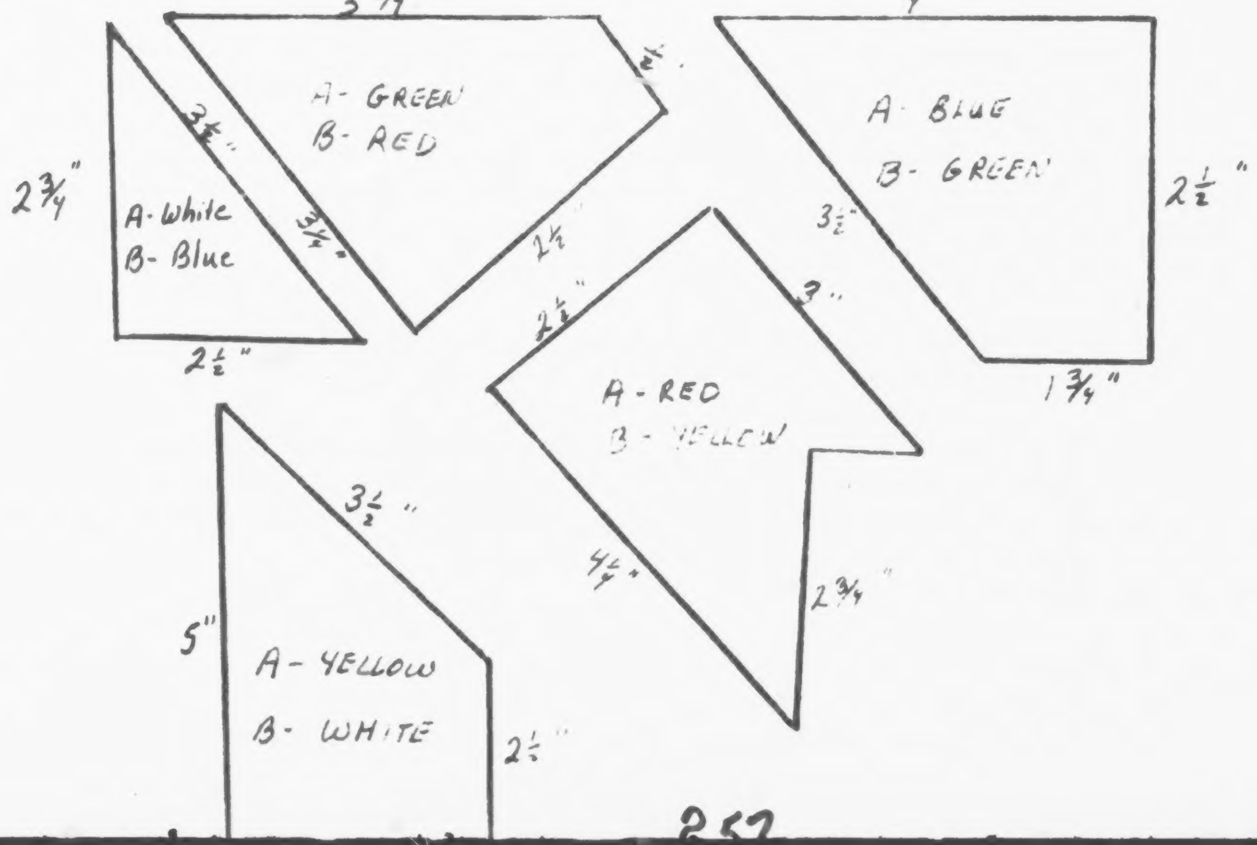
A fifth feedback technique is the fractured T. Cut out two copies of the fractured T puzzle and color each piece (or cut it out of colored construction paper). Be sure each part of each T is the appropriate color. Seat two students back to back at desks, so they can talk but cannot see each other. The rest of the class should observe silently. Give a properly assembled T to student "A", and an unassembled T (five pieces to student "B". Tell "A" that he should tell B how to assemble the T. Student "B" is told his parts are the same size and shape as "A", and that he cannot speak.

The first trap into which "A" is likely to fall is the inference that "B's" pieces are the same color as his. If he uses color as an identification, allow him to proceed for a couple of minutes, then stop and point out that nothing has been said about color. "A" will now very likely confuse "B" thoroughly with his further directions. Stop and discuss the importance of feedback, of obtaining accurate information.

Now allow "A" and "B" to talk freely to each other - exchanging questions and information without visual contact. If, as is likely, "B" still cannot assemble the pieces, turn "B" around so he faces "A".

The exercise usually illustrates the importance of feedback and accurate exchanges of information. Without it, a group may have difficulty accomplishing a task or solving a problem.

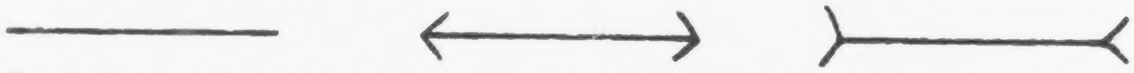
Parts for fractured "T"



V. Group Norms

Group norms are simply the standards set by the group, to which members are expected to adhere. They can be identified, sometimes, by simply asking the group to list the "rules" which it feels govern its members. Another technique is to ask individuals to list things about the group which they don't like. From these might emerge clues as to the group's norms.

Often individuals are pressured by a group into accepting norms. The desire to be a member of the group outweighs their own personal beliefs, or simply influences those beliefs and actions. Adolescent conformity is a case in point. If this seems to be the case, ask two people to leave the room. Draw three lines on the board of equal length, as follows:



Explain to those in the room that they must try to persuade the outsiders to change their mind. The outsiders will be brought in, one at a time. The teacher will ask the entire group which line is longest, with the student who speaks immediately after the outsider choosing a different line than the outsider's. Everyone else will then agree with this student's choice; they can deliberate a little and try to make their choice seem authentic. They can also try to persuade the outsider to change his mind. Usually he will give in and change his mind.

A variation is simply for the teacher to ask the outsider which line is longest, and for the entire group simultaneously to tell him he is wrong. In either case, the experiment can serve as a starting point for discussion of other norms which are imposed on the group.

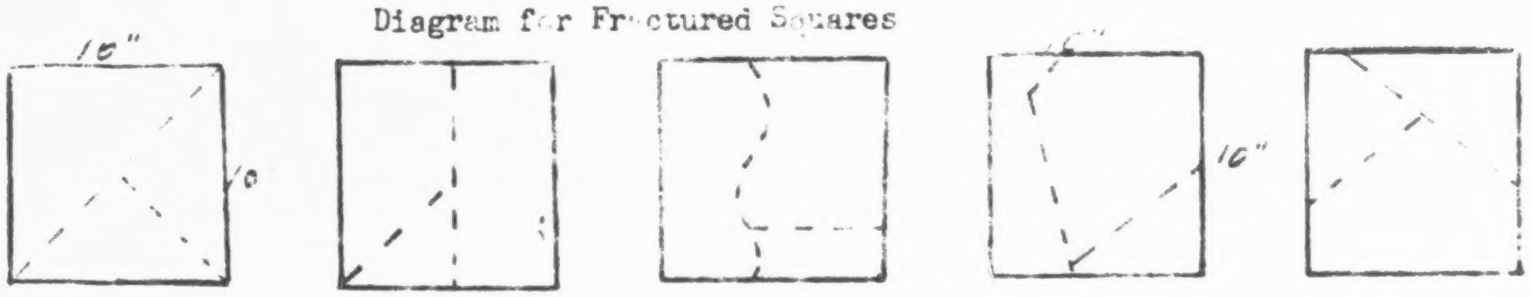
VI. Tasks

Effective completion of a task is one of the main purposes of most groups. It is sometimes helpful to run two or three short exercises in which the group can examine how well it is able to solve its task.

The fractured square exercise is one of the most effective activities for enabling students to study themselves in a group. It's aims are to engage the students intently in a group task, videotape it, and then examine individual and group behavior on the videotape. Videotape is not essential; obsevers can compare the behavior of several groups. From it, the group can learn a great deal about itself and begin to analyze various types of behavior in groups.

We use the fractured square puzzle for this, although any task might suffice. The fractured square goes as follows: 1) Before class, cut five equal squares of oak tag; 2) cut each of the five squares differently into three pieces and mix up all 15 pieces. 3) In class, form groups of 5 students, 4) sit the first group down in a circle on the floor or around a table, 5) hand three pieces of square to each kid, 6) ask the group to assemble as many of the squares as possible without talking with one another. Since the job is difficult, put a time limit of five minutes on each group. The task for each group is to assemble more squares than any other group in five minutes.

Diagram for Fractured Squares



1) Five squares of equal size and color
2) Each square cut into three pieces

We have encountered a problem in the activity: after the first group has tried and the others are having their turns, the boys who had already had their turn grow restless. An alternative is to have all groups going at once, with only one group being videotaped for later viewing by everyone.

The videotape analysis can be handled in any way the teacher desires. The students are fascinated by seeing themselves on TV and we have found it easy to conduct an analysis session. The tape must be previewed by the teacher and only sections that are particularly illustrative of the teacher's desired points should be shown (perhaps the whole tape would get boring). The analysis can begin with some preparatory questions: 1) Why were you all in groups? 2) What was the purpose of your group? 3) Do you think all members of your group were trying to accomplish this purpose (These purposes)?

Then, by showing the tape and stopping it where students did notable things, the teacher can focus the attention of the group on various behavior. It helps to have some prior notions of these behaviors. By discussing what was happening in the group, the class can come up with a description of a behavior which the teacher could write on the board.

At the end of the tape, the descriptions can be examined. One class came up with three categories of behavior it thought people showed in groups: 1) helping (cooperating with each other to make a square) 2) grabbing (hogging pieces to try to make one yourself) and 3) quitting (pulling out of the activity). Other groups will have other categories; there are no right answers. The analysis of the tape was expedited by the fact that there was no talking among the group at work, providing no diversion for the observers.

Following this activity, that class then used the information we had gathered in many later activities. It frequently returned to the questions: why are some people helpers, others grabbers, and others quitters? It inquired into the groups' seating arrangements to see if that effected an individual's performance (one boy observed that the table his group sat around was too big to allow him to help the boy at the other end). It compared groups, tried to detect reasons why one group did much better than the others. After this, it reconstructed the groups, gave them a chance to plan how and where they would work, and gave each group another try (they all did better; using different squares too). There are an infinite number of possibilities for the activity and for the information drawn from the tape. It can serve as an introductory exercise into what groups are, how they operate, and how individual members operate, and thus might begin a teacher's unit.

Other tasks can be substituted for the fractured square. One is to ask each group to construct a mobile in five minutes from a huge pile of assorted material. In that activity, you might want to allow a couple of minutes for planning and strategy talk before the group actually begins. Another activity is the NASA game, described in the appendix.

A word of caution. How groups function is difficult to understand if you're only twelve. But if your learning about groups comes from your own experience (as in the fractured square), and if those conclusions are your own and are expressed in your own terms ("grabbing, helping, quitting), then the way groups work can be both interesting and comprehensible.

VII. Group Responsibility

One, slightly risky idea is to turn responsibility for discipline over to the group itself. One teacher did so by drafting the following rules:

Preface to the Rules

As you have been told, this class is different. But just because it is unlike your other classes does not mean that you will not have to work in order to learn something. If these rules are followed, we will all learn a great deal and what we learn may be very worthwhile to us. Most of all, as we learn we will have fun.

Rules

1. In discussions, only one person speaks at a time.
2. If somebody is working on something in class, either in a group or by himself, nobody may interrupt him or destroy his work.
3. In the last fifteen minutes of class every Friday, we will have time for anybody to speak up about any gripes they have concerning the class (or see me after any class).

4. Any person, at any time, can report to the group that somebody has broken one of those rules. If this happens, class will be stopped for no longer than two minutes for discussion, after which the whole group will vote by turning their thumbs up or down (signifying no), according to whether they think the accused is innocent or guilty. If the accused is found guilty by the whole group, he will be excluded from the rest of the activity, and sent to the appropriate person for punishment.
5. The teacher holds control over all rules of the school not covered here and he controls what we will learn and how hard we will work.
6. These rules will only operate in Human Development class.

That teacher found it very hard to be consistent in applying the rules. As another teacher observed:

> "Gordy is trying to actually set up a group-control situation in his class. The boys have several rules which govern their behavior - no interrupting someone who is speaking - and when a rule is broken they may call for a vote on whether the lawbreaker remains in the room or is expelled. Votes are cast by turning thumbs up or down, a Chicago gang style which they find great fun.

"A problem, however, is that Gordy is faced with many situations where he naturally wants to direct the verdict. In some cases, a miscreant is not brought to trial, in others Gordy's opinion can influence the verdict. The system is beginning to work well, but the group may feel there are inconsistencies in it. For example:

1. "Jim, was that necessary?"
   "Yes, Sir!"
   "Why didn't you raise your hand?"
   "Everyone was talking and I was trying to talk, too."
   "Ok. Just don't."

2. As Gordy began reading, Leonard rattled some drum sticks. Gordy took them away, and another boy said: "Let's have a vote. He interrupted you."
   "Want to? OK. Quick discussion on Leonard" (Leonard may have been wondering why Jim hadn't been brought up for his interruption....) Boy asked Gordy for his opinion, since he was the one interrupted. Gordy stated that he didn't feel it was an interruption, but the boy protested:

   "But Jeff interrupted you. It was the same."

3. Tom and Jeff began to tangle with each other as Gordy read on. The predictable comment about someone's ancestry was uttered, and at once they were standing up, threatening. A chair fell backwards. Gordy moved across the circle, took Tom by the arm, and sat him down on the other side. As he did, he simply stated that there was not going to be any fighting. But the group may have been unclear why Gordy assumed the role of judge here instead of the group, namely because a school rule had been broken (not a group rule) and that Gordy had to act because the responsibility was his.

"In each case there had been an infraction, yet is was handled differently by Gordy. In the first, he assumed the role of judge, spoke to Jim, and let it drop. In the second he permitted another boy to call Leonard for trial before the class, and in the third he again exercised authority...but for a different reason. Working out the mechanics of a new idea with a group is very hard work. He is bothered by the fact that he finds it hard, and has found it difficult to apply the technique as evenly as he'd like. But it is working. Last week Jeff was booted by a unanimous, thumbs-down verdict. Today he was booted, but only by a margin of three. The group has heeded Gordy's admonition:

> "Be serious about this. Some of you just like to kick a guy out."

"Why they like to kick a guy out—and why they are more serious now - might be a good subject for discussion with them. And why Gordy has appeared to act inconsistently in invoking the rules might help clear up their own understanding, as well as help them see Gordy as a person trying to do something new with them." (From Dan Cheever's
evaluation of Gordy
Donaldson's class
July 17, 1968)

At the same time, Gordy felt the group made progress. As he later reported, "The effect of the rules was to make the group self-disciplined and responsible for itself. I initiated the rules at first, explaining why in each case I was calling for a vote on the boy. The class soon learned how, and found they could keep bothersome members in line by voting them out. The discussions of each infraction were the most valuable aspect of the system, and demonstrate that kids can talk frankly about each other and the reasons for their behavior. As the term progresses, these discussions become more focussed on helping the accused to improve than on punishing him. They can provide an opportunity for sharing feelings about each other and can develop unity and closeness within the group."

VIII. Value-Clarifying and Open-Ended Discussions

We have experimented with two techniques which help a group engage in serious discussion about themselves. The first stems from the writings of Simon, Raths, and Harmin in their book Values In Teaching (Merrill Paperbacks). It is explained in their book and in our pamphlet on "Process." The second is a technique for beginning discussions that demands the whole group to take responsibility for continuing it rather than the teacher who normally runs discussions.

We have found the techniques of Simon et al to be very valuable. By devising voting or ranking questions before class which, in the process of making the vote or the ranking force the kids to consider the issues you want to raise in class, the teacher can tune everybody in rapidly to the subject matter. This has been particularly valuable when he wants students to talk about themselves. Voting and ranking questions can be phrased without making any value judgements about the issues involved. This allows students to make choices more independently and honestly than normal and this gives them all a feeling of importance, equality and involvement. This involvement stimulates sincerity and a responsibility for what happens in the group; everyone is asked to contribute and everyone's contribution is valued equally. This format should lead into profitable activities and discussions, in which the class talks about themselves honestly and freely. The important thing to remember is that the questions posed by the teacher for voting or ranking must be geared to the issues at hand and can be very frank themselves (eg. "How many of you think you are more grown up now than when you began at this school.")

The continuum technique is very applicable to the characterization activity discussed before. Students by placing themselves on a scale of previously examined personalities (put one man on either end of a scale and ask students to place themselves on the scale) are asked to begin thinking about their own personalities and philosophies. To avoid polarizing character types and to allow for more than two personalities on a scale at once, we devised a new technique using a field bounded by lines leading from one personality to another.

We asked the students to place themselves in the field at a point representing their own character. For example, with three personalities, we drew an equilateral triangle with the name of each of the three men at a Vertex. Each boy was then asked to pick a point inside the triangle which represented where his personality lay relative to the three vertices This could be done with four vertices, we think, but probably no more. Discussion should accompany any exercise of this technique. See page 25 for an example.

The open-ended discussion is not a technique that can be employed systematically. It is, instead, a method of drawing the class deeply into a subject when they are interested. We have used it numerous times by discovering that the group was enthralled by a topic (eg. wolves, the fractured square) and then by throwing away any plan we had and letting the group take the discussion where they would. This, we have found, will not happen automatically but requires the teacher's endorsement. Many times, we would begin this sort of un-directed discussion by throwing out a string of provacative questions, statements or responses, and then having students respond to each others' responses. After, we wrote down some of the ideas we discovered in these discussions and some of the "learning" we did in this context became the "substance" of our course.

IX. The Short Story

The use of stories to illustrate different groups and different behaviors within groups is effective if the stories are well-chosen and excite the kids. Students often become so involved with a story that it can stimulate discussions for days.

We've used two stories. The chapter from Jack London's novel White Fang - entitled "The She-Wolf" together with the preceding chapter is the first one (with editing). Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat" (severely edited) is the second. Both concern groups of men pitted against natural forces: a pack of wolves and the sea.

The London story is full of material concerning the wolf pack and accordingly, that is our focus. Supplemented by information from the encyclopedias Americana and Brittanica, the story has carried the students' imaginations for several days. At the end they have gained some understanding of the natural ordering (pecking order) of animals and have begun relating that information to themselves. A study of the military ranking and strict rules governing the wolf "Group" is very interesting to them because gangs and less formal groups seem to pattern themselves along lines close to the wolf pack's organization.

"The Open Boat" has been less successful. Crane's story is predominantly about men helping other men in a survival situation. In London's "The She Wolf," there is a similar situation but there is no helping. Similarly, in Kenneth Roberts' Boon Island, stranded sailors end up eating one another and fighting (this would be an excellent, fairly accurate, historical account of a group of men in a survival situation).

Whatever the philosophical viewpoint held by the author of a story, the stories themselves always serve to raise important questions for a class. What does it take for a group to stick together under stress? Have you ever been caught in an emergency in a group? How have people acted? Did some help others? Did some take command? How might groups differ under stress and not under stress? Why? Again, once the class is hooked on the story, there are many directions to take, leading to meaningful questions and problems which students can answer from their own experience.

Like films, short stories are especially good to combine with some of Sid Simon's value clarifying techniques (see Simon, Raths, and Harmin, Values In Teaching, Merril paperback, and the brief HD interpretation of it in our "Process" pamphlet). Voting questions, rankings, and continua can be used before the story to find out information about the students and (if the questions are keyed to the story) to relate the material to the kids' own lives. We often interrupt a story and ask, via votings or rankings, what the class feels should happen. In using these techniques, the final purpose is to help students explore their own values and experience, based on the stimulus of the story and Simon's techniques.

X. Films

Students can comprehend a well-played character in a movie immediately; they perceive relationships among characters very fast, as well. In short, the movie (particularly a feature film such as you would find in a public theater) presents a much more total and human experience for a child than does a story. Consequently movies are very valuable in the class which hopes to learn something about people.

We have used two films in particular because they present groups of men in particularly, clear contexts, making it possible to study those groups easily. "King Rat" follows the progress of a group of Allied soldiers in a prisoner of war camp during World War II. It is the story of men surviving because one group of them has assumed a military, hierarchical structure (like the wolf pack). That group has not only survived, but has profited.

There are three particular characters whom the films examine as different types of men. In "The Treasure of The Sierra Madre" three prospectors set out to find gold in Mexico and undergo a series of experiences which test their ability to survive and function as a group.

Teaching a film demands a careful previewing. The teacher should watch the film closely at least once and decide what aspects of the film he wants to use and how he will make them evident to the class. As we have indicated, we chose these films to illustrate to the class (and involve them in) group processes. We stop the films and comment at particularly significant points. We prepared students for such interruptions beforehand and they soon grew accustomed to it, welcomed it for its insights, and began to comment on and react to the film themselves.

> Today's class consisted of watching the end of Sierra Madre. It was a good class for two reasons: First, Gordy began it well, and second, he used the film to tie together what the class had been studying.
>
> As the kids came in, they were greeted by Gordy saying in a rather stern voice:
>
> "Get chairs in movie formation. Get set... Ernie and Tim, up here where you can hear me. Ok, is everyone settled (with a glance at the clock to remind them that getting settled by 9:30 was what he expected)? That's it, then."
>
> They were settled, and ready to review with Gordy what had happened in the film so far. This review centered on the theme of the changing purpose of the group of miners. It was done in such a way that the kids were just reviewing, until the last question when they realized that their answers pointed to the fact that the groups' purpose had changed:
>
> "What was happening between the three men at the camp?" Kids replied that there was no trust, and gave some examples of their lack of trust.
>
> "When Cody showed up, what did the three others do?" The class brought out the fact that Cody's threat to their gold united the three against what they felt was a common enemy. In fact, they were prepared to kill him, because they trusted him least of all.

> "Then, what saved Cody's life?" The arrival of the bandits, which made Cody's help and gun a necessity. Their purpose had changed to self-defense, although the kids didn't say so in as many words.
>
> From here Gordy tied his questions together by giving them the key phase which they hadn't used:
>
> "When the bandits showed up the purpose of the group changed again, from getting gold to saving their lives."
>
> This was an indirect way of analysing what had happened in terms of the changing purpose of the group. At the end the kids realized this. I felt the class could have used a direct summary by Gordy to cap it off, but he and I differ a little on how much to do this.
>
> From Dan Cheever's evaluation of
> Gordy Donaldson's class, August 1, 1968

We have included copies of lesson plans for these films below. These plans are intended to be illustrations of how the movies might be used and not to be instructions on how to use them. The technique for teaching films consists of four basic moves: 1) prepare the class for the content, setting, and the viewpoint from which we will study the film; prepare them for commentary over the film and for stopping it; 2) make comments as the film runs to help clarify the action and to point out significant things (don't do so much of this that the class tires of it); 3) stop the film (no more than 3 times per reel) to explain in detail, ask questions, and gain feedback on what has been happening and what the class think is about to happen (a good indicator of involvement and comprehension); and 4) follow the film up with activities and discussions. Students retain an enormous amount from movies they "get into." They ought to be used a great deal.

King Rat

King Rat (128 min., b&w movie, #35 from Audio Film Center, 34 MacQuestern Parkway South, Mount Vernon, NY) is a movie about survival in a POW camp during World War II. It can also be understood as an allegory on man's varied methods of getting by in the world. The film is excellent for students although it requires some detailed analysis from the teacher to help the class understand it completely. We used it as an example of man's need for other men and the premium man must put on helping and being helped. The film should be previewed by the teacher.

Day 1

1. Introduce - mention what a POW camp is, how tough the existence is; this is a movie about American and British soldiers in a Japanese camp. Prepare the kids for Grey, the MP (explain that the camp has its own police force, consisting of Allier soldiers upholding Japanese and Geneva Convention laws). And prepare them for King (he will be very obvious; how did he get the way he did?)

2. Reel 1

   This reel is devoted pretty much to introducing King and his style of life. It is fairly short and requires no stops, although a lot of talking above the film is necessary for the kids to understand 1) how King controls his men 2) all the aspects of life in which King has luxuries (pressed and whole shirts, cigarettes, shined shoes) and 3) who Grey is, and that he is after King's skin because he is taking from everyone else for his own comfort. The written prologue on the film must be read to the kids to give them the idea that this is a study in survival and man's many ways of staying alive.

   If you are studying groups, the clearest group to focus on is King's— it is a pretty obviously authoritarian one. Money and food are used to keep the guys towing King's line. Marlowe will not play the game, but rather looks for a friendship with King (later).

3. Reel II

   In this reel, King's method of controlling his men becomes clear (he pays them all off). You should point out that King takes from the apparent that Grey relies upon the Bible for his sustenance, as well as his honor and his conception of honesty and purity. Stop the film where Grey reads the Bible in his pocket and explain that Grey looks to greater powers than human ones for survival. He has great faith. Also talk about the "weight" scandal in this break; - it is just about to come up and the kids have a hard time understanding what the importance of the weights is. The man in the hole requires explanation and tying to the weight business. Point out also that this is the justice of the camp in action; he who steals from the whole group will lose his life because the things that the group has are so precious. Grey is trying to get King because he thinks he is "stealing" from the whole but King is too evasive (and I wonder if he really is stealing?)

   The doctor demands a comment as an illustration of what feeling and helping qualities can stay alive in man. The doctor survives by practicing his profession and helping people.

The reel ends with the rat business beginning. This is an instance of King's ingenuity justifiably bringing him some profit, by which he can survive and thrive. In between reels, the plan to sell rat meat should be clarified. Question: Is King legally earning the money he uses to keep all those guys in his employ? (He actually steals a lot of stuff - like the lighter in Reel I).

4. Reel III

Focus the class on the line "You have to be a liar to survive" near the beginning. This might be a good start for a discussion for a few minutes. Grey doesn't lie, and has the hardest time surviving because everyone else does lie and he tries to make them honest. King's black market operation is revealed in this reel with the selling of the watch. Explanation should accompany this to show how much King makes. Is he honest? Does Marlowe trust him? (He does, since he accepts the money he is paid, thinking that King's explanation or rationalization of his system is legitimate).

The scene in the cell, with the meat stew deserves discussion. It brings out the difference between King and everyone else: he is ruthless and feels nothing for Hawkins; he seems to have no regard for what the dog meant for Hawkins while the other guys do. King's motto: "You don't get somethin' for nothin'" (the same thing he said after the watch deal when he was trying to convince Pete that it was OK to accept the money).

Explain carefully the business with the weights, because students have a hard time understanding how it relates to cheating everyone out of food. Also, stop after or during Grey's conversation with the general: everyone must bribe someone in order to get by. The general will not allow Grey to be just and honest because if he did, everyone in the camp would be guilty of some crime, since everyone seemed to have cheated somebody for something (food or whatever). People have survived by looking after their own interest, which has often meant stabbing the next guy in the back; King is the best at this, so he is the most well-off.

The reel ends with Pete's arm in danger of amputation and King's acute need for Pete to translate for the "diamond deal". King sees the deal as more important to Pete and himself than Pete's arm because it means life to him and Pete if the war ever ends with the Japanese on top (he will buy their way out).

5. Reel IV

Begins with the diamond deal. They get caught in the middle of it and the only thing that will get Pete to do his part in saving the money for King is the promise "If you save the money, I'll save your arm". Peter keeps his half of the deal, and King keeps his. Raise the question: Is King doing this just to keep his half of the deal or is he doing it out of friendship for Pete? Does King actually feel for someone? Does he realize the depth of his attachment to Pete? Point out his bedside vigil.

Then the war ends. What does this mean to King and his system of survival? He can no longer be the king, since the guys don't have to rely on him anymore for their food and survival. Thus, Max revolts madly. In group terms, this means that the purpose of the group no longer exists (to survive is the purpose); therefore, the group no longer exists. Stop when Max throws his fit and point this out. It means the end of King's reign.

This explains King's depressed behavior from then on. He mentioned earlier in the flick (and this should be pointed out when it happens) that he always wanted to be a wealthy, powerful guy with a big car, lots of clothes, and women all around him. He is the equivalent of this in the camp. The end of the war means the end of this life and a return to his common life at home.

While this is happening to King, Pete feels that the friendship between himself and King is still there. He tries to comfort King and continue the friendship. But King, who never saw his relationship with Pete any other way than mercenary, doesn't realize what else was there. So he does not respond to Pete's friendship and remains dejected over the loss of his kingdom.

Then, at the very end, when Pete is running to see King before he leaves, King seems to be waiting for him. Perhaps he did feel the friendship after all; perhaps Pete had done a very valuable thing for him, just as he had helped Pete survive. Perhaps you do get something for nothing, in a friendship. But he gets on the truck and Pete just misses him; although the viewer does feel that the point about friendships has made. Pete's comment to Grey (that King kept Grey alive by giving him something to hate) pegs Grey very well; Grey, in the end, did not make the discovery about friendship that King made just because he persisted in his prudent ways. In the end, King learned something about helping people that Grey never learned; he learned this because Pete (a very helping and realistic person) demonstrated that he liked and would help King even though he was not the "king of the camp" - even though he would not pay him.

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre

The movie, "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" starring Humphrey Bogart (16mm., b&w, $20.00 from Audio Film Center, Mt. Vernon, NY), is exceptionally suited to the study of groups. Our objectives were the same as the objectives for showing "King Rat". The film follows the progress of two Americans who are broke in Mexico in the '20's as they join up with a prospector, go off to find gold, work on a mine, and then try to make it back to civilization without killing each other. The film raises such issues as what part trust plays in holding a group together, how the changing purpose of a group can effect the relationships of its members, whether money is more important than personal happiness and peace of mind, and the significance of the group's being a group and not just a collection of individuals.

Introduction:

> Announce that it is an old movie - old clothes, poor people, taking place in Mexico. There is some Spanish in it, so be prepared to sit through a few places - they'll be explained.

Reel I

> The film is very clear, as a rule. Commentary must accompany most of it, but not for anything too technical (eg. one need not explain how Pat McCormick cheats them). If you are interested in pointing out interpersonal relationships, more subtle points will have to be pointed out.
>
> Dobbs (Bogart) is penniless and begging in Tampico, Mexico. Point out how he's ashamed to be this way and does his best to convince himself that he is superior to the Mexicans (he calls the little boy a beggar). By chance, he finds a job and meets Curtin, another American. After they had been swindled of their pay, Dobbs and Curtin pass the night in a flop house in Tampico where they hear an old prospector talk and he claims that "Gold can be as much a blessing as a curse" (which the prospector claims it is). Point out the business of the curse of gold, which makes men do strange and mad things. (Dobbs does some mad things later).
>
> After meeting their old boss, Pat McCormik, and beating him up for their pay, Dobbs and Curtin decide to put their money into a gold-hunting trip if Howard, the old prospector, will accompany them. They need Howard for his expertise: he is the leader and organizer of the group until the others learn what he knows (then there is trouble). Howard, as they set off for the mountains, is much wiser about the whole operation, refusing to be bitten by the gold bug. He says to Dobbs and Curtin (who have just wasted water) that "Sometimes water is more precious than gold." The other two are so anxious to find gold, that they could not think of this.
>
> After they have located the gold (when Howard does his mad little gold jig -- the curse!), Dobbs is anxious to divide it up because he doesn't trust the others (point this out.

he doesn't actually say it, but they all imply it). A discussion about trust ensue which should be discussed in class: what's the importance of trust in a group? What'll happen if they divide the gold up and hide their own? If they keep it all together? Then the mine caves in and Curtin has the choice of leaving Dobbs there or saving him (of taking Dobbs share or letting him live). He decides to save Dobbs (life is more important than gold), and Dobbs thanks him, saying "I owe my life to you" (point this out, because later Dobbs tries to kill Curtin). The group seems close again.

Point out the arguments the men have about how much gold to dig (Dobbs says much more than the others) and the lack of faith between them which Dobbs imposes on the group (he gets up at night). The old solidarity of the group is crumbling as they accomplish their purpose: to find gold. Pressures are causing each man's purpose to become: how do I save my own share. The group is crumbling. The class can rank the three men in terms of 1) Who is greediest, next greedy, least greedy 2) Who is most trustworthy, etc.

Reel II

Dobbs is very jumpy, paranoid even, as he refuses to leave his gold to fetch supplies in the village and as he almost is bitten by a ghila monster for disbelieving Curtin. This lack of trust is overcome with the appearance of Cody, the American who Curtin met in town. (Point out the example of Mexican justice Curtin witnesses in town as the town sends two bandits to their graves - it will be important later when more bandits die). The group pulls together to protect its gold-gathering from the stranger. At Dobbs' behest, they decide to bump off the stranger, rather than take him in as a partner (which would mean less gold for each). Greed is becoming very strong - the curse is working. But the stranger is saved by the appearance of a band of bandits which must be confronted. Explain this carefully: the group suddenly coalesces to confront a danger to their gold (Cody); having decided to rid themselves of this danger, they are suddenly confronted with a greater danger (to their lives) so they absorb the smaller danger to help fight the new one. The purpose of the group changes, as does the group itself; purpose of Dobbs, Curtin and Howard is to protect their gold; purpose of Dobbs, Curtin, Howard and Cody is to protect their lives. This is an important example of how groups work and change with the purpose, membership and external factors.

The bandits are taken care of, but Cody is killed. As they read a letter from Cody's wife found in his pocket, Curtin and Howard are obviously touched and feel responsible. Dobbs, too feels the sacrifice and loss, but not as much. Later Curtin and Howard wanted to send ¼ of the loot to Cody's widow because they felt he had given his life for them, as a member of the new group. Dobbs refused, regarding his own gold as more important than Cody's widow or his own responsibility to Cody. Dobbs, however, is scared enough by the incident to want to leave. So they leave. On the trail, they are visited by some Indians who have had a boy fall in a well and go into a coma. They ask for help. Howard goes to help them, leaving the gold in his partners' hands.

Reel III

The next morning, Howard returns and tells his partners that the Indians want to take him to their village as a sign of appreciation. Howard, deciding that this is more important than getting back to Durango to cash in his gold, accepts and leaves Dobbs and Curtin with his gold to return ahead of him.

This begins the downfall. Dobbs' paranoia catches up with him: he accuses Curtin of wanting to make off with Howard's gold and of plotting to kill Dobbs and take his too. Curtin is innocent, but for his own protection when Dobbs pulls a gun on him, tackles Dobbs and controls him at gunpoint. This sets Dobbs' paranoia off even more and, when he finds the chance, he reverses the gunbarrel, marches Curtin off into the cactus, and shoots him. The demise of the group has occurred, and greed has conquered all. The curse of the gold has accomplished its work.

Dobbs is beleaguered by his conscience. Point out how Dobbs tries to rationalize what he has done - to convince himself that he has no conscience. What has he done by shooting his own partner? Sealed his own casket??? Won't he need Curtin's help to get to Durango? Curtin is not really dead, and crawls off to the Indians, who bring Howard to him. When Dobbs finds Curtin's body has disappeared, he lapses into more guilt fantasies.

Dobbs had a horrible time on the trail and makes it to the edge of Durango, to a water hole in which he collapses. He lifts his head from the water to find the leader of the bandits standing over him. He is scared and tries to fast-talk the bandit who, realizing that Dobbs is the man he talked to in the mountains who killed some of his men, played with Dobbs as a cat does with a mouse. Point out how helpless and snivelling Dobbs is by now. He tries to threaten the bandits by saying he has friends following him who will soon be there — only wishful thinking; he has done away with his friends by breaking up the group with his greed. The bandits finally hack Dobbs up with his own machete and procede to rifle the packs. The dust they find in little sacks on the burroes is sand to them. They take the burrows into town, where they are found out as bandits (clarify this - it takes place in Spanish) and justice is met out via the firing squad. As the volley is heard, Howard and Curtin, reunited by their new purpose, ride into town. They frantically ride out to find the gold blown away by a sandstorm. They both eventually accept this and settle for the less material and more lasting happinesses they can find in the world, Howard with the Indians and Curtin with a visit to Cody's widow and the fruit farm he ran in Texas. Clearly, the curse of the gold was hard to evade.

XI. Character Classification

The study of individual personalities is a natural off-shoot of working with stories and movies. As we examined the groups in the stories and movies, we spent an increasingly large amount of time on the outstanding personalities in them. Students seem interested in doing this, particularly when the personalities are relevant models for them. And they can begin to apply some of the techniques of personality - study to their own lives and more clearly understand themselves.

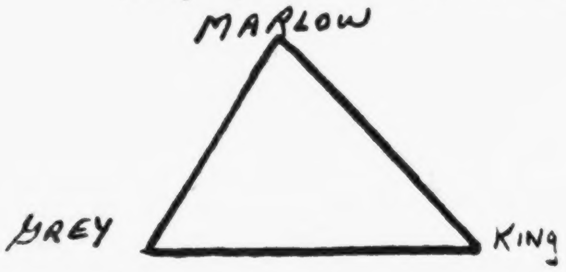
It is important to build some method for stating the characteristics of a personality. After the stories and films, our group had a good acquaintance with the leading personalities found therein. Using this acquaintance as our jumping-off-place, we spend a number of classes merely listing on the board the characteristics of these personalities as the class saw them. We ask for one word descriptions of the men in question and wrote down every suggestion that was volunteered. Very involved discussion surrounded this activity, showing it to be a high concern for the class. Much more sophisticated methods could be used for this same activity, employing skills of observation and classification that could be taught ahead of time.

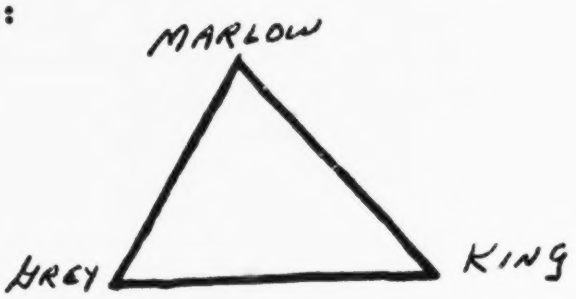
After the personalities had been firmly described to everyone's satisfaction, we turn the class' focus onto themselves. As Dan observed,

> We've all felt that we could tie the materials we use into the boy's own life more successfully. Granted that is the point of many of Simon's techniques, but we still need to work on specific ways of preparing or following up a film or experience which relates the materials to the boys. Gordy tried a technique today which worked very well.
>
> He began by placing the names of the three protagonists in King Rat on the board, and then asked for single-word descriptions of each man's characteristics. The boys came up with some excellent insights ("I think King actually was a helper for the men") and Gordy listed them down. He let them know that the insights were their own, by rewarding them with comments like: "That's a good one. I'll add it. What was your reason for saying that?" When all volunteers had spoken, Gordy then went around the room asking those who had been silent to offer their

own words for each character, so that the final list of words under each man's name was representative of all the boys' feelings.

Gordy then drew two triangles:





He wrote above one the question. "Which guy are you most like?" and above the other "Which guy would you most like to be?" The boys had to place themselves somewhere in the triangle—an example, perhaps Gordy doing himself, would have helped here—and as they did so they would explain what their position meant. I think they were quite honest; James felt he was like King although there were a lot of negative words under King's name and the group accepted this without mocking him. The triangles forced them to weigh the qualities of each man in the film and decide which they shared and where that could have plotted the responses of the others and thus kept in tune with the whole exercise by having something to do.

Gordy ended by drawing together the theme of the course. He asked which kind of group member - quitting, helping, etc., — each man would be and, when that discussion was over, what the purpose of the group in the film was. One boy used the breaking up of the POW camp beautifully, by saying that "A group exists only as long as its purpose exists." A great insight, in fact it might be a good one to start the next class. Another thread worth preserving is the idea of the triangle as a vehicle for identifying where one stands. The group could take other characteristics— a desire to have friends, a desire to be honest, and a desire for a radio— and use them as the points of the triangle in determing what they might do if their friends wanted them to steal a radio.

From Dan's evaluation of
Gordy Donaldson's class
July 25, 1968

THE LAST WORD

No doubt there are many more activities and resources which could be used in the study of groups. We want to hear from teachers who know of such material. We are also extremely interested in helping teachers use these suggestions in developing their own units, and in receiving copies of material or reports from teachers who have tried these ideas. A major aim of the Advancement School is to disseminate skills in teaching and curriculum-building. We need "feedback" in order to know whether material presented in this manner helps meet that aim.

Dan Cheever
Gordy Donaldson
Steve Preston
Sue Preston
Gary Richardson
Eliot Levinson
Phin Anderson

Determing Objectives For A Unit On Groups

It is extremely difficult to formulate precise objectives for a unit. It is tempting not to bother; theorists like Paul Goodman go so far as to argue that children learn in spite of what we teach them. But if a teacher can clearly and precisely identify what he wants his students to accomplish or learn, then the task of selecting activities and material is both easier and more logical. There may also be a greater chance that students will actually learn it!

The process of defining objectives consists of identifying general goals (What do I want to have kids learn?) and then breaking down into specific components. There are some useful classifications of objectives which can be used for reference; among them Benjamin Bloom's *Taxonomy of Cognitive Objectives*, *Taxonomy of Affective Objectives* and Weinstein and Fantiri's *Making Urban Schools Work*.

Some objectives are conceptual. That is, their aim is to have children learn "facts", concepts, or complex intellectual processes such as critical thinking. An example is a unit on groups might be:

A) To have students understand the factors which influence how a group functions.

  1) To have students understand that a group has both task and maintenance functions.

    a) Define what constitutes task
    b) Define what constitutes maintenance

  2) To have students understand different roles in a group.

    a) Leader
    b) Blocker
    c) Facilitator
    d) Follower
    e) Etc.

  3) To have students analyse the effect of these roles on the group's task and maintenance functions.

    a) To have students evaluate which roles influence task or maintenance concerns.

    b) To have students evaluate the effect of these roles on the group.

    c) To have students understand what hidden agendas are.

  4) And so on.....

Other objectives are behavioral. That is, their aim is to have students able to act in certain ways. A behavioral objective in a unit on groups might be:

A) To have students become able to function effectively in a group.

  1) To be able to assume different roles in the group.

    a) Leader
    b) Facilitator
    c) Etc.

  2) To have the group able to accomplish a given task effectively.

  3) To have individuals in the group able to

    a) listen
    b) share and cooperate
    c) etc.

Ideally, a sequence of carefully defined objectives will then determine the sequence of the unit's materials and activities. The problem for the teacher becomes one of how to attain each objective in the sequence.

Writing Lesson Plans In A Unit On Groups

We think the process of planning a lesson should include the following steps:

A) Identifying Goals

1) What are the behavioral goals?

This simply means what types of behaviors do you want kids to be able to perform during or after the class. Behavioral goals could include such goals as: (a) to be able to listen, (b) to enjoy the activity, (c) to know how to work well in a group, (d) to be proud and self-confident.

2) What are the conceptual goals?

Conceptual goals are not concerned with being able to do something. Rather, they are concerned with knowing something or with understanding complex intellectual processes. Conceptual goals could include such goals as: (a) knowing that it is important to listen to others, (b) realization of the fact that every group has a task or purpose.

B) Selecting a procedure to attain goals

1) What activities are chosen to reach each goal?

Here, the teacher should understand why those activities are likely to fulfill the objectives of the lesson, and presumably should have chosen an activity after evaluation of several alternatives.

2) What materials are needed for the activities?

3) What is the physical arrangement of the classroom?

The arrangement of the class influences the type of interaction which will occur. If one behavioral objective is to have a class discussion, then for that activity chairs could be placed in a circle or some other form which might best facilitate talking to other people.

4) What are the teacher and students doing during the class?

5) What changes of pace are in the activity?

Again, the natural learning styles of children seem to tell us that their enthusiasms and involvement will increase if there are several different types of activity in a given class.

6) What different types of interaction will occur between students and teachers?

C) Evaluating what happened

1) What techniques are there for helping students evaluate what they accomplished or learned?

2) How will the teacher evaluate what happened?

3) Will that evaluation indicate whether the teacher's goals were fulfilled?

Sample Lesson Plan For A Unit On Groups

Lesson Plan #1

A) Objectives

1) Conceptual

a) To have students identify, using their own terms, different ways people can function in groups

2) Behavioral

a) To have groups of students solve the fractured square puzzle

b) To have students observe a group doing the fractured square

B) Activities

1) Discussion and summary of what unit has covered to date

a) Key question: What is our definition of "a group"?

- A group exists because its members have a common task or purpose.

b) Key question: What does "behavior" mean?

2) Present fractured square exercise

a) Explain that class will be divided into groups of five. Each group, one at a time, will be given a pile of 15 pieces, which they must sort into five squares of equal size. There will be three pieces in each square. Participants must not talk to each other. They will have four minutes.

b) Explain that, simultaneously, the rest of the class will observe each group and will write down as many different types of behavior as they see occuring in the group doing the puzzle.

3) Divide class into groups of five. Seat one group at a large table, with rest of class seated around the group where they can observe and record the different ways individuals in the group act.

4) Have the first group try the puzzle, then have succeeding groups try. Check that observers are recording different types of behavior.

5) After each group has finished the task, ask members of each group to compare their lists and write up one list of the different behaviors which that group observed as other groups did the fractured square.

6) Ask each group to report. Write lists on the board, then ask class to consolidate the different behaviors into categories. Try to end up with 4-8 categories. Discuss examples of each type of behavior.

C) Materials

1) Fractured square puzzle
2) large table, or four desks placed together
3) paper and pencils

D) Physical arrangement

1) For beginning discussion, students at desks facing teacher

2) For fractured square, one group in center at table with rest of class seated at desks around table

3) For compiling lists within each group, have each group seated around one desk

4) For reporting and discussion, students at desks facing board.

E) Changes of pace

1) Students progress from discussion to independent work on task (and observing) yo discussion within each group, to class discussion at end.

F) Types of interaction

1) Teacher-led discussion
2) Non-verbal communication during puzzle
3) Teacher as referee during puzzle
4) Students observing and recording
5) Student-student discussion

G) Evaluation

1) Try to determine whether the final list of behaviors is complete and, in fact, does represent behaviors shown in each group.

2) Evaluate whether students were able to do activities successfully. Note which groups could solve puzzle, and which groups produced good lists of behaviors.

3) Read through each student's own list to see if he did understand task, and accomplished it.

Suggested References

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15) For excellent information and resources material, contact

National Training Labs
1201 Sixteenth st.
Washington, D.C.

Pennsylvania Advancement School
Human Development Lab
Learning in The City Unit

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Introduction

This unit provides students with the opportunity to become involved in challenging situations outside the classroom. By using the city as a learning laboratory, students can seek experiences which are meaningful and educational to them.

The unit's aim "...is not formal instruction but the completion of a significant task, the solution of problems which the learner wants to attack regardless of educational by-products that dealing with the problem might bring.... (It) is a context for learning in the midst of action; learning occurs not because it is planned but only as an inevitable by-product of genuine participation in problem and task-oriented activities"[1]. In short, this unit attempts to involve children in activities outside the classroom which they find interesting, and from which they can learn.

We have found that two types of learning occur in this unit. First, students learn about the specific subject or project in which they are involved. For example, in interviewing pedestrians near City Hall, students learn something about what people are likely to pass by City Hall, where they come from, and so forth. The other type of learning is self-knowledge. Students learn how they personally react to unusual, challenging, or threatening situations (such as interviewing a stranger or teaching younger children). This latter type of learning is more important for us, and most consistent with the aims of all units in the Human Development Lab.

Experiences outside their school are not usually perceived by children as "learning." To help them discover an educational value in these activities, we have combined (1) formal instruction in the classroom (for example, how to interview someone), (2) action on projects in the city, and (3) reflection on what has been accomplished and learned. While the proportion of time spent on each of these factors may vary, we feel very strongly that any out-of-school project should include some formal instruction, action on the project itself, and most important, reflection (writing, discussion, etc.) on what each child feels he learned from the experience.

The examples which follow are merely the record of our experience to date with several different types and styles of projects. The possible projects might be quite different, given other teachers and other students. We have tried to explain what we did, how children responded, and what some potential problems with each out-of-school experience might be. The major purpose of this presentation is to help other teachers develop and teach their own "Learning In The City" unit. Accordingly, what follows is not a finished curriculum but a "curriculum of suggestions," a collection of materials and ideas to be used according to each teacher's objectives.

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[1] Oliver and Newman, "Education and Community," Harvard Educational

Project Teacher

This activity centered around six days in which students assisted teachers in the William McIntyre and George Washington elementary schools. In addition, there were student documentary crews in each school gathering material for a slide tape. The experience was successful; several students even signed contracts to continue teaching two days a week after the official teaching days had ended, and others obtained summer jobs as teacher-aids in Get Set.

Preparation for Project Teacher involved contacting principals and teachers to explain our request for classrooms in which PAS students could spend a morning or afternoon helping teach younger children. Students were then chosen by us to work with each teacher, and had one planning session with their teacher. In the future more time should be allocated for student and teacher to plan active classroom roles for the student. Both cooperating teachers and our students were somewhat unclear as to exactly what might be possible.

Two days in the Human Development lab were spent in preparation for the first three days of teaching. Student anxiety was high, especially over what they would be doing, whether they could actually do it, and logistical details about transportation. We asked them to fill out a questionnaire concerning what they thought they were like at age six or seven; they then tried to identify questionnaires filled out by their peers. This competition helped provide an outlet for some anxiety; at the same time they were still unclear about what would happen when they started teaching.

The teaching itself excited them. Their classroom roles varied from tutoring individual kids to teaching an entire class. The documentary crews used cameras and recorders as unobtrusively as possible (this aspect of the project could be explained more carefully to cooperating teachers). At each school there were usually two PAS staff - much of the best learning occurred in conversations driving to and from the schools.

The six days of teaching were broken by two days of reflection and evaluation. For this we tried a "proud whip" followed by rankings designed to provoke discussion about their handling of discipline, how they were teaching, etc. (See the discussion of these valuing techniques in our "Process" pamphlet). They were eager to describe what had been happening; at times that eagerness made the rankings difficult to pull off. We asked what their advice to other PAS student teachers might be; from their suggestions we designed role playing exercises to illustrate how they might operate more effectively in their last three days of teaching.

Following their final teaching days at the elementary schools we spent four days putting together slide tapes (by the documentary crews) and a magazine (by the PAS teachers). The slide tape was tedious; transcribing the cartridges, editing tape, and pulsing it took tremendous staff energy. The finished products, however, were quite good and rewarding. Similarly, the magazine production required much staff direction and work with those students who had the skill and patience to help. The problem with both slide tape and magazine is to simplify them enough so that students can assume the major role in their production.

The striking aspect of this unit was that PAS student-teachers experienced something close to those goals in the Human Development program of "increased confidence" and "a more positive self-image." All were startled to discover that they could work well with younger children, many found themselves needed by those children (not a familiar feeling for all) and some learned a great deal about teaching. It is hard to know how to use an experience like this to the best possible advantage:

> There was a boy in my room that the teacher told me to talk to because he didn't know English, so I talk to him in Spanish and when I left he wanted to come with me. In the morning he worked very hard, so when I came in the afternoon he showed me what he had done. Every time I come I take him to the corner and talk to him, and he does better work than he used to.
>
> Joe Cruz

> I have two or three Spanish speaking children and I needed extra time to help these children develop more confidence. Joe gave this group, particularly one boy, a special interest. He shared their language and understood their early problems. His own confidence seemed to develop because the Spanish boy really needed him and Joe seemed to sense the friendliness with which he was greeted and that his presence here was essential.
>
> a teacher

> I was scared the first day, but I wasn't so scared the second time because I knew the kids I was going to teach. The first day I didn't know what to do with the children but after that I knew.

One of my students wasn't so good at reading and I helped him two days. I think the third day I gave him a reading test. He passed it and the teacher told me he improved.

I felt proud.

Ed Lamonaco

You know, instead of having discipline problems sit on a bench all day, I think I'll send them down to teach kids in the lower grades.

A Vice-principal

One student spent over three weeks visiting and observing classes at George Washington. He was also given the opportunity to teach, and kept a diary of what he saw. It is thirty pages long and includes many samples of the writings and drawings of younger children whom he observed.

The Urban Maze: Getting Lost In Philadelphia

On Friday, Dan Cheever and Gary Richardson manuevered blindfolded students into their cars and set off for scattered points throughout Philadelphia. Upon reaching these locations -- as diverse as Southwest Philadelphia and Oak Lane, Chestnut Hill and Kensington -- one by one the students' blindfolds were removed and they were turned loose. Their goal: to run the urban maze of Philadelphia and reach City Hall as soon as possible.

Messrs. Cheever and Richardson were somewhat surprised to find half of the boys waiting for them when they arrived at City Hall. Apparently 13-15 year-old boys get around unknown parts of a large city better than mice in a maze. The jubilant conversation in the corridor of City Hall was quite a contrast to the looks of bewilderment when they were dropped off an hour or so earlier with only several SEPTA tokens in their pockets. Some of the boys walked until they found public transportation, some asked the first persons they saw how to get to City Hall, some just figured out where they were. But none panicked and all seemed to enjoy the experience.

Friday's excursion was the culmination of a week's activities which attempted to direct the students' attention toward mazes and toward the city as a maze. They had drawn maze-puzzles on paper and created mazes in the laboratory. They had observed mice moving through their laboratory mazes (see the description in the Animal Unit) and observed people on the streets of Philadelphia from City Hall Tower. They had observed the Panorama model of Philadelphia at the Civic Center and wandered through the maze-like Concourse under Center City. All of these activities were part of an urban studies unit which seeks to have students consider how people use the city (and, perhaps, how the city uses them). (See Appendix for sample worksheets).

Job Apprenticeships

Once upon a time a boy could spend the morning watching the local blacksmith shoe a horse or chat for an hour or two with the carpenter building the new house across the street. Similar opportunities to see adults at work are seldom available to today's youth, especially in the city. Increasing specialization in employment has created a vast gap between children and adults. Thus, it has become increasingly difficult for a boy to view adults pursuing their occupational interests or to develop an adequate idea of the world of work open to them.

Work Experience projects are an attempt to close the gap between children and adults and to improve students understanding of adults' involvement in the world of work. Employees and employers throughout the Philadelphia area are asked to provide opportunities for P.A.S. students to spend a day or more on the job with responsible adults. Each boy is paired with an adult in whose occupation he had expressed some interest, however vague. The precise working relationship is determined by the individuals involved -- the student, the adult, and where applicable the adult's on-the-job supervisor. While it is possible that contact between the student and the adult with whom he works may extend beyond the work experience, such a relationship is up to the participants to form and continue.

Opportunities for student work experiences are virtually unlimited. Advancement School students have "worked" in hospitals, city agencies, and community centers. Other possibilities would be the offices of lawyers, architects, doctors, or a garage, a machine shop, a neighborhood store. Many large corporations will allow their employees to take on a "side-kick for the day" and arrangements can be made through their public relations offices. A teacher wishing to develop such experience might try his students' parents as well as his personal acquaintances. Philadelphia is fortunate in having an organization, IN (Interested Negroes) whose purpose is to provide one-day on-the-job experiences for junior-high boys with successful Negro men. IN can be reached at CE 2-4409, their address is 1346 North Broad Street.

Man In The Street Interviews:

Student-conducted, tape-recorder interviews of people from all walks of life can be a very effective way of learning about the human community. The presence of a tape recorder gives students an "excuse" to approach and question strange adults they might otherwise be reluctant to talk with. Students can, of course, interview with pencil and paper if recorders are unavailable. It is important that students be prepared for this activity by being instructed in how to use the tape recorder and by developing sample interview questions and techniques among themselves in the classroom. The following procedure has proved effective in introducing students to interviewing:

A) Listen to two sample interviews recorded by the teacher on tape (one good, one bad) and discuss which was "better" or most informative. Discuss also interviewing techniques: how to follow up a reply to a question.

B) Demonstrate how to operate tape recorders, and then have students interview each other. Some interviews can be listened to by the entire group, with an exercise in picking out the most important information and writing it up as a news report. A contest can be held, with a list of statements (one from an interview with each member of the class) given to each student. The task is to listen to the interviews, trying to identify every student's "fact" or statement on the contest sheet.

A well-prepared student can bring back interesting interviews from almost any area of the city. Some of the most informative interviews conducted by PAS students have occurred on Philadelphia's waterfront. While many dock workers were reluctant to be interviewed, the students managed to strike up interesting conversations. One boy met an Uruguayan Consul who was having his car shipped to his homeland where he was returning after 20 years in Philadelphia. Another student talked with a stevedore who was unloading an Italian ship whose name he didn't know. Other students have interviewed mailmen and policement for their opinions about the causes of slums, auto mechanics about police protection and gangs, etc. Once they have gotten the "feel" for interviewing, students can go off on their own or in pairs to various areas of the city.

23 Trolley Trip

The 90-minute ride on the 23 trolley running from Chestnut Hill to South Philadelphia provides students with one of the best available views of the variety of the city. There are numerous ways this trip can be used. Students can be asked to take notes on the trip on a worksheet with Chestnut Hill, Germantown, Upper North Philadelphia, Lower North Philadelphia, Center City, Hawthorne, South Philadelphia as headings and calling for descriptions of housing, congestion, racial patterns, schools, types of activity, air pollution, extent of police surveillance, sounds, etc. Several students might be responsible for a pictorial record of the trip (in both motion pictures and stills); others might conduct taperecorded interviews of people as they board the trolley in different sections of the city.

The 23 Trolley trip was first suggested to us in Norman Newberg's affective curriculum materials (contact the school district's curriculum office). His use of the trip, as explained in those materials, is well worth examining.

10

Neighborhood Tours

The student-conducted neighborhood tour is an excellent means for the teacher to get to know his students' neighborhoods as they see them. Since PAS draws students from many areas of the city these tours have provided an excellent opportunity for students to see neighborhoods they might otherwise never visit. The tours provide an opportunity for the student-guide to become the expert and teacher while the teacher picks up invaluable information not only about the community-at-large but also about what factors outside of school are moulding his students.

Very little preparation is necessary for the neighborhood tour although a questionnaire - worksheet with note-taking space can help students organize their tours and observations. (see appendix) The following are excerpts of one teacher's experience with the neighborhood tour:

> I passed out clip boards and the Neighborhood Tour Questionnaires to each boy. We carefully went over each item of the questionnaire discussing the kinds of things to look for in order to describe the neighborhoods we would be seeing.
>
> The questionnaire formed the basis for some excellent discussions of aspects of the city. All of the boys freely volunteered ideas about what to look for; only Jack seemed at all reserved. His restraint may be due to his having been the only white boy in the group. Things seemed a bit tense when Mike told about living near 7th and Allegheny and Jack mentioned having moved from there only a few years ago. Rather than avoid the significance of this fact, I pointed it up as interesting and something we ought to come back to later (i.e., when we tour Mike's neighborhood). Bill made an interesting and insightful suggestion when we were discussing ways of determining whether the people of a neighborhood owned or rented their homes. While most of the boys stuck with the idea of determining rent or ownership by the condition of the home, Bill suggested looking for "For Sale" or "For Rent" signs in the neighborhood.

X X X

> Today we took our first neighborhood tour in Brett's neighborhood, around 61st and Walnut Streets. When we arrived at Brett's neighborhood, the boys' immediate interest centered on finding out which of the houses Brett lived in. When we reached his house, Brett left us for a moment to go in with his sister. The rest of the boys stood around asking what they were supposed to do. Bill Jordan (an assistant teacher)

and I had already begun taking notes on our questionnaires. As the boys became aware of what we were doing, they began to do likewise. One or two wanted to be told what to write, but Bill and I asserted our involvement in our own note-taking. I merely commented that they should remember the things we had discussed yesterday. This seemed to suffice and as we reached the next corner several boys were deeply involved in their observations and notes. It is interesting that in the car on the way back to PAS Jack decided to keep his questionnaire and use it to write a "composition." The idea of writing up his observations in a more formal form was Jack's own idea. I hadn't even suggested it. Several others may be following his lead on this.

X X X

Today we toured Bill M's neighborhood - 16th and Brown Streets, Francisville. It is noteworthy that Bill remained vague about the exact location of his house until we had parked the car and walked about three or four blocks. Only then did he point out the location of his house, about two blocks down a street we were crossing and in an opposite direction from the way we were walking. It is easy to make too much of something like this, but at no time in the hour and a half in the area did we come within a block of Bill's home.

As we walked up Fairmount Avenue Bill expressed his reluctance to cross to the south side of the street until we were west of 20th Street. The 16th and Wallce Street gang occupies the turf south of Fairmount and east of 19th Street.

At one point during the tour I was really flabergasted by Bill's action. We had been walking north on 29th Street and were just past the 9th District Police Headquarters when Bill asked why we couldn't go in the police station. I said again that it was up to him to take us wherever he wanted. He then turned the group around and led us into the building. At this point something interesting happened. Rather than take us down the hall to the "complaint" side of the desk area, Bill walked right into and through the squad room and into the "criminal" side of the desk area at the back of the station. Thinking back, I wonder if this was the only side of the station with which he was familiar.

X X X

Today we stayed in the building. At the beginning of class I passed out maps of Philadelphia and we spent about 20-30 minutes locating the neighborhoods we had visited on them. I also gave a brief explanation of the layout of streets in Philadelphia.

The bulk of the period (about 40 minutes) was spent in discussing cop experiences each of the boys has had. Several more of the boys now volunteered such information than had during the similar discussion on our first day. Julian seemed to let his imagination run away in relating a couple incidents. He seemed to be taking the most interesting **elements** of stories he had heard and to be weaving them into his own stories. An interesting point of comparison in the stories was that Jack, who is white, had been returned by squad car to his neighborhood after being picked up and questioned. The Black kids had always been released from the station to walk home (even over hostile turf and after dark).

I wound the class up by having the boys pick one of the topics on the Neighborhood Tour Questionnaire and compare Brett's and Bill's neighborhoods on that topic. I haven't read their writing yet so can't comment further.

X X X

In general the kids were restless on this trip out. It was a very hot day, and there was very little "togetherness" in the group. Two or three kids were straggling behind the entire time; there was a lot of poking at each other; etc. Brett seemed to be the focal point of much of the hitting and poking. Finally, I had had enough and stopped the group as we were passing through a vacant lot. In as calm a manner as possible, I blew my stack and let them know of my dissatisfaction with the way things were going. I again explained the point of the trips into the various neighborhoods and asked if they would prefer to stay in the classroom and learn about the city that way. A couple of the boys seemed genuinely willing to return to a straight classroom approach (I particularly remember Jack), but the majority expressed a strong desire to stay at the out-of-school approach. I then asked why we seemed to be having so much trouble as a group. Most of the boys seemed aware of the seriousness of the problem. Some tried to get the group together as we stood there talking, but their efforts resulted in bickering, everyone pointing to someone else for the blame.

> I said I was not particularly interested in assessing blame but in getting the group settled. When I asked what was really wrong, the boys were sincere in sorting out as the source of the problem the fact that they didn't really know each other -- that they needed to get to know each other better if they were going to get along better. I asked if they would be willing to take time to work on that problem if I came up with some ideas for getting at it. They all seemed sincere in their willingness to spend some time working on the problem.

X X X

Today, we spent about an hour and a half doing some "sensitivity" exercises.

a) The boys were put into two groups of four each and instructed to describe their favorite objects by telling how they feel but not by saying what it is or how it looks. This strategy was not very effective. It turned into a "guessing game" with each boy giving the answer when the object was guessed. Most of the boys had difficulty staying away from the appearances and names of the objects (e.g., "It feels like cloth." - a suit).

b) In new groups of two each the boys were asked to tell one thing about themselves that would help their partners get to know them better. There seemed to be some real communication in these groups and I was reluctant to cut off the conversation.

c) At this point I joined the group. Half of the boys were requested to lie on their backs, eyes closed, heads and necks completely relaxed. The other half were to do anything they wished with the heads of the boys on the floor. After about four minutes we reversed the groups. Each boy whose head I manipulated (five) was very tense and unwilling to let me move his head alone. If I lifted, he would lift his head with his neck muscles; if I moved his head from side to side, he would do the moving with his neck muscles. A couple of the boys opened their eyes to see who was touching them. When I was on the floor, Brett monopolized my head and spent about three minutes continuously rocking my head from side to side. Perhaps the only thing gained from this experience was my learning how really tense these kids are. They seem to have very little trust in one another. Perhaps the mistrust is wise -- several boys wantonly "dropped" a few heads after having lifted them off the floor.

d) The whole group stood in a tight circle, shoulder to shoulder. Each of us took a turn at stepping into the circle, relaxing so as to fall back into the arms of the others, and being passed around the circle. Most of the boys were fairly tense here although somewhat less so than in the previous experience. Julian was noteworthy; rather than allow himself to be passed around the group, he "walked" himself around with his feet. Even Bill (who must weight about 200 pounds) participated (very relaxedly) and the whole group pitched in to keep from dropping him.

We wound up the class with about 20-25 minutes of discussion of the experiences and how the members of the group were feeling about each other. A real sense of antipathy between Jack and Mike came out of the discussion. Jack expressed a real dislike for Mike and a real distrust of the group. This problem was unresolved as the group broke up to go home, but I had the feeling that Jack would try to drop from the group (Bill later confirmed that Jack had said he was dropping the next day).

X X X

Independent Projects

The ultimate aim of "Learning in the City" is to bring students to a point where they are ready to develop and complete a project, either individually or in partnership with one or more other students. The project may involve the study of some aspect of urban life and/or action toward the solution of an urban problem. Ideally the various "Learning in the City" activities (outlined above) will lead to several focal points which the students may want to explore in greater depth. These focal points might include such concerns as police activities, gang organization, housing problems, recreation facilities, etc. In any case it is important that the emphasis come directly out of the students' observations, discussions, and interests. The crucial step is helping the students develop their own methods of attack on the area(s) they choose. The outcome of the attack ought to be a "finished product," but the direction and shape the project takes should clearly arise out of the choices the students make, as should the definition of what constitutes completion. The teacher's role in this process is carefully limited to that of facilitator and resource person. He helps the students get to what or whom they need to accomplish their ends, be it a book, a tape recorder, a politician, or a job experience.

Finding the proper balance between directing and facilitating students' projects can be a very tricky proposition as the following excepts illustrated:

> My feelings about today's class are very mixed. The class lasted for about two hours. My primary purpose was to get the boys to clarify their projects. For Jack this was no problem at all; he knows exactly what he wants to do and how he's going to go about it. His only reservation is whether he will be able to work with Mike since Mike is absent this week. At any rate Jack needed a 8mm. movie camera, which we got from Media, to use with his own tape recorder.
>
> Derek wrote up a vague description for his project. He wants to develop a project "talking about how police work. How police pick up people for nothing." Specifically he mentioned talking to people about police and "hanging around police all day." He sees a slide-tape as a final product of his project.
>
> Bill and Julian were completely stymied and wanted me to "assign" them a project. When I mentioned gangs as a possible subject matter, it was as if I had touched a magic button. Derek, Julian, and Bill immediately spewed forth a fantastic amount of information about gangs. Fortunately, I had a tape recorder there since I had been planning to do some sample interviewing. I turned it on and caught most of the discussion. Throughout the discussion I kept trying to push the project idea. In playing

back the tape (several times) I realized how I kept trying to push "the project" when the project was actually the very discussion I was interrupting. It is pretty clear from the tape that I was having quite a struggle with myself over which way to go--with the unstructured outpourings of the kids who were really turned on by an opportunity to talk about something they know only too well or with a structured project.

X X X

We began today by playing back the tape of yesterday's discussion. As expected, this sparked Bill to some further comments, and we taped these. Another teacher dropped in while we were listening to the tapes and made several helpful suggestions about how we might proceed. One of his ideas was to get a photographer from the Media Department to go out with us to come of the areas the boys were talking about on the tapes -- areas where gang killings had occurred, where weapons were stashed, etc. Another idea was to hit the newspaper "morgues" for stories confirming the events the boys were describing. He liked the idea I had suggested to the boys of developing "turf" (the boys say "tert" - short for territory) maps of areas of the city; he suggested incorporating such maps into the movie.

X X X

Today Bill J. and I took the boys out to film and tape for the gang film-tape (we didn't have time to wait for a photographer from Media). We drove down through North Philadelphia, stopping at various corners to film gang graffiti on building walls. At Germantown Avenue, 7th and Dauphin Streets we saw a cop crossing the street and stopped so Julian could interview him. We then drove further down, to Bill M's neighborhood. Bill took us down a few back alleys to show us the places the Moroccos used to hide their guns. The walls facing some of those alleys are covered from one end of the block to the other with the names of gangs and gang members. At the corner of 15th and Poplar we filmed a scene including two red police cars, two detective cars, and one police wagon. A small crowd was standing around, cops were writing out reports and talking with some people in the hallway of a row house. We did not find out what had happened. (Several times the boys have shown a reluctance to talk to or question cops on the street, especially when they are in bunches.)

I felt very good about today's efforts. Each of the boys was really involved, especially Bill. It was the first time I have seen Bill really come on with the other boys. Today he even ventured close to home with us, having us drop him off at his door as we returned to school.

X X X

At Roosevelt we filmed the front of the building (a sweep from "Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School" at the top of the focade down to the gang insignias on either side of the main doors - $- for Haines Street and B- for Brick Yard). We must have gotten there during the summer school lunch break. Five or six boys were hanging around the front door and were curious about the presence of camera and tape recorder. As we talked with them (Matt got most of the conversation on the tape recorder), a small crowd of students returning from lunch began to gather. Some of the older fellows, who wore Afro's and beads, called a few of the boys who had gathered around us aside and apparently told them to remain silent. One of the older gang members came over to us and quite angrily asked why we were taking pictures of black gangs and told us to go talk to some white gangs. At about this point Rav seemed to be getting a bit nervous and commented that we should get going.

Most of the boys we were talking with are members of the Brick Yard gang. At one point one of them turned to Matt and asked, "Why are you asking me all these questions? You know more about it than I do." Matt is a member of the pee-wees of the Brick Yard although he sees himself as a non-fighting member.

At another point during the interviewing, the hostility of the Brick Yard boys was demonstrated as they boasted their gang's strength and ran down the list of the Haines Street boys they were going to get. As we left, one of them remarked that after they got Haines Street they were going to disband the gang in order to "get the brothers together." Since Haines Street killed one of the Brick Yard boys last month, BY feels they must even the score before disbanding.

X X X

Appendix

Maze Experiment Worksheet

We will be doing a series of experiments with mice in mazes. The purpose of these experiments is to determine how mice act in different kinds of mazes. Below are some questions to guide you. At the end of the experiment you will be asked to write a brief report answering these questions.

1. Construct a maze which offers only two choices to the mouse. Place the mouse in one corner.

   Question #1: What does the mouse do? Describe his behavior.

   Question #2: What do you think you would do in such a maze?

2. Now place your mouse in the center of your maze.

   Question #3: Does the mouse act any differently? How?

3. Construct a maze which offers four choices to the mouse. Place the mouse in one corner.

   Question #4: What does the mouse do?

   Question #5: How is his behavior different from the first maze?

4. Now add another mouse in a different corner of the maze. Watch what both mice do and answer these questions.

   Question #6: What do the mice do? Do they act in the same way? How?

   Question #7: Do the mice ever meet? What happens when they do?

5. Now narrow the passageways in your maze so they are just large enough for a mouse to travel down them. Place the two mice in their same corners.

   Question #8: In what ways do the mice behave differently than in the other maze they were in?

   Question #9: How do you think you would act in such a maze?

6. Now rebuild the maze so the passageways are very wide. Place the mice in their original corners. Watch what happens.

   Question #10: How do the mice behave? In what ways is their behavior different from the other mazes?

Question #11: Can you guess why they act differently in each type of maze? Why, for example, do they act one way when passageways are narrow and another when they are wide?

7. Now observe what happens when you build a maze with four mice.

Question #12: What was the effect on the mices' behavior as more mice were added and as the maze became more and more complex? What would happen if you had 100 mice in a very complicated maze?

Question #13: What do you think the effects on the mice's sanity would be if they lived in such a maze? Why?

Maze Worksheet

City Hall Tower

City Hall is the tallest building in Philadelphia (548 feet). This height enables you to have about as good a view of the maze-like structure of the city as did the models at the Civic Center. Answer the following questions:

1) What place in the city seems to be its center?

2) What different kinds of buildings can you see?

3) What are the main geographical characteristics of the city?

4) What are the various kinds of transportation being used?

5) Why do people go to the various places you see them going to?

6) Since the city seems like a maze, is it an "easy" or a "hard" maze? In other words, are people likely to find their way around it easily or are they likely to get lost in it? Briefly explain what makes it "easy" or "hard."

7) (EXTRA QUESTION-- You do not have to answer unless you wish.) Depending upon your answer to (6), do you think the city-maze should be easier or harder? Why? How would you go about making it so?

Maze Worksheet

Civic Center Trip

A large city like Philadelphia, with its many buildings and streets, when seen as a whole looks somewhat like a maze. People move through a city somewhat like animals moving through the passageways of a maze. Using the various models of Philadelphia at the Civic Center to help you see the city as a whole, answer the following questions?

1) What is the center of the area you saw in the Panarama view of the Philadelphia area?

2) Why is the area you named in (1) the center? For example, what kinds of things happen in the center? Why is the place you named as center better suited for these activities than any other area?

3) Are there any historical reasons for the center being where you said it is? Any geographical reasons?

4) By looking at the models can you see different ways that the land in the city is used? Name as many of these uses as possible.

5) From the models can you see different ways that people get around the city-maze? Name them.

Maze Worksheet

Lost in Philadelphia

1) Whom did you speak with? Describe any interesting persons or conversations.

2) How did you get to City Hall (If PTC, give route numbers)

Buses________________________ Subways________________________

Trolleys______________________ Other__________________________

3) What did you see? Describe interesting -

   a) buildings

   b) geographical features

   c) activities

4) Were you lost? Yes____. No____. If "yes," how did you feel? If "no," how did you know where you were?

5) When you reach City Hall, you will be given a map with a mark showing where you were dropped off. On the map trace your route back to City Hall.

   Four prizes will be awarded to those who make it back for the following:

   a) First person to reach City Hall (counting from time dropped off)

   b) Most unusual method of getting back

   c) Most unusual person met

   d) Most unusual activity witnessed

NEIGHBORHOOD TOUR QUESTIONNAIRE

Name________________________ Date_________ Neighborhood_______________

Use this form to take notes on your tour of your classmate's neighborhood. Think about what you see. Compare what you see with what you see in your own and other neighborhoods. Think about what you like and dislike about this neighborhood and why.

The following are some of the features of a neighborhood which are important to think about. Try to describe them as best you can.

HOUSING (What are the different kinds of places people live in this neighborhood? Apartment buildings? Row houses? Single dwelling units? Do people own or rent their homes?)

PEOPLE (What are the races of the people living here? How much money do you think they make? What do you think is most important to them? What kind of work do you think they do?)

BUSINESSES (Are there stores? Factories? Eating places? What kinds?)

ACTIVITIES (Other than eat and sleep here, what sorts of things do people do in this neighborhood?)

Old people?

People your parents' ages?

Young people?

SERVICES (What does the city do for this neighborhood?)

Police?

Garbage collection--street cleaning?

Transportation?

Recreation facilities (parks and playgrounds?)

ORGANIZATIONS (Is there any evidence of local groups active in the area, such as churches, community organizations, social clubs, etc?)

SOUNDS (Is the area noisy or quiet? What kinds of sounds stand out?)

SMELLS (Do you notice any special smells? What causes them-- factories, bars, bakeries, parks, garbage, etc.?)

TRAFFIC (Are the streets crowded or empty? Conditions for foot traffic? Conditions for vehicle traffic?)

APPEARANCE (What does the area look like? Is there variety or sameness: where? Is the neighborhood run down or kept up; what makes it that way?)

Would you like to live here? Why? If not, what could be done to make the area a place you would want to live in?